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MOROCCO OF TO-DAY

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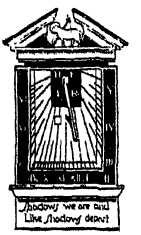
BY EUGÈNE AUBIN

WITH TWO MAPS



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PREFACE

In September 1902 I arrived at Tangier, and several weeks later had the good fortune to direct my footsteps towards Southern Morocco. There I visited Marrakech, as well as Goundafi and Glaoui, the principal valleys of the Great Atlas. Hardly had I returned to Tangier than I had to set out at once for Fez, where I spent six months. The series of letters of which this book is composed was written under canvas, in the course of my journey towards the south, and afterwards in the orange-garden assigned to me at Fez by Shereefian hospitality. The majority of them have been published successively in the *Journal des Débats*, whilst the most important appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the *Revue de Paris*, and the *Renaissance Latine*.

These letters contain the notes and information which, from the beginning of my stay in Morocco, I set myself to collect, with a view to the better comprehension of the country, possessed for me of characteristics so novel and so strange, in which my lot was to be cast during the most momentous period of its history. That is the reason why my account, which remains somewhat vague throughout all the portion treating of Southern Morocco, becomes more and more precise as my stay in the country lengthens, as I approach the northern regions, and as my experiences in Fez enable me to examine Moorish civilisation at closer quarters and in greater detail, along with the

organisation of the Makhzen, and the agitation of Bou Hamara.

Naturally, I employed my long hours of solitude in reading the majority of the works published on Morocco. Apart from mere historic data, I have found in them nothing to draw upon. For, so far as I know, there is no book, in any language whatsoever, which describes, for those who might be interested in such a description, the inner workings of the life and government of Morocco.

I addressed my inquiries to as many people as possible, and have succeeded in this way in forming what I consider to be a true idea of a country that has always remained so firmly sealed to European observation. I need not say that I have always sought for information at its most trustworthy source, and that I have made a point of checking, so far as it was possible, one statement by another. In this way, a number of persons have contributed to furnish me with the information contained in this book. The chapter which deals with the Makhzen was based on the information I received from official persons. One of the foremost poets of Fez, one of the best-known musicians, and the most fashionable *sheikha* of the city, supplied me with information concerning poetry, singing, and music. It was the *feqih* of the *zaouïa* of Ouazzan who recounted to me the traditions of this illustrious Shereefian family, and those of the fraternity of the Tabaïyin, whilst the organisation of the Aïssaoua was explained to me by a Shereef descended from Sidi ben Aïssa.

Ignorant as I was of Arabic, and alone in a country so hostile to European influences, it would have been impossible for me to undertake such a task without the assistance of an Algerian, Si Kaddour ben Ghabrit. During my long journey across Northern Morocco, Si Kaddour proved himself the most devoted of comrades and

the best of informants, attesting once again the self-evident truth, that our Algerian fellow-subjects are among the most valuable of our coadjutors in the work of France in Morocco. No more do I wish to forget another Algerian, Si Allal Abdi, attached to the Vice-Consulate of France at Mogador, who accompanied me to Marrakech. My economic data were furnished me by the French merchants who are established on different points on the Atlantic coast. I cannot omit the mention of the useful hints given me once and again, on a mass of subjects, by M. M. Eug. Fumey, first interpreter of the French Legation at Tangier, and H. Gaillard, the French Vice-Consul at Fez. I am, likewise, under deep obligations to M. R. de Flotte-Roquevaire, who has made a speciality of Morocco cartography, and was good enough to draw the maps which are affixed to this volume.

It was my rare good fortune to see Morocco at a unique period—a period when the intensity of the crisis provoked by the imprudent attitude of the Sultan, Moulay Abdelaziz, towards Europe, had, for the first time, opened up in some degree this country, so hostile to foreign influences; when the emotional stress of the moment unsealed the lips of functionaries who, at another time, would not have tolerated a Christian spectator of their internal affairs; and when the resources of the Makhzen, strained to breaking-point by the pressure of events, were stripped absolutely bare.

It was, then, under these peculiarly favourable circumstances that I was permitted to examine the fabric of Moroccan feudalism—viz. a sort of Sacred Empire, rooted in Islamism, with its loose federation of tribes, its old-age customs, and its complicated inter-play of religious influences, all combining to render Morocco the most extraordinary of Mussulman states, and to impress upon it a character so disconcerting for the new-comer. I have lived for several

years at Cairo and Constantinople. It has been my lot to travel over the majority of Mussulman countries—Algeria and Tunis, Syria and Egypt, the Indies, the Crimea and the Caucasus, the Balkan countries, and European and Asiatic Turkey. I have never yet found anything corresponding to Morocco, and when I entered the extreme west of Islam, I had everything to learn.

As I conclude this book, which contains the story of the Moroccan episode of my wandering life, I wish to express all the pleasure that it gave me. The long journeys on horseback through a country of perpetual flowers; the camp pitched at sunset on the spot gained by the day's ride; the study of a Mussulman civilisation, petrified, as it were, in the remote Middle Ages; the very uncertainty resulting from the unrest of the time; nothing could have been better suited to bring out the incomparable charm possessed by Morocco for those who find in movement and in struggle the supreme joy of their lives.

TANGIER, *December* 1903.

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MOROCCO OF TO-DAY

CHAPTER I

MOGADOR

From Tangier to Mogador—Origin and Cause of the Foundation of Mogador: The Commerce of the Sus—The Kasbah and the European Colony—Commercial Life—French Interests—The Jewish Community—English Influence—The Sanatorium of "Palm Tree House."

MOGADOR, 10*th November*, 1902.

FROM Tangier to Mogador is a voyage[1] of 360 miles, taking some sixty-five hours.

Of the eight points[2] on the Moroccan coast that are open to European commerce, Mogador is the only one which in the least resembles a port. The city, which is built on a tongue of land almost completely severed from the mainland by a lagoon, is continued by a band of reefs, separated from a rocky island by a narrow channel of little depth. Mogador is of recent origin, and the circumstances which led to

[1] On board an English steamer of the Forwood Company, whose boats run between England, Morocco, the Canary Islands, and Madeira. This company, with its weekly service from London and Dartmouth, controls English commerce with the whole Atlantic coast of Morocco. It attracts to these unfrequented latitudes a whole band of British tourists who are anxious to spend a cheap twenty-five days on the sea on well-appointed vessels.

[2] The eight Moroccan ports open to foreign trade are:—Tetouan, Tangier, Larache, Rabat, Casablanca, Mazagan, Saffi, and Mogador.

its foundation have also determined the conditions of its existence and development. It was built by the royal desire, in 1760, on the ruins of a little Portuguese settlement. The Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Abdallah, who had a bone to pick with the people of the Sus, resolved to reduce them to submission by causing their ruin. Accordingly he closed the port of Agadir, and built the city of Mogador to take its place. From that time Agadir has never, save at rare intervals, been open to European trade, and the present prosperity of Mogador has been built on the ruin of the people of the Sus.

The construction of the new city was entrusted to a considerable band of captive Christians and renegades, who were detained in Morocco at the time. The architect was Cornut, a Frenchman and a native of Avignon, who took ten years for the work. Though obliged to construct his city on a Moroccan plan—to enclose, that is, the different quarters within walled spaces—our compatriot was successful in impressing our national system of straight lines on his creation, and I know of no town in the whole of Islam whose lines are so correct and so severe. This new design so impressed the imagination of the natives that the city was baptized with the Arab name of Es-Souëïra ("the little picture"), which has since become its recognised designation.

The city has a population of twenty to twenty-five thousand inhabitants, of whom a considerable number are from the Sus. When the port of Agadir was closed, the commerce of the district was attracted to Mogador, and a colony of Jews from the Sus were the first to establish themselves in the Mellah and carry on their original trade. Mogador is situated at the extreme southern limit of Arab or Arabised territory. As soon as one has crossed the river Kseb, which throws itself into the sea just where the roadstead ends, one finds oneself in purely Berber country. The whole population, whilst it speaks Arabic, understands "Chleuh," a Berber dialect spoken throughout the whole of the Great Atlas—a fact due to

the origin, the situation, and the commercial relations of the city.

Actually, the prosperity of Mogador is founded on its trade with the Sus, with the river Noun, with the Draa, and even, until recently, with the oases of the Sahara and the Soudan. The city, which forms the outlet of the hilly and non-agricultural provinces of Chiadma and Haha, and attracts but a small proportion of the commerce of Marrakech, is thus dependent on the trade of the south, which is, however, still important enough to place it in the first rank of Moroccan seaports. Unfortunately, since our occupation of the Soudan, Mogador has lost the commerce of Timbuctoo, which used to send it yearly caravans of five to six hundred camels laden with ivory, ostrich feathers, and gold-dust.

At the present time the export trade of Mogador consists only in goat-skins from Marrakech and the Sus, almonds from the Sus and Haha, oils and wax, and, lastly, the gums of the Sus—arabic and sandarach gums, employed in Europe in the chemical and pharmaceutical industries, and ammoniac gum, which is sent to Egypt, Algeria, and Tunis, and is used as a depilatory after the Mahomedan custom. Caravans from the Sus and from Marrakech reach the port every day.

The Arab merchants, to whom they were once consigned, all disappeared twenty years ago, and the Jews are practically absolute masters of the commerce of the port. They are, for the most part, natives of the Sus, and maintain most active business relations with their fellow-Jews of the south, and further, the caravans have adopted the custom of buying from and selling to Jewish merchants, or through Jewish brokers. The European merchants have no direct connection with the people of the Sus. Important Jewish firms have been established at Mogador. As their staple imports are wax-lights, calico, and tea, they do most of their business with England, and some of them actually have offices at Manchester.

Under conditions such as these there is no place for a

large European colony. That of Mogador consists of about 300 individuals, a third of whom are Spaniards, and some fifty natives of Gibraltar—artisans for the most part. The remainder is made up of English, Germans, Italians, Swiss, and French. All of them live in the two Kasbahs, the old and the new, separated by the esplanade of the *mechouar*. The great *souk* (market), outside the town, is the stopping-place of the caravans from Marrakech and the Sus. They are compelled to remain there, without entering the city, till their goods have found purchasers. Camels and camel-drivers form a dirty and disorderly camp on the shore. Beside them, spread out on the ground, lie the goat-skins, which have been brought from the interior in dung and salt, and which the exporters dry before shipment.

The two Kasbahs are the centre of the life of the European colony, which, however, is lost in a Jewish population of some 2000 individuals, who, as the wealthiest of the community, have succeeded in leaving the Mellah. Were it not for the mosques one might easily believe oneself in a city of Southern Spain, with its white houses and its terraces crowned with *miradors*. The Makhzen owns almost all the real estate, which it lets out at the rate of 6 per cent. on the capital invested. As a result, the Europeans have very cheap lodgings, in vast houses opening on inner *patios* and all conforming to the same model, the ground floor serving as the store and the first storey as the dwelling. I said that the Jewish merchants have now got the English trade in their hands: but the Continental trade, which has always existed concurrently, is represented by five great firms—one Italian, two German, and two French—all of which have offices or agents at Marrakech.

As regards the export trade, the chief market for almonds is Germany, then England: France applies for them to Morocco only when the Italian supply fails. For wax, gums, and oils Germany is again the best customer, with England or France second; for skins, England, the United States, and France. In fact, Germany is a formidable com-

petitor with England in the export trade. In importation, on the other hand, it is far outdistanced, whilst our figures approach most closely to the English. Our rivals furnish cotton goods (£52,000 in 1901), teas, wax-lights, and iron goods, whilst we supply sugar (£72,000) and silk goods.[1]

Our colony at Mogador—naturalised Frenchmen, and those under our protection (Algerians and Jews) included

[1] TOTAL COMMERCE OF THE PORT OF MOGADOR.

Imports—			
1898	£258,400	1900	£255,200
1899	238,800	1901	312,800
Exports—			
1898	£302,800	1900	£431,200
1899	334,400	1901	300,800

COMMERCE WITH FRANCE.

Imports—			
1898	£48,000	1900	£84,400
1899	64,000	1901	108,800
Exports—			
1898	£20,400	1900	£81,200
1899	18,800	1901	25,200

COMMERCE WITH ENGLAND.

Imports—			
1898	£145,200	1900	£141,200
1899	119,200	1901	124,000
Exports—			
1898	£166,000	1900	£105,200
1899	158,000	1901	79,600

COMMERCE WITH GERMANY.

Imports—			
1898	£16,400	1900	£14,400
1899	24,000	1901	22,000
Exports—			
1898	£66,800	1900	£135,600
1899	78,800	1901	66,800

—comprises some sixty individuals. Two large French firms, that of Robert Boulle, and that of Borgeaud and Reuteman, also of Tangier, have been established at Mogador. The steamship service of this port, as well as the rest of the coast, is in the hands of the Paquet Company of Marseilles. One of our compatriots is, at this very moment, attempting to erect a mill, and a Frenchwoman has opened an excellent hotel. The head of the Jewish Alliance school is a Frenchman, and one of our nationality, an Algerian Jew converted to Protestantism, is the head of a Protestant Mission. There is no French doctor,[1] and the medical service of the community is in the hands of three physicians—a German, an Englishman, and a Spaniard. Our Vice-Consulate, and the French Post-office, have their quarters in a building placed by the Makzhen at the service of the French Government. The Vice-Consulate employs the services of an Algerian clerk, and a young naturalised Syrian directs the Post-office, with the assistance of a native Jew, who acts as postman. Such is the heterogeneous staff which represents, with so much zeal, the influence of France in the southern extremity of Morocco.

Thanks to the efforts of the Jewish Alliance, which busies itself with disseminating European culture with our language and ideas among Moroccan Jews, the Israelite community of Mogador may be looked upon as destined, in the future, to play a considerable part among French influences—and that, notwithstanding the fact that it has, up till now, displayed somewhat pronounced English tendencies. In fact, the community of Mogador occupies a unique position in the Jewish life of Morocco. It comprises close upon 10,000 persons—more than a third, that is, of the whole population of the city; and besides, thanks to its commercial importance, it plays an important rôle in the town. It is thus, relatively at least, the foremost Jewish city in Morocco.

[1] A young doctor from Algiers has arrived this year to practise in Mogador.

The community possesses a board which presides over charitable and educational works. These works are supported, apart from local contributions, by the subventions of Jewish societies abroad. The English influence was the first to affect the Jews of Mogador, as the natural consequence of the commercial relations between the great Jewish firms and England. The principal merchants who have been brought up in that country, or have even lived there, have readily become anglicised, and English is the language spoken by their family. In this way a natural tendency has arisen towards the spread of English throughout the whole community. This tendency has given birth within the last twenty years to a boys' school with some sixty children, and, more important, a girls' school, and classes for young ladies, whose combined total amounts to close on two hundred scholars. These institutions are English, and are supported by the Anglo-Jewish Association, which is a purely British offshoot of the Jewish Alliance.

The Alliance itself was not established at Mogador till 1888. Up to the present it merely possesses a boys' school, which seems somewhat undeveloped when one takes into consideration the numbers of the community. Its two masters take the greatest pains in giving French instruction to 199 scholars. Seventy-five of the very poorest of the children are fed by the school kitchen, and share in distributions of clothes. A public library, chiefly composed of French books, has been established in the school.

The climate of Mogador is excellent. The temperature remains practically the same throughout the whole year, only oscillating between 58° and 72° Fahrenheit. The rains are heavy, but seldom last long. Doctors state that it would be an excellent health-resort for consumptive patients, and could compete, on more than equal terms, with Madeira and the Canaries. A native of Gibraltar, much in advance of his time, has established a sanatorium about six miles from the town, on a rocky plateau covered with broom, mastick gum-trees, and iron-wood, which extends between the sea and the first spurs of the Atlas. To reach Palm-

Tree House, one must leave Mogador by the Sus road and follow the long curving bay which surrounds the roadstead and forms the favourite promenade of the inhabitants. After crossing the river Kseb by a ford, the track passes the tiny village of Diabet, enclosed within its walls, which rise above the lofty sand-dunes, then takes a direct line, traced across the broom, and leading straight to the sanatorium. It is a red, one-storied building, fitted out with a comfort that is priceless in these solitudes. As yet no invalids have arrived, but, from time to time, it houses some English on the way to Marrakech, or on the lookout for good sporting country. Those who are fond of shooting have as much of it as they can wish, for the table-land abounds in partridges, hares, wild boars, and porcupines.

CHAPTER II

FROM MOGADOR TO SAFFI

Formation of the Caravan—The *Harka*—The Highways of the Makhzen—The Mountain-chain of Hadid—The Iron-wood Tree—The Province of Chiadma: The Family of the Regraga—In Camp—The passage of the river Tensift—The Agricultural Régime: *Dars* and *Azibs*—The *Azib* of Israel Lalouz in the Territory of the Ouled-Selman—The Town and Port of Saffi—Commercial Activity—Decay of French Commerce—The European Colony and the Jewish Community.

SAFFI, *15th November*, 1902.

AT Mogador we formed our caravan to Marrakech across Southern Morocco. The journey is an easy one, the region quite secure, and the sole difficulty lies in getting together the requisite number of baggage-animals. A letter from the Sultan's deputy at Tangier requested the Governor of Mogador to aid us in this task.

We discovered Si el-Ayyad el-Menehbi, the present Governor of the city, at the Dar el-Kaïd (Governor's residence), in a dim retreat, opening on a narrow court. He was squatting on the floor before a table scarcely raised above the level of the ground. But, as ill-luck would have it, he could not be of any assistance to us whatsoever, for times were hard, and there were no available horses left at Mogador, since the *harka* has requisitioned all the cavalry of the province.

In fact, we had hit upon a trying time, when the Moroccan Government had just entered upon one of its essential operations. When the tribes begin to display a disquieting restlessness, it is the Sultan's custom to under-

take a military expedition against them. The regular army is insufficient to cope with such expeditions as these, which fill almost the whole of a Moroccan monarch's reign, and the Makhzen has to levy additional contingents. For this purpose a *harka* is decided upon, and the decision communicated to the Kaïds, who have to collect from their subjects the extraordinary tax which it implies. This tax is levied both in money and in troops. Those who do not serve, buy themselves off; each recruiting-unit, however—one or more tribes or tribal divisions—must furnish 600 horsemen, in the ratio of one horseman for fifty hearths. The contingent sets out with the Kaïds, and joins the Makhzen at a spot previously fixed. I need not say that the departure is unaccompanied by any demonstration, and that the column is continually being weakened, throughout the march, by constant desertions.

The present levy was of peculiar importance, for the circumstances were somewhat grave, and the disturbance was spreading throughout the whole of the north. At the end of August the Berber tribes in the vicinity of Fez—Gherouan, Beni-M'tir, Zemmour—pillaged the bazaar at Mekinez. A month before, another tribe, the Riata, treated itself to the luxury of proclaiming a new Sultan in the city of Taza: so the numbers of this *harka* were doubled. Each unit was called upon to supply 1200 horsemen and as many horses. The local contingent set out a week before our arrival from Mogador on their way to Rabat, the appointed meeting-place, and the first deserters had only just returned to the city.

By the twelfth of November our arrangements were complete, and we were on the point of starting. All the morning was spent in arrangements for the start, and the whole party met on the esplanade of the *mechouar*. Three[1]

[1] I travelled across Southern Morocco in the company of M. Joseph Ollé-Laprune, attaché to the French Legation at Tangier, and Si Allal Abdi, an Algerian official connected with the French Vice-Consulate at Mogador.

of us set out, accompanied by a European servant and Kaïd Ahmed, an Algerian. Thirty-four packages contained our personal luggage, provisions for a month—tinned meats, wine, and mineral waters—and our camping outfit. Eleven mules—eight of them baggage-mules—under the control of five muleteers, had to carry ourselves and our baggage. The Government had provided us with a *mokhazni* (a Makhzen soldier), to ensure safety for our little band.

About noon our convoy got under way in successive parties, and, filing through the principal street of Mogador, left the city by the northern gate, which opens on the creek between cemeteries and market-gardens. The shore, fringed with sand-dunes, stretches out absolutely straight, and the spray from the waves blurs the outlines of the landscape. The whole caravan united six miles further on, at the *nezala*[1] of Chicht. In the far distance, Mogador makes a strange picture, as it rises from the sand and the sea, with its great battlemented walls, its white houses, and the square towers of its minarets.

From Mogador to Saffi, for sixty miles, the direct road follows the shore; but we preferred to leave the highway of the Makhzen, and make a detour through the interior, across the mountain-chain of the Hadid. The Hadid mountain is a vast table-land, rising from the shore, and crowned by an elongated crest, whose greatest altitude barely reaches 2000 feet. The greater part of it is covered with a thick scrub, redolent of lavender and composed of broom, mastick trees, zizyphus, arbor vitæ, and iron-wood. All these trees form a thick coppice, which affords good cover to wild boars, foxes, and jackals. Indeed, the trees have too many foes to be able to grow

[1] The *nezalas* are, generally, square pieces of ground, surrounded by a hedge, with a hut of branches for the keepers. They are camping-places on the highways of the Makhzen, established in order to secure the safety of caravans. In return for their services, the keepers are authorised to exact a toll on baggage-animals and on Jews.

freely, and that is the main reason for the rarity of forests in Morocco. The goats do their best to devour the young shoots, while the people of the country have the reprehensible custom of cutting down the trunks to make charcoal, and the thorny branches to fence their fields. The soil is red and stony: water scarce, and collected in tanks. Wheat, barley, and maize alone are grown. The fruit-bearing trees are figs, cochineal trees, carob trees, an occasional date tree, whose fruit is inedible, and last of all the iron-wood trees.

The iron-wood tree is a native of the country, and constitutes the characteristic note of its landscape. It is hardly to be found save in the two provinces of Chiadma and Haha, between the river Tensift and the Atlas. Its trunk, which attains about the same dimensions as the olive, is knotty, and breaks off into numerous branches. Its verdure is sombre, and the leaves small, tapering, and thick. It bears an olive-shaped fruit, whose stone contains an almond. These almonds, after being extracted, are ground by the women in hand-mills, and yield an oil which can be put to domestic uses.

The Hadid range seems a country of moderate fertility, but wooded, verdant, and very attractive to the traveller. To the north several rivers have cut deep ravines in the table-land. In the south are well-watered valleys, whose very names bear witness to their beneficent moisture—*Oummel Oyoun*, "mother of wells," and *Aïn el-Hadjar*, "spring of the rocks"—burgeon with gardens of olives and pomegranates, which overshadow the plots of the market-gardener. We did not pass villages on the road. The inhabitants live in stone *dars*, or in thatched *nouwalas*. These buildings are, for the most part, concealed in the verdure, and were it not for the fenced fields, the herds of kine, sheep and goats, as well as occasional passers-by, riding on asses, or bringing camels, laden with cereals, to the city, one would hardly suspect the existence of human life in the Hadid mountains.

The Hadid mountains belong to the Chiadma tribe, who

are Arabised Berbers. The tribe has four Kaïds; they and the Sheikhs of the Kabyles (tribal divisions) live in fortified dwellings, crowned by a high tower with battlements. Kaïds and Sheikhs represent the administrative authority in Chiadma. The moral and even the political influence centres in the Maraboutic family of the Regraga. According to the legend, the founder of the family was a Berber, who, seized by an inspiration from on high, betook himself to Arabia to join the Prophet. It would appear that Mahomet spoke to him in Chleuh, and entrusted to him the task of converting his native country to Mohammedanism. This very flattering tradition is exploited by his descendants to-day. Although they are not in possession of any special *zikr*, no religious fraternity has been able to set foot in Chiadma. Every one renders homage to the Regraga, and brings them alms. The majority of the Marabouts, whose tombs are worshipped in the country, belong to their stock, and all the *zaouïas* depend on them, and them alone.

The journey from Mogador to Saffi took us three and a half days. At this season of the year, when the nights close in early, our mounts can hardly do more than seven or eight hours, say a maximum of 19 to 25 miles a day. A little before sunset our caravan halts in the vicinity of dwellings, which can provide us with water and other necessaries, as well as a guard for the night; the mules are relieved of their loads and shackled side by side, tied together by a long rope. They are given a feed of barley and chopped straw. Our tents are set up, and each of us has comfortable quarters with a few articles of furniture. The cook digs a hole in the ground, fills it with small twigs and charcoal, and prepares the evening meal in this improvised oven. A whole band of natives seem to rise out of the ground, and take shape around us. They bring us bread made of semolina, milk, eggs, sometimes a sheep or vegetables. If we have the luck to camp near a wealthy *dar*, a *couscous* [1]

[1] *Couscous*, Arabic *tha'am*, "food." A dish made of semolina stewed and rolled into balls by the women, seasoned with fat, butter, or sugar.

arrives as well, as a sign of courteous hospitality (*diffa*). Should people show themselves inhospitable, we are armed with a document, which authorises us to requisition the *mouna*, or necessary supplies. We are furnished with guards (*assassa*) for the night, to ensure the safety of the encampment. Next morning everybody is astir before daylight. Tents are struck, baggage got together, and preparations made for the start.

After following the line of the ridge of the Hadid mountains through a wooded gorge, the river Tensift forms a wide alluvial plain before entering the sea, some distance away, between two lofty reddish sand-dunes. It is, next to the Oumm-er-Rebia, the most important water-way in Southern Morocco, draining all the western extremity of the northern slope of the Great Atlas, as well as the plain of Marrakech. The rains in the high mountains render it liable to sudden freshets, and, till it is crossed, one is not sure of being able to continue one's journey. Between the Hadid mountains and the sea, the ford-rights belong to the two *zaouïas*[1] of Sidi-Aïssa and Ertenana, and to the important clan of the Ouled-el-Hadj which borders upon the bed of the Tensift at this point. When the water is low, the fords are free, but if the stream becomes swollen, the transport of men, beasts and baggage belongs to the licensed ferrymen (*aouamm* or swimmer), who charge, in return for the service they render, a sum proportionate to the difficulty of the task. The river Tensift was in a good mood, and we crossed at the foot of the Hadid mountains, a little above the *zaouïa* of Sidi-Aïssa, whose *koubba* (shrine) and terraced walls nestle in a fold of the hills. At this point the river is about a hundred yards wide, and flows between steep banks, but the water nearly reached the breasts of our mounts.

From the Tensift to Saffi we have a journey of some twelve hours across an interminable table-land, with now

[1] *Zaouïa*—large buildings, serving as mosque and hospice for pilgrims, sometimes even as school or hospital.

and then a mound, scored by valleys which grow broader as one penetrates into the province of Abda. A line of hills, a continuation of the Hadid mountains, sinks gradually towards the east, and finally disappears on the horizon. It is a country of transitions, where the vegetation of the ironwood tree dies out, and where the tribe of the Chiadma and the Arabised Berber peoples come to an end with the mountainous region. From this point onward we entered a region which is purely Arab and highly cultivated. Here the tribal frontiers are ill-defined and the ground suited to ambuscades, and our track passed through a spot with a very evil reputation—the Chab et-Trad—where many a heap of stones recalls the combats and the murders that have happened there.

Once the ill-omened frontier is crossed fields become more and more frequent, and little groups of *nouwalas* (thatched huts) appear upon the heights. Then, little by little, the land under cultivation increases, and trees become more and more rare. One would have to make a long detour to discover a few olive trees, a grove of fig trees, a vineyard, or a hedge of cochineal trees. The track stretches in dismal monotony through the broom and the dwarf palms, on a carpet of grass sprinkled with iris and narcissi, with stems of squill and tufts of asphodel. White spots in the landscape indicate the farms of the great proprietors who own the greater part of the land. They are *dars* if the proprietor makes them his permanent domicile; *azibs* if he lives elsewhere and merely visits them in the seasons of work in the fields. *Dars* and *azibs* are called by the names of their proprietor, with the addition of the name of the clan on whose territory they are situated.

Three hours and a half before we reach Saffi we halt at the *azib* of a Jew of Tunis—Israel Lalouz—in the territory of the Ouled-Selman. His father had been an official of the sanitary service at Saffi, and, remaining in the country, had gained wealth and position. Israel Lalouz is the only Jewish agriculturist in the neighbourhood; he works half-

a-dozen *azibs* in the province, whilst his son owns an important business at Saffi. He is a wealthy old gentleman with refined features, who dresses like an Arab, and seems to manage his affairs in the midst of Kaïds and Moroccan governors with all the subtlety of his race. Three of his *azibs* are situated in the Kabyle of the Ouled-Selman. Their extent is so great that the water in their lands is collected into forty-two tanks; their produce is stored in thirty silos, the largest of which contains 150 camel loads.

The domain on which we were received includes a large whitewashed dwelling-house, with a double enclosure for horses and cattle at the back. Along the walls in dry masonry live six families in huts thatched with broom. These are the peasant-proprietors (*khammas*), who are lodged by the proprietor, and supplied with live-stock, seed, and daily rations of maize. He shares the produce with them, and their regular portion in this part of the country is an eighth. A little further away, and concealed behind a clump of Barbary fig trees, stands another group of cottages inhabited by several families of workmen, who are hired by the day, by our host, in case of need.

The coast of Saffi is a curving line of cliff dominated in the north by Cape Saffi, on which stand the ruins of a Portuguese watch-tower. The town is huddled together on a spur, which runs steeply down to the sea from the table-land of Abda. On the very edge of the plateau rises the Kasbah (fortress, residence of the Kaïd), the only part of Saffi seen by one who is approaching it from the interior. Once inside the fortress, one has a view of a sort of torrent of white, flat-roofed houses at one's feet hurrying down to the harbour between two parallel walls. These walls are flanked by battlemented towers, and this scheme of fortifications, Portuguese in its origin, is completed by a strong fortress which stands on the shore. In the centre of this white mass rises a single square minaret. To the right, amid the verdure, is a deep ravine containing a jumble of small cottages and several *koubbas*, and on the left the

suburb of Rabat, which contains the merchants' stores, and a great *zaouïa*, raised above the tomb of the patron Marabout of the city.

In my opinion Saffi is the most attractive city on the Moroccan coast. I put Mogador aside, for it is merely a fanciful European variation on a Moroccan theme. Rabat excepted, these cities have little history and few monuments. The national life has always centred in the interior, and, for several centuries, the ports have been looked upon as abandoned to contact with the outer world. They have no beautiful mosques, no fine bazaars; their streets are dirty and commonplace. There are no spots throughout the whole of the eastern Mediterranean more devoid of interest for the stranger than the ports of Morocco, and yet it is hard not to experience a momentary sensation of pleasure in these cities, so dazzlingly white, as yet so firmly closed to Europe, whose battlemented walls are so reminiscent of the Middle Ages—cities which crowd towards the sea, and follow so gracefully every inequality of the ground.

From a commercial point of view Saffi is not in a prosperous condition, and complaints are very common. True, it is the nearest port to Marrakech, and, from the fact, receives some small proportion of the imports consigned to the capital of the south, but commerce is gradually abandoning it. This is due to the difficulty of operations in the harbour, where boats are compelled to put into a tiny creek closed by a big reef. The slightest swell makes the waves break over the bar, and, for want of a wharf, craft are often compelled to ride for days together in the roadstead without any means of communication with the shore. Almost always useless in the winter, the port of Saffi is reduced to the status of a simple local port for the neighbouring provinces of Abda, Ahmar, and the south of Doukkala. It exports grain —maize, beans, chickpeas, linseed, canary grass—a few skins, even a little Arabian gum when there has been a hot summer in the hills of Ahmar. The annual tonnage

of the port does not exceed 60,000 tons, whilst that of Mogador is 250,000.[1]

As the statistics indicate, English commerce is predominant. The three English firms practically control the imports. In the exports, the Germans, who are represented by a branch of a Mogador firm, run them hard. Unfor-

[1] TOTAL COMMERCE OF THE PORT OF SAFFI.

Imports—			
1897	£80,800	1900	£82,800
1898	71,600	1901	84,000
1899	86,400		
Exports—			
1898	£117,200	1900	£143,200
1899	76,000	1901	94,800

FRENCH COMMERCE.

Imports—			
1898	£3600	1900	£4000
1899	2000	1901	3600
Exports—			
1898	£1600	1900	£5600
1899	4800	1901	2400

ENGLISH COMMERCE.

Imports—			
1898	£32,800	1900	£48,000
1899	39,600	1901	39,600
Exports—			
1898	£61,200	1900	£88,800
1899	33,200	1901	56,400

GERMAN COMMERCE.

Imports—			
1898	£3200	1900	£2,000
1899	4800	1901	13,200
Exports—			
1898	£47,200	1900	£34,400
1899	22,800	1901	25,200

tunately French commerce shows a tendency to disappear from the market at Saffi. We have no merchants there, the Consulate is empty, and the French Post-office is in the hands of a native of Gibraltar. Only the Paquet Company makes an occasional appearance in the roadstead.

In the European colony of over 150 individuals, there is only one French family ; the chief of this family is attempting at this moment to establish a steam mill in the city. The majority of the Europeans settled at Saffi, or elsewhere, are artisans from Spain or Gibraltar. The traders are German or English, in some cases Jews. Add a Spanish doctor, the Spanish Franciscan Mission, which has opened a little school, and finally an English Protestant Mission, and the tale of Europeans is complete.

Of the 10,000 inhabitants of Saffi close on 1500 are Jews. They are not compelled to live in a Mellah, and are scattered throughout the city. Except for some well-to-do merchants, the community is a wretched one—shopkeepers in a small way, and a few boatmen and porters. The "Board of the Community" has such very narrow resources at its disposal that it cannot contribute a sufficient sum of money to enable a school to be opened by the Jewish Alliance. A score of Jewish children at present attend the Franciscan school, and learn Spanish there.

CHAPTER III

ABDA

From Saffi to Marrakech—The Abda Tribe—A Province of the *Blad el-Makhzen* in Southern Morocco—Kasbahs, *Zaouïas* and *Souks*—Moroccan Feudalism: the Kasbah of Si Aïssa ben Omar—Across the Ahmar and the Djebilet.

MARRAKECH, 19*th November*, 1902.

FROM Saffi to Marrakech is a journey of twenty hours, say ninety miles, which we take nearly four days to cover. For fourteen hours our path lies through the territory of the Abda, cutting across it at its broadest part in a direction at right angles to the sea. The Abda are a powerful tribe of 35,000 hearths. They are pure Arabs, and their territory is fertile and rich in horses and cattle. The tribe is one of the five quasi-Makhzen tribes of Southern Morocco.

In the blad el-Makhzen (the tribes subject to the Makhzen) the Moroccan Government draws a distinction between the towns and the country districts. The former are entitled to governors, whilst the whole of the rest of the country is divided up among tribes—*nedja* or *qebila*—which form, with one or more Kaïds at their head, the true administrative unit.

The partition of the tribes seems arbitrary enough. The Makhzen, always on its guard against possible revolts, does not hesitate to parcel them out, should it be necessary to do so. It unites them under a single Kaïd, or distributes them under several, as it judges most conformable to its policy. It summarily detaches clans to form them into independent tribes, or assigns patches of ground in one tribe to the Kaïd of another. One could hardly distinguish the political map

of Morocco from that of Germany at the most confused period of the Holy Empire.

Unless he is dealing with a recalcitrant tribe, which he is desirous of reducing to subjection beneath an iron-handed governor, the Sultan usually chooses the Kaïds from the most influential families of the tribe. He considers, in fact, that such men will find it in their own interests to use their influence in his behalf, and will be more successful in keeping their subjects in submission.

Like the Sultan in his Empire, the Kaïd in his Kaïdate is theoretically absolute master, and all powers are vested in him. It is he who nominates the Sheikhs of the clans, recruits the military contingent, and settles the incidence of the tax which the agents have the duty of collecting. Finally, he decides every case which does not come under religious law. On the other hand, it is the Makhzen that elects the Kadi of the tribe and constitutes the tribunal of the Chraa, by appointing the necessary *naïbs* at the different spots.

The Kaïds have not only the intrigues of the Makhzen to fear; they have also to avoid collision with the independent spirit of their own tribe. So they live in Kasbahs, suitable to their riches and their power—veritable fortresses, able to stand a siege, if necessary. Around the fortified enclosure cluster the family and clan of the Kaïd, on whom he relies, just as the Sultan on the Makhzen tribes.

The political powers of the Kaïds come into constant collision with the moral influence exercised by the *zaouïas* founded on the territory of the tribe. No minaret exists in the country districts of Morocco to indicate the presence of a mosque. Places for prayer are, it is true, opened in the Kasbahs, and in certain *azibs*, and the religious services are readily undertaken, in default of an organised clergy, by willing *feqihs* or *tolba* (theological students). But the religious sentiments of the people turn rather to the *koubbas* (tombs of Marabouts). Pilgrimages (*ziara*) are made to them, and an annual festival (*moussem*) is the occasion of a great gathering round the tomb of each

seyyid. Several of these Koubbas have given rise to the foundation of *zaouïas*, buildings of considerable size which serve both as mosque and as inn, sometimes even as school or hospital. The *zaouïas* are looked upon as places of sanctuary, and those in charge of them are not answerable to the civil authorities. They are in the hands of religious fraternities, of Shereefian or Maraboutic families, and the Moqaddem (chief), Shereef (descendant of prophet), or Marabout (Mohammedan saint), as the case may be, who lives in them, is a person to be carefully handled by the Kaïd.

One could not form a complete idea of the elements that shape the lives of the tribes without noticing the markets (*souks*) which are held each day of the week at a different point on their territory. The sites are traditional, chosen in the open country, and known by the name of the day on which the market is held. So, when there are no villages, the maps of Morocco mark a number of spots designated thus—es-sebt, Saturday ; el-khemis, Thursday ; and et-tleta, Tuesday ; and so on, with the addition, to distinguish them, of the clan concerned. At the spot indicated are to be found rough stone enclosures, or stalls of branches, abandoned throughout the week, and waking into life only on the appointed day when the brokers and hawkers reach it in the course of their long peregrinations throughout the tribe. Some European products are brought to it from the neighbouring city—tea, wax-lights, and sugar. From the country come the local products and food-stuffs. The markets constitute, with the *moussems* (annual festivals), the true place of meeting for the tribes-people, who are scattered over the territory in isolated dwellings. It is there that people come into contact, and exchange news with one another ; there that discontent is fostered and disaffection organised. If warned in time by the Sheikh of the Kabyle, the Kaïd loses not a moment in removing the market from its place, and establishing it in the vicinity of a Kasbah.

The Abda Kaïd, Si Aïssa ben Omar, is one of the

greatest chiefs in Southern Morocco, and, indeed, assists in administering the immense region in the interest of the Makhzen, with the aid of two equally great lords, Kaïd Ber Rechid of the Chaouya, near Casablanca, and the M'tonga Kaïd, who resides at the foot of the Western Atlas.

For about seventy years the office of Kaïd has been in the family of Si Aïssa. The present Kaïd has increased his influence by his suppression of the Abda, who rose at the accession of the present Sultan, and by his relief of Saffi when it was besieged by the rebels. He has now become the only Kaïd of a tribe that formerly possessed six. The Abda are so numerous that they possess a special subdivision of their own, between the Kaïd and the clan. It is the "Khoms," or fifth, with a Khalifa (a lieutenant) at its head. One of these fifths, that of the Ahmar, has been made into an independent tribe. However, for the purposes of the tax and the military contingent, it still remains a part of the Abda—so much so, indeed, that its three Kaïds are very willing to adopt the suggestions of their powerful neighbour, whose influence extends, in this way, to the very gates of Marrakech. Further, Si Aïssa possesses a parcel of ground in the neighbouring tribe of the Doukkala, and the control of scattered camping-places. But, to check any ideas on his part of communicating with the outside world, the Makhzen has recently deprived him of the natural port of Oualidiya, to form it into a separate Kaïdate.

The principal residence of Si Aïssa is an immense Kasbah, situated in the strong tribe of the Temra, to which he belongs and which centres around him. He has houses at Saffi and Marrakech as well. His power is immense, and he is considered a great lord throughout the whole countryside. His hospitality is princely. He has a private guard of 150 *mchaouris* (guardsmen) at his disposal, and keeps a hundred falconers, and a stud. Though still in the prime of life, he is popularly credited with having sixty-three sons old enough to ride.

From Saffi to the dwelling of the Abda Kaïd is a journey of four and a half hours across uncultivated ground, flat and open, where all the cattle of the region are to be found during the winter, the season when the fields are under cultivation.

It was late and already moonlight when we reached the battlemented enclosure of the Kasbah. The Kaïd was absent, having gone to Fez to join the Sultan, with his contingent for the *harka*. His son and lieutenant, Si Ahmed, received us at the entrance of the *dar edh-dhia* (the guests' apartments), termed in Turkey the *selamlik*. He came forward, clad all in white, and surrounded by white figures, thrown by the moonlight into clear relief against the sombre walls of the fortress.

Our camp furniture was soon installed in the chamber, into which we were ushered, and which was lit by great bronze chandeliers (*haska*) placed on the ground. A very low round table was placed before us for dinner, and dishes of different kinds of earthenware, with red clay covers, set upon it. We were surrounded with little tables with circular rims (*meida*) on which were a hash of roast chicken, garnished with rancid butter covered with honey, and, finally, a puff paste, sprinkled with sugar (*bestila*) containing minced pigeon and eggs. Water is served in a leather bottle, and our men received a *couscous* flavoured with turnips, packets of tea, and sugar-loaves.

The Kasbahs are fortified enclosures, which form the bulwarks of the chief's authority in his tribe. They enclose a space large enough to lodge a garrison or serve as a place of refuge. In their centre rises the residence of the chief.

The Kasbah of the Kaïd of Abda is an enormous block, visible at a great distance in the country. It is a collection of square, massive buildings, several storeys high, without any windows on the outside. The whole is enclosed in a rectangle of brick walls, built on the slope of a hill, with numbers of turrets and gates on each side. Outside, wherever the eye falls, it is met by a jumble of houses and huts,

in which the Kaïd's own Kabyle reside, ever ready to lend him armed assistance, in case of need. Within are wide spaces, separated by inner walls, and filled with camels, mules, and asses. All around live the employés and the household of the Kaïd. A pack of greyhounds is disporting itself on a heap of refuse. In the centre of the stables the parade horses occupy an enclosure of their own, whilst a score of Barbary stallions are shackled before as many stone mangers. The court in front of the chief's dwelling is thronged by a crowd of claimants, who have come from all quarters of the tribe, and are patiently awaiting an audience, squatting in groups on the ground. At the hours of prayer the call to the faithful arises from some invisible point, and close by the monotonous hum of a Koranic school makes itself heard. The actual residence of the Kaïd is the immense building that forms the centre of the Kasbah. From it he administers his tribe, and in it receives complaints or requests. His Jewish brokers supply him with accurate advices from Saffi and Marrakech; *feqihs* serve as his chaplains, *tolba* (theological students) as his secretaries, and two Kadis administer justice according to the Chraa; and this feudal noble has actually a jester attached to his household.

In the absence of Si Aïssa, the Kasbah appeared empty. The contingent was with the army, and falcons and falconers were scattered throughout the country side. The detachment left with the Khalifa had gone off to a neighbouring festival. The Kaïd's son was alone in the paternal dwelling. Si Ahmed is almost a boy, slightly coloured, with a gentle, rather effeminate air, and looks very elegant in the fine gauze habit he wears. For a considerable time the Khalifa had been without news of his father. All he knew was that he was with the army which is to fight the usurper of Taza. Failing any definite information, every one in the Kasbah set himself to exaggerate the rumours favourable to their master. The Kaïd, so they have it, made a triumphant appearance at court, having captured, on his march, the principal Zemmour chiefs and brought

them bound before the Sultan, and in the Makhzen the star of Si Aïssa is more than ever in the ascendant.

After leaving the Kasbah of the Kaïd of Abda we had a tedious journey of several hours across the interminable plain which forms the territory of the tribe. The country is very fertile; farm buildings on every side, with orchards of fig and cochineal trees, and here and there an isolated palm. Not a drop of water, but numbers of tanks, their orifices indicated by a broken coping. Stock is numerous and of fine quality. It was then the seed-time, which follows the first rains of autumn. The plough, with its wooden share ending in an iron shaft, is drawn by couples—often mixed—of mares, camels, or asses.

On the evening following our departure from the dwelling of the Kaïd of Abda, we camped at Ras ech-Châba (the head of the ravine) at the foot of the hills which border the tribe, at the house of the Sheikh of the Mouisat clan. Si Tahar ben Bachir was formerly one of the Kaïds of Abda, and so one of those who were sacrificed to the greatness of Si Aïssa. Under the blow of this misfortune he lives in complete retirement in his modest Kasbah, and, during all the time we were there, he never left his dwelling. But he did not forget his guests for all that, and sent us a *couscous* for our dinner. A beautiful cream-coloured horse, led by hand to the camp, was the gift sent by Si Ahmed, after the custom of the grandees of his country, in lasting memory of the hospitality of a day.

Leaving the Abda, the great highway between Saffi and Marrakech runs through the territory of the Ahmar as far as Djebilet—some ten hours' journey. The road rises in successive steppes from the level of the sea to the height of about 1650 feet, the site of the great city of the south. The soil is reddish—never a tree nor a shrub, save the zizyphus, only wide fields and a few dwellings. The people live in hive-shaped *nouwalas*, with a very low entrance. On the left the salt lake Zyma lends a moment's animation to the desolate landscape. Further on, and to the left, rise great walls of red clay, marking what was

once a royal farm, in which several Shorfa of the reigning dynasty were brought up, but is now the Kasbah of the Kaïd of Ahmar. As one advances, the innumerable peaks of the Djebilet stand out one by one, black against the snowy mass of the Atlas, whose line breaks the sun-bathed horizon. The dreary monotonous track seems to stretch interminably across the succession of little hills, which form a desert of stones.

At last we come out on the valley of the Tensift, and, in the distance, between two blackish hills, the extreme points of the Djebilet, the lofty tower of the mosque of the Koutoubya and the palm-wood of Marrakech appear. We meet a picturesque group of hunters coming from the city, preceded by beaters and servants with greyhounds. Then, just as we enter the oasis, we see coming to meet us Si Mohammed ben Abdelaziz Barrada, the French consular official, and the agent of a great French firm in Morocco.

CHAPTER IV

MARRAKECH

Marrakech and its Palm-wood—The Capital of the South—Northern Morocco and Southern Morocco : Gharb and Haouz—The Administration of the City—The Kasbah and the Dar-el-Makhzen—The Koutoubiya—The Gardens : *riadhs* and *arsas*—The Djama el-Fena—The Medina—Commerce—*Souks* and *Fondaks*—The Slave-market—Native population—The European Colony : Southern Morocco Mission.

MARRAKECH, *23rd November*, 1902.

A LITTLE before arriving at Marrakech by the highway from Saffi, the road follows the line of a number of blackish rocks, the Ghilis hills. The highest peak is crowned by the tomb of the chief patron of the city, Sidi bel Abbes, and from it one gets a bird's-eye view of Marrakech.

The extensive plain of the Tensift stretches red and bleak from east to west further than the eye can reach ; on the north are the jagged mountains of the Djebilet range, and on the south the white line of the snow-clad Great Atlas. At the foot of the Ghilis hills stretches the palm-wood, which owes its existence to the close network of the tributaries of the Tensift, which, flowing down from the heights, concentrate upon this favoured spot. From this heaven-sent humidity has arisen the forest of palm trees which forms the oasis of Marrakech. The dates it produces are not very good, the clusters small and of inferior quality ; but the date-palms shelter within earthen enclosures, beneath a growth of olive trees, fig trees, and pomegranate trees, many valuable plants, such as pimento, marrows, gourds, and beans.

The river Issil has scooped out for itself a deep bed across

the palm-wood, on its way to join the Tensift near the ancient bridge of el-Kantara, the work of Moroccan engineers, whose massive arches defy the floods, and secure communications with the sea-board by the Mazagan route. Among the greyish-green vendure of the palm trees appears a large splash of red—it is the medley of brick houses of which Marrakech is formed, dominated by the square minaret of Koutoubiya; all around is an enclosure with walls and towers, on a marked projection towards the Atlas —the enclosure of the imperial gardens of the Aguedal.

We reach Marrakech by the gate of Doukkala. Its winding entrance is supervised by private *oumana* (custom house officers), whose duty it is to exact the toll. The revenue thus accruing is farmed out by the Government to a private company. Our hosts led us straight to a *riadh* which they have been good enough to get ready for our sojourn in Marrakech. It is a little court, planted with myrtles and orange trees, on which the rooms open. In a short time we are settled in our new quarters, and Arabian hospitality soon betrays itself in the customary presents—a sheep, some chickens, tea, preserves, and sugar loaves.

Marrakech is one of the four imperial cities—the others are Fez, Mekinez and Rabat. But the two last are simply halting-places for the Makhzen, whilst Fez and Marrakech, as the centres of the two principal kingdoms whose union constitutes the Empire, alone possess the right to be termed the capitals of Morocco. Fez, as the capital of Gharb (Northern Morocco), enjoys incontestably the greater prestige, and possesses a real pre-eminence, at once political and religious. On the other hand, the north of the realm, where the memory of endless struggles with Spain still survives, is fiercer and more fanatical. The race is stronger there, but stronger and more active too the spirit of questioning and disaffection. Fez is reckoned a recalcitrant city, and the Berber tribes that surround it are so ready to rebel as to constitute a perpetual menace to the power of the Makhzen. Were it not that the Sultan must maintain a secure hold on the most important city of

the Empire, he would live a more tranquil life at Marrakech in the midst of the great plains of Haouz (Southern Morocco). There the raids of the Berbers of the Atlas are less formidable, and the population, which is either pure Arab or Arabised, less fierce and more indifferent, puts up quietly enough with the authority of the great feudal lords who in their turn render a willing homage to the Sultan. Marrakech owes its birth to the two Maraboutic dynasties, the Almoravids and the Almohads, who taking their rise in the Sahara, swept down one after another from the Atlas at the head of fanatical followers, and founded in Southern Morocco a kingdom which was destined soon to overrun the whole of Maghreb and even Spain itself. The Almoravid Youssef ben Tachfin founded Marrakech in 1062 : at the end of the twelfth century the Almohad Yacoub el-Mansour conferred on the city its chief jewel, by the construction of the mosque of Koutoubiya. After their time Marrakech ceased to be the sole capital of Morocco ; it was captured and recaptured in those obscure and inevitable struggles which marked each new accession to the throne, and under the reigning dynasty it fell to its present position of occasional capital.

Marrakech might well stand for the perfect type of a Moroccan city. Within its circle of mouldering walls are found the three essential divisions, each carefully relegated to its own separate quarter—the Kasbah for the governing body, the Medina for the Mussulman population, the Mellah for the Jews. At sunset and at noon on Friday, during the hour of prayer, the gates are shut, the three divisions remain isolated one from the other, and the city lies quiet and still, separated from the rest of the world. Only a single postern remains open in the Kasbah to admit the couriers of the Sultan up to a late hour of the night.

So important a city naturally possesses an administration of its own, differing from that of other Moroccan cities. In the absence of the Court, the Sultan leaves a Khalifa to represent him and thus maintain the imperial character

of the city. The present Khalifa, Moulay Hafid, is own brother to Moulay Abdelaziz. He is supported in the exercise of his duties by two governors, one for the Medina, the other for the Kasbah, the Mellah which borders on it, and the environs of Marrakech.

Within its tower-flanked enclosure the Kasbah forms a city by itself—the city of the Makhzen. Access to it is gained by two great gates alone, one on the Mellah side, Bad el-Djedid, with many-coloured mosaics in baked earth. The other, Bab Hagnaou, is of great age, and is one of the finest monuments in Marrakech. It is a magnificent flanked arch; tradition has it that this gate was brought in parts, then pieced together again at Marrakech by the Moors who had been driven from Spain.

In the Kasbah lives the governmental class. The Makhzen's employés live round about the Dar-el-Makhzen (Government buildings). One can catch a glimpse of its green-tiled turrents behind the impenetrable walls. The right to possess a roof of this colour belongs only to mosques (*koubbas*), and buildings of the Makhzen or the Shorfa. The precincts of the Kasbah extend far out into the country in the vast forest of olives, palm-trees, and thick cypresses which overshadows the park of the Aguedal (the preserve). Between the Kasbah and the Aguedal are three enormous *mechouars*, the first ending in the pavilion "Koubbet es-Soueira," where the Sultan is accustomed to review his troops or receive, should the case arise, embassies from Europe.

Marrakech has from fifty to sixty thousand inhabitants. Apart from the Jews, the population of the town, like that of the whole plain, consists of Berbers who have adopted Arab customs, and "Chleuh" is spoken as well as Arabic. But, as a rule, the landed proprietors are pure Arabs, while the merchants are Moors, natives of Fez, Tetouan, or Rabat.

The Medina can disport itself at its ease within the wide limits marked out for it. For Marrakech has built its ramparts on too ambitious a scale, in the anticipation—

never realised up till now—of a brilliant destiny. The result is that all the inner circle of the city is taken up by a prolongation of the palm-wood—everywhere the same gardens, fruit or vegetable (*arsas*), the same heaps of rubbish, shapeless ruins, and many waste pieces of ground, with one or two huts upon them. There is an entire quarter—the quarter of the "Ksour"—composed of gardens, private property or part of the Makhzen's demesne, their vegetation hidden behind lofty walls.

At the extremity of this quarter, with a vast esplanade in front of it, stands the mosque of the Koutoubiya. In itself it offers little that is of interest: the interior is unpretentious, formed of a medley of buildings: inside, the arcades, of which one catches occasional glimpses, are heavy, whitewashed, and crude artistically. The pride of the building is its minaret, 260 feet high, visible at many hours' distance from all parts of the plain. Yacoub and Mansour, the most ostentatious princes of the Almohad dynasty, gave orders for the construction of three minarets, all of mostly the same proportions: the Giralda of Seville, the still unfinished Hassan tower at Rabat, and the Koutoubiya at Marrakech. The tower has three storeys, whose windows are ornamented by decorative designs cut in the brick. It ends in a lantern which is surmounted by three gilded globes.

The market-place of the Djamaâ el-Fena (mosque of death) is the heart of Marrakech. It is the connecting link between the garden quarter and the mass of buildings which form the city. A small market is held there morning and afternoon, and a great weekly market—the "Thursday" of Marrakech—takes place outside Bab el-Khemis (the Thursday Gate). The inhabitants relate that the market-place takes its name from the public executions carried out by a Khalifa of the Sultan in bygone days in vengeance for an intrigue formed against him. It is still true to its reputation for blood and vengeance, for it is there that the heads of rebels are exposed after they have been carried through the country as a salutary warning

to intending rebels against ideas of revolt. Towards evening the sound of tambourines attracts the crowd, which divides its attentions between the jugglers, the story-tellers, and other native entertainers. Four or five groups spring up naturally in this way, and the audience, arranged in a circle, some squatting, others upright, accompany the artiste's words or gestures with their shouts.

The actual city of Marrakech is a network of narrow, dirty streets, often arched over, separated by numerous gates, which are shut during the night. Were it not for the continual ebb and flow of the population, the city would look like a ruin.

A characteristic of the city is the number of public fountains. Such pious bequests are encouraged by the abundance of the water-supply. Generally they consist of a drinking-trough for animals, with a basin reserved for human use, with a cross-bar to guard its access. The basin is crowned by a portico with ornaments in wrought plaster and a roof of painted wood. The largest of these fountains are the el-Moasin and the Bab-Doukkala, and the prettiest bears the picturesque name of Echrob on Chouf ("drink and see").

Commerce naturally centres in the markets (*souks*). There are local *souks* to meet the needs of each quarter, and a central one, where all the different trades and every kind of produce meet. The continuous line of little shops is protected from the sun by reed trellises, which overarch the street. The bazaar of Marrakech is interesting enough, but the town is too small for it to compete with those of Constantinople, Smyrna, Damascus, Cairo, or Tunis. All the same it has a charm of its own, which makes it worth while to spend whole days wandering about among the dyers, the blacksmiths, the herbalists, the quack-doctors, and above all the gunsmiths. These last sell curved daggers (*koummiyas*) and flint-locks chased with silver. As is only right, the principal attraction of the bazaar is the *souk* where they make all kinds of articles in morocco leather, which receives its name from

the city—babouches, money-bags, saddles, purses, shot or powder bags, cushions, and rugs with designs worked in leather. The goatskin is tanned in a neighbouring quarter of the city, and pomegranate rind gives it its yellow colour. The rest of the bazaar consists of a number of *fondaks* (large courts), which serve as stores for merchandise, or shelter for merchants and beasts of burden.

The commerce of Marrakech is almost completely in the hands of local firms, Mussulman or Jewish, a considerable number of which represent the different European houses established on the coast of Morocco. They despatch to the neighbouring ports the gums, oils, wax-lights, and goat-skins that they have sent down from the interior. The cost of transport makes the exportation of cereals very difficult. The specialties of the city, babouches and haiks, are sent off in the direction of Senegal and the Soudan. European products are sold either to retailers in the city, or to hawkers in the neighbouring markets, or to caravans. The commercial sphere of action of the city embraces the valley of the Tensift and the mountainous region up to the Tadla. The commerce of the Draa reaches it by way of Glaoui. Caravans from Tafilelt and the Sus arrive from time to time with their products when these oases need articles made at Marrakech. Imports enter by the port of Mazagan, only a very small portion by Mogador and Saffi. Goat-skins are sent to Mogador to be exported, but the rest of the products take the Mazagan route, since caravan trans-port to the latter port is both easier and less costly.

The slave-market is annexed to the bazaar of Marrakech, and is held there three times a week, on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays. In the East the traffic is clandes-tine, and strangers never see it though they may suspect its existence. Here it is quite a public affair, and Europeans are so rare that no difficulty is made about their presence at the spot. For the first time, then, I visited a slave-market. I must say that the domestic slavery of the Mussulman family had almost seemed to me of an extremely mild nature, and I regret having seen it, at this wretched

market of Marrakech, under a most revolting aspect. The market is a little court surrounded by arcades, where the slave-fanciers gather in a circle. Several auctioneers parade the goods for sale from one end to another to attract bids. The negresses walk up and down in this way in small groups; they are brought by the caravans from the south, or sent by masters who wish to get rid of them. Those that I saw put up for sale were old and withered, and the bidding was slack. Careless bystanders felt the arms, the legs, and the breasts of the negresses, or even examined their teeth. In short, it was a deplorable sight.

Outside the Kasbah, the finest dwellings in Marrakech belong to the estate of the late Grand Vizier, Ba Ahmed, and to the old Governor of the city, Ben Daoud. The former has been dead for ten years, and the latter is at present in Fez, doing his best to retrieve a recent disgrace. So these houses were shut, and such as we were able to visit belonged to persons of less importance.

The Khalifa of the Medina, Si el-Hadj Abdesselam el-Ouarzazi, a native of Marrakech, is already an old man. Like most of the high dignitaries of the Makhzen, he possesses distinguished manners, and presents a most dignified appearance in his floating robes, whose graceful drapery and wonderful whiteness are elegance itself. He receives us on the threshold of his dwelling with all the circumstance, the flow of words, the welcoming gestures, that are the usual greetings of a guest in this country. The customary formula—*Merahba bi koum* (Heaven be with you)—is repeated over and over again. The hand is always on the heart, and time and again when it touches yours it is carried to the lips. The Khalifa's dwelling includes a square garden, with reception-rooms opening on it on every side, and, at its heart, the dwelling-place.

Never have we partaken of a better or better-served repast than the lunch given by Si el-Hadj Abdesselam. First of all the teacups are brought in on a plate covered with silk, and successive infusions made with mint, verbena, marjoram and lemon. Afterwards a basin is brought for us

to wash our hands in, as they are to serve as knives and forks. Then all the dishes are placed beside one another under covers of palm-fibre (*mkebb*) enveloped in a cloth. They consist of chicken dressed with preserved lemon or grape-rice, of lamb with a stuffing highly seasoned with cumin. For dessert we have almond cakes called Koab el-ghezal, that is "gazelle-hoofs." Then comes the coffee, scented with a few drops of orange-water. Then our hands are washed once more, and our clothes sprinkled with liquid perfumes and fumigated with incense.

Si bou Bekr el-Gandjaoui, the greatest capitalist in Marrakech, lives in a far less refined style. He owns a large number of houses and *fondaks* in the city, and is credited with having, besides, a large sum deposited in the Bank of England. He is a somewhat coarse-looking old man, who, contrary to Mussulman custom, shaves both beard and moustache. His smooth face retains, in spite of its pendulous flesh, an expression of keen intelligence. As he squats there in his *fondak*, surrounded by a sea of papers overflowing from numbers of boxes, in the midst of odds and ends of European furniture, he is the very incarnation of the shady Moroccan speculator. Seen in the house of a wife and a favourite child, where he offers us tea in a silver gilt service presented to him by the British Government in recognition of his long service, he presents a different appearance. He is now a pleasant-mannered old man, enjoying the position he has created for himself—his father was a simple *Amin* of the butchers—and passing his declining days in peace and happiness in the midst of a swarm of negresses attached to his household.

French protection is enjoyed by Si Omar ben Medjad, Consular Agent of France, and Si Mohammed Barrada, in his capacity of agent of the Braunschwig house at Tangier. The former is a rich Arab proprietor highly thought of in the town; the latter, who is of a Moorish family in Fez, is one of the foremost Mussulman merchants in the city. His shops open on a pretty *patio*, decorated with plaster reliefs and ornamental ceilings. French silks, German

cloths, English calico, are all there, carefully classified. On the first stage is a pretty *mesriya*, where Si Mohammed was so good as to arrange for our delectation after dinner a complete musical evening. Three men sang in chorus native airs to the accompaniments of a violin, a guitar (*oud*), and a tambourine (*tarr*), and a troupe of seven women sang, played, and danced besides. We are much too prone to conceive of Morocco as an absolutely barbarous country, simply because it has, so far, remained closed to European influence. The country is not an organic whole, it is true; the Government is arbitrary, and the people devoid of culture; but, beyond all doubt, there does exist in the great cities and in the Kasbahs of the plain an orderly and civilised society which has developed a special form of Arab civilisation. A stranger comes across it with surprise, and frequents it with pleasure.

Europeans have become rare at Marrakech. In the Middle Ages they were to be found as mercenaries and as artificers summoned by the Almohad princes, as well as captives and renegades. It was to Marrakech that St. Francis of Assisi sent his first missionaries, and there was actually a Catholic bishopric in the city. Up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, Christians had a special *fondak* of their own assigned them. To-day there are two dozen Europeans, who are easily lost sight of among the 60,000 inhabitants of the city—a couple of Italians and Spaniards, small traders or business men; two German traders who represent business houses on the coast, and a German Jew who is a doctor. France is represented by three Algerian Jews. The greater part of the European colony reside in the English Protestant Mission. The Southern Morocco Mission, as it is called, has been in existence for some fifteen years. It is Presbyterian, and its headquarters are at Glasgow. Its chief station is Marrakech, where it keeps up three settlements, with four lady missionaries; then Mogador with one settlement and two ladies; and last, a single settlement in each of the following towns: Saffi,

Mazagan, and Azemmour. The mission dispensary at Marrakech is daily visited by some fifty patients, and seven little Moroccan girls are busy in the work-room. The whole mission is excellently organised, and carried on by people the purity of whose intentions, and the dignity of whose bearing, are alike beyond reproach.

CHAPTER V

GOUNDAFI

From Marrakech to Goundafi—Islamism in the Maghreb—Shorfa and Marabouts—The Shereef of Tameslouhet—The Chain of the Atlas Mountains: the Adrar-n-Deren—Amsmiz—The Berber Population—Goundafi and the lofty Valley of the River Nefis—Agadir el-Bour: the Sheikh Hammada—The Kasbah of the Kaïd el-Goundafi.

AGADIR EL-BOUR (GOUNDAFI),
30*th November*, 1902.

ON the 24th of November, a little after mid-day, we started from Marrakech by the Bab Errobb Gate, in the direction of the Atlas. On this side there is no palm-wood, and the walls of the city actually touch the vast stony plain that extends to the foot of the chain. Along with the necessary letter, the Khalifa of Marrakech gave us two *mokhaznis* (soldiers), one of whom is an officer, a Kaïd el-mia, something like a lieutenant or captain. We enjoy besides the privilege of the company of our Marrakech hosts, Si Omar and Si Mohammed Barrada.

It takes nearly three hours to reach Tameslouhet across a very desolate-looking country: only several large olive gardens, for the most part belonging to the Makhzen (el-Menara, Bou Akas, Cherifiya), give a moment's animation to the dreary landscape. Tameslouhet is situated on the banks of the river Gheghaïa, in the midst of a forest of olive trees. It is a *zaouïa*, and is the residence of one of the greatest religious functionaries in Morocco, generally known under the name of Shereef of Tameslouhet.

It is a well-known fact that the Kasbah of the Kaïd and the *zaouïa* of the Shereef or the Marabout, the political

force of the castle and the moral force of the monastery, are the two dominant elements in the feudal anarchy of Morocco. Those who have made a study of Islamism in other parts of its domain can hardly fail to experience a real difficulty in understanding its working in the Maghreb. The men with green turbans who, in some obscure way, make the descendants of the Prophet swarm in all the great cities of the east, the Koubbas and the *tekkes* that efface themselves modestly before the wonderful mosques of the official religion—all these influences have gained an immense hold on the credulity of the people in West Africa, where there is no organised clergy, and where the religion has become degenerate under the influence of Berber superstitions. In Morocco the Shereef is a nobleman whose prestige may be so great that certain dynasties have owed their foundation and continuance to the sole fact that they were Shereefian. The Marabout is a saint whose intervention with the Deity is demanded by popular belief. The Koubba of the Seyyid, not the mosque, continues to be the true shrine of the faith of the nation, for the people's worship ever goes out to the saints rather than to God Himself.

Thanks to these superstitions and these fortunate gifts, the *zaouïa* grows up at the side of the venerable Koubba. It becomes a place of asylum outside the territorial jurisdiction, and the family of the Marabout, which is looked upon as heir to the virtue of its ancestor, grows in wealth as in power. In this way its power becomes a menace to the Kaïd, if its influence is merely local; even to the Makhzen, if it extends the sphere of its action beyond the province to a portion or the whole of the empire.

The sphere of the influence of the Shereef of Tameslouhet is a large one. It extends over all the provinces of the south, from the Atlas to the Oummer Rebia. Moulay el-Hadj is an Edrissite Shereef. One of his ancestors, Moulay Abdallah ben el-Hossein, a native of the Tadla, was a much-venerated Sheikh, and founded the family fortunes. His Koubba makes Tameslouhet sacred, and the Koubbas

of the city round the neighbourhood are the tombs of his descendants. The town contains a thousand dwellings, say 5000 inhabitants, composed of the family, the dependants, the farm labourers of the Shereef, not counting persons whose relations with some neighbouring Kaïd are rather strained and are in search of some asylum. Moulay el-Hadj's father had compromised the family fortunes by his extravagance. He himself has, by dint of severe economy, succeeded in re-establishing them. He has bought back, it would appear, all the portions of the paternal estate, and has thus become the sole proprietor of the neighbouring lands, and sole beneficiary of the alms of the Koubbas. He is credited with an income from these sources of more than £20,000.

Tameslouhet is a mass of houses in red brick with flat roofs not unlike an Egyptian city. Its walls are in ruins, its towers have no battlements, as is suitable for a city which relies for its security on its religious prestige alone. The Shereef does not live in a Kasbah, but in a simple enclosure round which are gathered corn and oil stores. His dwelling is lofty and surrounded by gardens, whose stiff cypresses form their real beauty.

Moulay el-Hadj is already an old man, and old age has bent and coarsened his form. He is a rustic proprietor, energetic and well informed, knowing how to get a good harvest out of his land, and exploit at the same time the religious privileges which have rounded off his property. The whiteness of his garments is not above reproach, but he never lets his keys or his morocco money-bag out of his hands, and it is he himself who opens the locks to let us into his house, and all with the most lively expressions of hospitality. In order to place on a still firmer footing a position already secure enough, Moulay el-Hadj has seen fit to unite with the support of Heaven a fairly efficacious earthly aid. And so from henceforward the *zaouïa* and its place of asylum perform their duties under British protection. The Makhzen has made use of this action to regain a little authority in the city and get a Khalifa established there by the governor of the Kasbah of Marrakech.

The suite of rooms in which we passed the night was the upper storey of the Shereef's house. The chambers were decorated in the Arab fashion, and all opened on a central court. From the windows of the apartments, and better still from the terrace, one can get a wonderful view of the whole country. Moulay el-Hadj can see spread at his feet, beyond the cypress-trees, his city, his olive plantations, the minaret of his *zaouïa*, and the green-tiled roofs under which repose his most lucrative possession, the remains of his ancestors the Marabouts. In the far distance rises the tower of the Koutoubiya, and quite close, the great mass of the Atlas Mountains, in which one can clearly distinguish the hollows of the valleys and the transversal ridges.

The Adrar-n-Deren is the western extremity of the Atlas, beyond the river Redat which forms the high valley of the Tensift. There, directly opposite Marrakech, are the highest mountains of the chain, which rises to a height of between 14,000 and 15,000 feet. The different portions of the range, and the streams that take their rise in it, are distinguished by the inhabitants under the names of the tribes that have settled in the successive valleys; from east to west, for example, we have Glaoui, Mesfioua, Ourica, Gheghaïa, Goundafi and Amsmiz. Then all at once the summits sink, and the Atlas Mountains, reduced to very modest proportions, end in the Atlantic Ocean at Cape Ghir. The two deepest valleys, which penetrate right into the heart of the chain, the valleys of the river Redat and the river Nefis—Glaoui and Goundafi—end in high passes, the first of which leads to the region of the Draa and to the Tafilelt, the second to the Ras-el-Oued, that is, the High-Sus.

From Tameslouhet to Amsmiz is a journey of six and a half hours. The road rises to an altitude of over 1600 feet by successive undulations which herald the spurs of the Atlas range, and the water-courses cut their way through deep ravines. The landscape retains the same desolate appearance, with clumps of gum trees and zizyphus trees; but, in the hollows, wherever the system of irrigation reaches, the

grey-green of the olive-tree or the red mass of a brick village strikes the eye. Cisterns with wide openings have been set up all along the route.

Amsmiz is a little town that nestles at the very foot of the range, on the banks of a tributary of the river Nefis, whose ravine has a setting of snowy summits. The earth dwellings, crowned by a square minaret, huddle together on a piece of rising ground, dominated by the ancient Kasbah of the Kaïd of the tribe. To-day the Kasbah is only a heap of ruins. It was destroyed at the time of the death of the Sultan Moulay el-Hassan, when the tribes of Southern Morocco, taking advantage, as their custom is, of this unique opportunity of shaking off the yoke of authority, rose in revolt against their Kaïds, and pillaged the Jews. The revolt spread till it was almost universal, and it was only the most powerful of the chiefs that were spared. The Kaïd el-Masmazi has thought it wiser not to rebuild the ruined Kasbah. He has removed his residence to a spot outside the city, in an *azib* with fortified walls. Like all the other Kaïds, he is elsewhere, and in his absence his son, Si Mohammed ould el-Hassan, rules the tribe in the capacity of Khalifa.

Henceforward our road runs through Berber territory, and the contrast with the country, either Arab or under Arab influence, that we have passed through since Mogador, is striking enough. The lonely dwellings that dotted the plain give place to big villages united for defensive purposes. The population is Chleuh, and speaks a Berber dialect. It is only people of high rank who know Arabic and wear the Arab dress. Among the common people the women are not veiled. The men have their heads uncovered and shaved, and wear a long *burnouse* of brown drugget (*aknif*), decorated on the back either by a red stripe or a brownish semicircle. Gone are the expressions of welcome, gone the refined hospitality, the amiable curiosity, that we experienced in the Kasbahs, among the Moors in the city, and the country folk. We have to deal with a people, restive and suspicious, who regard the

stranger, though without open hostility, still with a distinct reserve. Not an evil word, not a threatening gesture; but the villages remain closed at our approach, the Sheikhs get out of the way, and more often than not, faced by the refusal of the Chleuh peasants, we take a Jew for our guide. In the Kasbahs, now called in the Berber dialect Agadirs, our reception is chilly; we are no longer welcome guests, but intruders, quartered by the Makhzen. We are put up, it is true, and given a suitable *mouna*, but it is obvious that we are received without the least satisfaction. Usually we are not admitted to the fortress till our requirements have been recognised as absolutely regular. It is only with a Sheikh of the Goundafi, a personal friend of our travelling-companion, Si Mohammed Barrada, that we find the old frank and cordial welcome.

As a matter of fact, there is a barrier between Arabs and Berbers. One can see that our Arabs have no wish to enter the mountains, and it is equally evident that the arrival of strangers, accompanied by soldiers of the Makhzen, is by no means relished there. The majority of the Berber tribes of Morocco remain independent, and form the *Blades-siba*. The vicinity of Marrakech and the leverage given the Makhzen by the extension of their domains in the plain, has brought about the submission of the Chleuh population of the Adrar-n-Deren. None the less the spirit of independence, fostered by their mountain fastnesses, is still strong among them. It is hard to exact the tax there, or levy the contingent. The chief hold of the Makhzen consists in its ability to maintain more or less normal relations with the Kaïd whose nomination it has ratified. None the less, their attitude towards one another is that of mutual suspicion. The Government fears revolutionary ideas on the part of the tribes, whilst the latter suspect the Government of wishing to do them some ill turn, and they avoid one another as much as possible.

Further, the political and social régime of the Chleuhs is hardly conducive to gentleness of nature. In place of the military and religious feudalism which sets the Arab countries

under the sway of a small body of very powerful lords—Kaïds, Shorfa, or Marabouts—the constitution of the Berber country would seem to be rather that of a federal republic in which families and clans are under the sway of a real oligarchy. The Sheikhs, elected by their respective Kabyles, constitute the Djemaa, which is to keep the Kaïd under its thumb. These functions are almost always hereditary, and the Makhzen, in most cases, confers its authority on a powerless Kaïd, the prisoner of an all-powerful Djemaa, whose decisions are influenced by the play of two or more *soffs* or parties. This primitive organisation gives full scope for clan feuds, party quarrels, and disputes between neighbours for proprietary rights of the soil or of irrigation—differences of opinion which the interested parties are not slow to draw sword about, whilst the Djemaa is powerless to check the ebullition in time. One can understand that such a régime develops a fiercer and ruder type of humanity. The comparative security of the principal Arab chiefs of the plain leads them to adopt a more refined and gracious mode of life in Kasbahs and *zaouïas* filled with servants and dependants. The uncertainty or the morrow, on the other hand, compels the great Berber landowners of the mountains to shut themselves up within dark and frowning Agadirs, leading a life devoid of all brightness and tranquillity, in the midst of armed men, gangs of compulsory agriculturalists, enslaved Jews, and negro slaves.

Goundafi plays a geographical rôle in the chain of the Great Atlas analogous to that of the valley of Arran in the Pyrenees. It belongs by its position to the southern slope of the chain, and gives birth to the river Nefis, which crosses its principal crest in a deep ravine on its way to join the plain of Marrakech and the river system of the north slope. Thus Goundafi forms a region completely enclosed by a network of mountains which descend perpendicularly on the river. The heights are clad with forests, often dotted with arbor vitæ and mastich trees, the home of the wild mountain sheep. At the bottom of the principal valley and its

lateral offshoots the water has been carefully diverted into irrigation canals along the two banks of the Nefis; and wherever it has been possible to utilise a piece of land, either flat or terraced, orchards of olives, almond trees, pomegranate trees, fig trees, and walnut trees are to be found. Vines and poplars are frequent, and in the river-bed grow oleanders and tamarinds. Half-way up on the slopes, paths cut in the living rock, or supported by works in dry masonry, secure the communications between the villages.

Our journey from Amsmiz to the entrance of the gorge of Goundafi, along the first spurs of the Atlas, cost us five painful hours of climbing and descending from ravine to ravine, from village to village, and from olive-patch to olive-patch. The gorge is hard to enter. The splendid roads of the interior have not been continued to the plain, for fear of attracting intruders, and our mules, unaccustomed to mountainous country, fall or unsettle their loads on the rocky ascents. Our progress is slow and very difficult—so much so, indeed, that we are caught by night and compelled to camp right out in the forest. After a few hours' journey in Goundafi we reach Agadir el-Bour, the residence of the Sheikh Hammada. He is on friendly terms with Si Mohammed Barrada, who has announced our arrival, and has been good enough to bear us company so far.

The Sheikh Hammada is one of the most important personages in Goundafi, the leader of one of the two *soffs* which divide the tribe between them. He is thus a man of weight. His *soff* has 5000 guns at its disposal, and the situation of his Kasbah enables him to command the communication between Marrakech and the High-Sus, or those of the Kaïd el-Goundafi with the plain. Such advantages as these assure him a very high place in the Berber oligarchy, and enable him to meet his Kaïd almost on terms of equality. The Sheikh is an old man, clad in the white draperies of the Arab, with much of the Arab culture, and a refinement of manners alien to the people of his race. He awaits our

coming under a carob tree at the entrance to the village, and receives us with a torrent of welcoming gestures and phrases.

Agadir el-Bour is at one and the same time a stronghold and an agricultural venture, each supporting the other, and this double character is found in nearly all the important Berber settlements; and the Sheikh Hammada is much more like a rich landholder who is obliged to have recourse to force to protect his domains, than a great lord who looks to a display of force for the means of increasing his power.

On a cliff that overhangs the right bank of the Nefis stands the strong dwelling of the Sheikh Hammada. It has neither towers nor battlements, and consists of an immense block of lofty buildings, following a decorative plan traced on the soil. The family apartments open on an interior court which is thronged, throughout the whole day, by the relatives, clients, or servants of the Sheikh. Neither the buildings nor their fittings make any attempt at luxury; everywhere is the rustic note of the mountains. Right at the back are the kitchens, and a series of low doors, which give access to regular kennels, the lodgings of the negro slaves who are employed in the home or in the fields. At the very foot of the Kasbah is a rectangular enclosure entered by a single door, and enclosing the Mellah. Two rows of low dwellings shelter a Jewish population, which among the Berber people is in a state of downright slavery under the protection of its lord. The Jews are employed in petty trades or are merchants in a very small way. In a corner a Rabbi looks after a very rudimentary synagogue and a sort of Talmudic school. Above the Mellah, the houses of the Chleuh peasants rise in rows. With the mosque, the Koranic school, the *fondak* and the threshing-floor for the agriculturalists, the village is complete. All the passers-by —the people from the Sus in their blue garments, the donkey drivers who bring the produce from the upper valley to the plain—share in the hospitality of the Sheikh. The ground adjoining the village is given up to beehives and orchards.

The landscape is charming. Autumn has already coloured with yellow the leaves of the almond, the fig, and the pomegranate, only the greyish-green foliage of the olive remains the same. The orange trees are covered with fruit, and in the depths of a meadow, at the mountain's bare base, rise the isolated crests of two date-palms.

The Sheikh Hammada, like all the great landowners of the province, sells the produce of his land directly to the merchants of Marrakech. The small farmers carry them to the nearest market, and there hand them over to the brokers. This produce consists of almonds, nuts, figs, olives, oil, honey, and wax. These different commodities are carried to Marrakech to the special *souk*, and have to pay there a duty of 10 per cent. charged to the vendor. It is a roundabout method employed by the Makhzen to recover the tax which the tribes of the Atlas often omit to pay.

Six hours beyond Agadir el-Bour, as we follow the gorge of the Nefis, the river takes a sharp turn to the west, at the junction of a large tributary from the east, and Goundafi ends as the ravine widens out into a long valley. Dwellings and pieces of land under cultivation become more frequent. At the end of an hour we can catch a glimpse from a hill-top of a black mass. It is the Kasbah of the Kaïd el-Goundafi, with its walls that come sheer down to the Nefis. There is no more beautiful spot in the valley. At the very foot abundant vegetation has sprung up round the river. All around the mountains rise, one above the other, to a height of nearly 10,000 feet, crowned at either extremity by snow-capped summits. The path is more than 3000 feet above the level of the sea.

And now we reach the dwelling of Kaïd el-Goundafi, who, next to the Kaïd el-Glaoui, is the most powerful lord in the Atlas region. His father, it would seem, defied the Sultan Moulay el-Hassan several times successfully, and even went so far as to keep a fanfare of trumpeters on his Kasbah, which constitutes, it is said, one of the privileges of sovereignty in Morocco. The present Kaïd, his son, Si Taïeb ben Mohammed, has been less fortunate. He let

himself be inveigled by the specious offers of the Makhzen, and he has now been detained for four years at the Court, ostensibly free, but actually a prisoner. In his absence Goundafi is administered by two Khalifas, the brother and the son of the Kaïd. The first resides in Gourgouri at the entrance of the valley, and the second in the family Kasbah. The latter is the subject of many unpleasant rumours throughout the whole country. The man himself is harsh and cruel, his Kasbah inhospitable, and the journey between the High-Sus and the plain exceedingly difficult because of his exactions. To force himself on the *soffs* of the tribe, he has recruited a sort of bodyguard outside the valley, and methodically pillages the small farmers with his mercenaries.

In fact, the Kasbah has an unprepossessing look. It stands alone in bare country, with its walls descending perpendicularly on the Nefis, and surrounded only by low hovels inhabited by negro slaves. There are no Jews, and consequently no Mellah. The passages are black and deep, the courts are narrow, and the buildings lofty and furnished with gratings. The house is not inviting. The Kaïd el-Bica held a lengthy parley with us before he let us enter. The crowd one always sees in the Kasbah regarded us with curiosity, and at the least movement on our part the children ran away terror-stricken.

It is clear that the presence of Europeans is rare in the depths of Goundafi, and, to judge by our experience, it is by no means desired. Our host, the Khalifa, never let himself be seen. His Kaïd, el-Mechouar, led us to an isolated set of rooms. A couple of tame boars were wallowing in a heap of refuse in front of the gate. In separate instalments we were supplied with mats and carpets, even with a decent dinner. Next day we made an early start, and returned to Agadir-el-Bour by the route by which we came the night before.

CHAPTER VI

FROM GLAOUI TO MAZAGAN

From Goundafi to Glaoui—The lofty Valley of the River Gheghaïa: Asni —Tahaghnaout: the "Silos" of the Makhzen—The Orchards of Ourica—The Moon of Ramadan—The Tleta of Iminzet—The lofty Valley of the River Redat—Glaoui—The "Tighremt" of Zarakten—The part played by Sugar-loaves in the Life of Morocco—From the Atlas to the Coast—Zaouïa Sidi Rehal—Rahamna and Doukkala—Mazagan—The Commerce of the Port and the European Colony.

MAZAGAN, *12th December*, 1902.

ON the thirtieth of November we take leave of the worthy Sheikh Hammada. Si Omar and Si Mohammed Barrada have left us the night before to return to Marrakech.

It takes us four hours to reach Asni from Agadir el-Bour, passing from Goundafi through the high valley of the river Gheghaïa. The road rises gently on the right bank of the Nefis as it follows its little tributary, the river Ouirgan. Always the same clumps of arbor vitæ and mastichs, the same reddish soil cleft by torrent-beds, the same olive gardens, and the same mud houses in the watered hollows. As the path ascends the mountain, snowy peaks make their appearance, and once we have gained the top of the pass, the lofty valley of the river Gheghaïa unfolds itself just beneath, framed in the mighty circle of the highest peaks of the Atlas.

Asni is a group of villages scattered over the bare mountain sides. At this point the valley widens and leaves place for a great olive plantation. The spot is over 4000 feet high, and commands a clear-cut panorama of mighty peaks. The river Gheghaïa issues from a wooded gorge, formed by the junction of two torrents—on the east, the Iminan, and on

the west, the Aït Mizan. The green slopes, deeply scored by water-courses, rise towards an amphitheatre of rocks, where the snows have accumulated. In the eastern extremity, the dome-like summit of Tizi Likoumt rises to a height of over 13,000 feet, and the semicircle is continued by a jagged crest, which reaches an altitude of over 15,000 feet at Tizi-n-Tagherout, and there comes to an end.

It takes nearly four hours from Asni to reach Tahaghnaout, where the mountains end. The track runs through cultivated fields, or along the stony bed of the river. For hours our road lies among gorse and oleanders, and is continually forcing its way through the swift stream that last night's rains have reddened. And so at last it crosses the interminable gorge that separates the lofty valley of the river Gheghaïa from the plain.

The village of Tahaghnaout is composed, like Asni, of groups of houses situated picturesquely on the heights on both banks of the river. A fortified square contains the "silos" which belong to the Makhzen. As the tax is paid here for the most part in kind, the Moroccan Government has found it necessary to choose a certain number of spots for the receipt and storage of the share of the Treasury, and so it is that the village of Tahaghnaout has been constituted the receiving centre for the country side. The Gheghaïa tribe is small and unimportant. Its population is Berber, but the language and customs of the Arabs become more pronounced as one leaves the mountains. It is so close to Marrakech that it is always finding itself in the grip of the Makhzen, and so it is treated with scant ceremony, and the office of Kaïd over it has been assigned to the Governor of the Kasbah at Marrakech.

And now we enter the plain once more, following the foot of the Atlas, and describing a full quarter-circle round Marrakech, which we can locate by means of the minaret of the Koutoubiya, always visible upon the horizon. We reach Ourica after three hours' journey across stony fields, sprinkled with clumps of zizyphus trees.

Ourica is the privileged region of the great plain, for it is the only one into which the loftiest mountains of the Atlas range pour their waters. The river Nefis is dammed by the long gorge of Goundafi; the Gheghaïa has watered a whole lofty valley before it issues from the chain, whereas, in Ourica, the mountains rise sheer above the plain, into which their streams flow directly by short scaurs or by wide cuts like that of the river Ourica. This stream drains the other side of the snow-clad summits, whose rounded masses rise above the river Gheghaïa. The water spreads on its beneficent errand throughout the plain, separating into numerous trenches among the fields and the orchards. So plentiful is it that it supplies the palm wood at Marrakech with the greater part of its moisture.

It takes us more than two hours to cross this heaven-blest country, which gives an impression of marvellous fertility. On every side spring up whole plantations of olive trees, with fig trees, mulberry trees, and palms intermingled. Houses are isolated and infrequent, for the natives prefer to huddle their mud huts upon the first slopes of the mountain. Oleanders and tamarinds choke the straggling beds of the water-courses, and our caravan picks its way very painfully, sometimes labouring in muddy ditches, and again entangled in the briars that overgrow the track.

In this way we enter the Mesfioua tribe. The Kaïd's Kasbah is built on a great mound which marks the beginning of the mountains, and presents a threatening front to the plain. The rest of the enclosure and the fortifications are concealed by the declivities of the soil. But this proud and independent attitude can only be a pose. Here, as elsewhere, owing to the flatness of the country, the Makhzen has an easy task to perform against the Berber tribes of the Great Atlas. If it is compelled to humour Glaoui and, to a certain extent, Goundafi, it is without mercy in its treatment of less powerful chiefs. Kaïd el-Mesfioui has seen his tribe divided up, and it is only a short time ago that some of its clans were assigned to the Kaïds of other tribes.

Two hours more, and we camp in a clump of olives, on the crest where the territory of Ourica ends. The Atlas sends out a spur in the direction of the Djebilet, and so narrows the wide valley of the Tensift. We have completed our quarter-circle round Marrakech, and must now leave the chain through which we have travelled for a full week, and approach the hills of Glaoui. A wonderful sunset lights up the whole of Adrar-n-Deren. The ramparts of Ourica, the beginning of the amphitheatre of Gheghaïa, the hollow of Goundafi, the mountains of Amsmiz, and beyond them the snow-clad peaks, all stand out in a golden glory whilst the new moon cleaves its thin crescent in the sky. It is the first appearance of the moon of Ramadan. For our Mussulman caravan it heralds short journeys, fatigue, and bad temper, nocturnal excesses, with late starts and heavy morning slumber. Next day it takes hardly more than half-an-hour to reach the river Mesfioua. A little stony island in the centre of it has been chosen as a market-place, the Tleta (Tuesday) of Iminzet. As it happens, we arrive on the very day on which the market is held. It is as yet only half-past ten, yet the crowd is coming in, in long lines, from every quarter of the horizon. A Moroccan market is at its full between midday and one o'clock. All morning the crowd throngs in, and at three o'clock begins the movement of departure. Already several thousands have assembled, almost all of them in Arab costume, though some wear the Berber *akhnif*. The proportion of Jews is very small. An arbour formed of branches, a little apart from the market, is assigned to the Sheikh of the Kabyle, who has to police the market and exact the dues. Baggage animals are huddled together in dilapidated stone enclosures. In the centre of the dense crowd the sellers gather into groups according to the articles they offer for sale. The small farmers bring jars of grain, wool, and oil to the brokers who have come from the city. Double esparto sacks are taken from the asses and placed on the ground; inside are charcoal, bread, eggs, vegetables, fruit, dwarf-palm and fibre rope, plaited broom,

wooden ploughshares, and coarse earthenware. The products of European industry are retailed by two or three Mussulman merchants—tapers and a little English ironware, sugar and French cigarette paper, and finally a number of German toys. Jewish artisans are setting up forges in the open air. In a corner a cattle-market is forming with oxen, mules and asses, as well as goats and sheep. The felled animals are attached to wooden tripods and cut up by the butchers, one of whom addressed us in very fair French. He is an old Moroccan navvy who once worked on the roads in the province of Oran. Thanks to his savings, he is now a well-to-do business man, established as a butcher in Sidi-Rehal, five hours distant from the market. In ordinary times, the market includes ovens for cooking meat and meals for the marketers, but Ramadan has robbed us of this picturesque sight.

It takes us a dozen hours from the market of Iminzet to reach Zarakten, deep in Glaoui. Once more we enter the mountains. First come bare and rocky slopes, and then suddenly we descend on the valley of the river Massin, inhabited by the little tribe of the Tougana. Here the flat-roofed mud villages begin again, with their olive gardens in the irrigated parts, and oleanders growing in the beds of the torrents. The country, which seems rich and highly cultivated, is dominated by the snow-covered mass of Tizi-n-Glaoui, which begins to show itself in front. We camp in a little hamlet called Ehl el-Arba, and next day begin to mount again. Once we reach the ridge we have the panorama of the neighbouring valleys at our feet, sloping down towards the plain with Marrakech in the far distance, and on the other side, the whole of Glaoui, that is the lofty valley of the river Redat, which loses itself in the high mountains behind. The winding road to Zarakten takes us more than half a day. It is exceedingly bad, and the muleteers curse their luck. But the country is exquisite. At every turn of the path Glaoui appears under a new aspect. We pass through woods of arbor vitæ and cork trees. The descent becomes more and more difficult, and it is down-

right night when our whole caravan unites to set up the camp at the very foot of the Kasbah of the Sheik of Zarakten.

Zarakten is situated right at the bottom of the valley, at the point where the river Redat is formed by the junction of a number of mountain torrents. It is the spot where the track leaves the river to climb the heights and reach the ridge. The route is one of the most important in the Great Atlas. Glaoui and Tizi-n-Telouet (8500 feet) serve as the highway for the commerce of the Draa, and secure the communications between Marrakech and Tafilelt. During the winter the road is often blocked by the snow, and the travellers from the south have to wait at the foot of the ridge till their asses with their loads of dates can cross. The whole valley belongs to the tribe of the Glaoui, but the Kaïd's Kasbah is situated on the other side of the chain, on the table-land of Telouet. If the Kaïd has to visit Marrakech in the bad season, the tribe is summoned to facilitate his journey by sweeping away the snow. The Kaïd el-Glaoui, Si el-Madani, is the most powerful chief in the whole Atlas region. His authority extends over the two slopes of the chain. But his southern subjects preserve their independence, and those of the north alone are submissive. The Makhzen's policy has been successful in attaching the latter to itself, like other Berber settlements, tempting them with concessions of land in the plain. In any case, the peculiar position of Glaoui, mounted, as it were, between the submissive and the recalcitrant tribes, is sufficient to make it a formidable vassal, to be handled very carefully by the Moroccan Government. At the present moment Si el-Madani is away with his contingent for the *harka*, and he is fortunately enough placed to be able to visit the Sultan without the risk of any unpleasantness. On the southern slope the authority of Glaoui extends over four Sheikhs, whose territory reaches as far as Tazenakht on the south, Mezgita on the east—includes, that is, the whole of the lofty valley of the Draa. On the northern slope, the tribe is divided into five divisions, and

the five Sheikhs form, with their clans, a confederacy around the Kaïd. The doubtful attitude of the tribe has gained it favourable treatment in all that concerns its obligations towards the central power. The tax due to the Makhzen is very small, and the contingent levied only a fourth of the normal proportion—one horseman to every 200 hearths.

The Kasbah of Zarakten belongs to a tribal Sheikh. It nestles, enclosed on every side by mountains, at the confluence of the three torrents which unite to form the river Redat—the usual brick house and walls, and a square mass rising in the middle, with four angles in the form of towers. It is the first building of the type met on our travels. It is called a *tighremt*, and serves as a fortress in time of war, a storehouse for the harvest in time of peace. The Kasbah stands alone in a narrow olive garden ; a little higher is the Mellah, and the *nezala* which assures the security of traffic. Lastly, there are the dwellings scattered about the outskirts, all forming the loose aggregate that recognises the authority of the Sheikh of Zarakten.

The Sheikh is absent, down in the plains supervising agricultural operations. In his absence his eldest son discharges most punctiliously his duties towards us as host. Si Brahim ben Ali is a frank and cordial youth, who has adopted the Arab costume and manners. He was first educated in a Koranic school in Ourica, and afterwards studied law in a Medersa in Marrakech, where his family has a house. His studies finished, he returned to the paternal Kasbah, there to live the quiet life of a country nobleman as the Berber tribes conceive it. He sends us a dish of *couscous*, and comes to see us himself, armed with the inevitable sugar-loaf, which is absolutely the most extraordinary of all the customary formulas of welcome in this country. It has a propitiatory meaning, and is symbolic of the pleasant relations that are to be established between host and guest. The sugar-loaf plays the most varied rôles in the life of Morocco. It may serve as a make-weight in business transactions, or as a unit of measurement for the jars of wine offered by claimants to

conciliate the favour of the great. To facilitate the different uses to which it is put, the refineries of Europe have had to manufacture a kind of sugar-loaf peculiar to Morocco. In place of the normal loaf of 3 lbs., they are introducing a loaf of 1 lb. 7 oz., or 1 lb. 5 oz., in order to render their manipulation easier.

The season was too far advanced and the depth of snow too formidable for us to think of crossing the ridge of Telouet to reach the Kasbah of the Kaïd el-Glaoui. We must, perforce, content ourselves with making a little excursion from Zarakten with a guide given us by Si Brahim. He was a young Berber, with an agile figure and short garments, and with sandals on his feet. He ran in front of us on the slopes, with his flint-lock hung across his shoulders. After an hour and a half's journey on the road along the ridge, we reached a height whence we commanded a view of the lofty peaks and the whole of the lower valley of the river Redat. To commemorate the crossing of the Sultan Moulay el-Hassan at the time of his expedition to Tafilelt, the spot has been named Argoub es-Sultan.

It is a marvellous panorama of the whole of Glaoui. On the south rise into full view the snow-clad masses which frame the depressions of Tizi-n-Glaoui, whose three ridges lead from the Draa to Marrakech by three parallel valleys. On the north runs the river Redat, turning and twisting in a lengthy gorge between the spurs of the chain which gradually sink towards the plain, which in its turn is brought up sharp on the horizon by the black line of the Djebilet hills. Not a sign of great rocks, only slopes indented by ravines, which form numbers of reddish scars in the bare mountain side. High up are pines, cork trees, and junipers; lower down, arbor vitæ and mastich trees; in the beds of the torrents grow oleanders, tamarinds, and an occasional arbutus.

From Zarakten to Sidi Rehal is an eight hours' journey. The descent is tiresome and difficult. Half-way, four arches of an unfinished bridge mark a pretty crossing of the river Redat. Lower, the valley widens for a moment

before the valley of Enzel, and a *tighremt* belonging to the Kaïd commands the entrance to the gorge. Still another hour to cross the last rocky slopes of the Atlas, and arrive in the plain at Sidi Rehal.

Sidi Rehal hardly deserves the name of city. It is a mass of clay houses with no exterior fortifications. There are many such in the Berber part of the plain of Marrakech, and upon the first slopes of the Atlas. The town stands on the right bank of the river Redat, which provides moisture, as it leaves the last outworks of the mountains, to an olive plantation. It consists of four distinct settlements scattered over the plain at no distance from one another, but without any cohesion. In the low ground is a large garden belonging to the Makhzen; higher up is the Mellah, and the Kasbah of the Kaïd of the Zemran tribe, which occupies the neighbouring territory. Last of all, there is the medley of Mussulman dwellings. This last forms a *zaouïa* crowned by the green roofs of Koubbas of great sanctity. We are hospitably entertained at the Dar el-Kaïd. As it happens, the Kaïd is absent, but his brother, Si Salah ben Kebbour, who acts as his Khalifa, lodges us in a charming *riadh* (court) on which a very comfortable set of apartments opens.

If we have not been able to go to the *zaouïa*, it has been at the trouble of coming to us. A deputation of *tolba* (theological students) studying at the *medersa* (boarding-school) comes to present a magnificent address, soliciting the generosity of the strangers.

"Praise to God alone. From the *tolba* of the *zaouïa* of Sidi-Rehal (may God visit it with his blessing!) to ——. We wish to inform you that we have met to celebrate the *nzaha* (festival), and we trust that you will be good enough to send us something that will give the crown to our joy. Your offering will bring upon you the savour of our benediction, and we wish you a joyous return to your country. Greeting!—the sixth of the blessed month of Ramadan, 1320. We count on a reply from you. We are 500 *tolba*."

We were actually honoured by a visit from the descendant of the Marabout. Sidi-el-Fathmi is a thin old man of ascetic appearance, whose emaciated features, combined with the pallor of his face and his white hood, lend him a very monastic look. This pious person had had a dream. A voice from Heaven had bidden him visit the Christian strangers in the dwelling of the Kaïd, and ask from them the price of a bull to distribute among the poor of the *zaouïa*. And so, in obedience to the heavenly vision, he had come, and lo! the strangers foretold were before him, with noble countenances that gave promise of beneficence.

Sidi Rehal is a Marabout of considerable distinction. His influence does not extend very far, but all the inhabitants of the city are his sons, and several scattered *zaouïas* in the neighbourhood claim descent from him. The dependants of the sacred man enjoy a most deplorable reputation, which is pleasantly explained by a kindly legend. When Sidi Rehal desired to call down the heavenly benediction on his people, he made ready to pray, "That all my sons be wise, and all my daughters chaste," but stumbling in his prayer by some inconceivable mistake, he prayed, "That all my sons be thieves, and all my daughters prostitutes." His descendant and *moqaddem* (chief of the community), Sidi Azzour, is an old man who never leaves the *zaouïa*, where he lives in an atmosphere of piety and mysticism. He is credited with possessing the gift of prophecy. It is said that he expresses himself in the severest of terms on the progressive tendencies of the young Sultan. "Moulay Abdelaziz," he says in his figurative language, "is mounted on a camel whose saddle has neither girth nor breast-strap," and this oracle is religiously handed on throughout the tribe.

Sidi Rehal was the extreme eastern limit of our journey into the interior. It took us nine hours' quick marching across the monotonous plain to regain Marrakech. When we reached it, the sun had already set and the gates were shut. The gate was soon opened to us at an appeal, by some one who showered upon us words of welcome in

excellent French. It was an old soldier of our African army, who after his discharge had settled in Morocco, married there, and obtained the post of *douanier* at one of the gates of the city. On the morrow we were ready to start again for the coast.

From Marrakech to Mazagan is 124 miles—roughly thirty-two hours' journey, reckoning the ordinary pace of the mules at from $3\frac{3}{4}$ to $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. We were four days on the road. As the port of Mazagan has become the chief outlet of Haouz (Southern Morocco), we are on the great commercial route from Marrakech to the coast. Mazagan owes this advantage to two facts. Its roadstead is safer than that of Saffi, and secondly the transport conditions are better on this side than towards Mogador. The camels of the region are, in fact, stronger, and can carry a normal load of nearly 450 lbs., which brings in a return of fifteen pesetas.

The journey from Marrakech to Mazagan has nothing that is attractive—only a long monotonous ride across an interminable plain. The Djebilet range, and a line of hills half-way between it and the sea, mark the three terraces which rise successively from the Atlantic to the foot of the Atlas Mountains.

The two higher terraces belong to the great Rahamna tribe. They dwell in a barren, dried-up country, better suited for raising stock than for agriculture. They live in little groups of huts surrounded by thorn-hedges. In the midst of the Rahamna is to be found, thus enclosed in alien territory, a clan of the Menahba tribe lately transported from the Sus. It has been raised to glory and to fortune by the present Minister of War, Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, whom the Sultan's favour has made the most influential personage in the realm. The little village of Sahridj, which one passes some fifteen miles beyond the Djebilet, belongs to this tiny and highly-favoured tribe. In recent times the Rahamna had only a single Kaïd who lived at Marrakech, where he filled the post of Governor of the Medina as well. He died last October, and his nephew and son, competitors

presumptive for the Kaïdship, betook themselves to a neighbouring shrine, there to take a mutual oath of friendship. But the nephew got the son of the dead man assassinated on the very tomb of the saint, and made off for Fez without delay, to solicit the coveted succession from the Makhzen.

The great tribe of the Doukkala stretches from the last hills to the sea. At first the territory consists of a vast table-land very fertile and rich in camels, and the villages are numerous. The huts, which among the Rahamna were hardly larger than beehives, now attain the dimensions of millstones, with openings in masonry. Shrines and market-places become more and more numerous. The cisterns are so deep that it has been found necessary to establish a system of pulleys at their mouth, and the water is drawn by a camel, that, as it descends an incline, pulls the rope. Half-way, in Doukkala, the table-land is cleft by deep valleys, and fields give place to pasture-land. The huts cease to be like millstones and resume their humble dimensions of hives. They stand in a line in the *douars* (collections of tents and huts enclosed with a palisade), beside long, low tents (*khaisir*), made of some brown camel-hair material. Under the tent lives the head of the family; and the children, when they marry, take up their quarters in the adjoining huts. As one approaches Mazagan the country becomes dotted with white houses, which are the *azibs* (farms at which proprietors do not reside) of the inhabitants of the city. Nearly an hour before reaching the town, one sees the ruins of the "Fahs" of the Ouled-Douib, one of the two fortresses erected by the Moroccans to render untenable the position of the Portuguese who were at that time masters of the city. The Doukkala tribe is reckoned at 150,000 individuals. Its government was up till a short time ago in the hands of five Kaïds, but two of them have been recently eliminated by the Makhzen.

Between Marrakech and Mazagan, for the first time in our travels, we were dogged by persistent bad weather.

Since our departure from Marrakech a violent west wind had been raising the dust of the plain. As soon as we had crossed the Djebilet hills, rain came on. Dark, low clouds swept over our path, and our caravan progressed painfully in the midst of frequent showers, interrupted by short clearings, and the appearance of deceitful rainbows, whose promises were never fulfilled. Men and beasts streamed with water. Our march was delayed as much by the difficulty of camping on wet ground with damp things, as by the sudden transformation wrought throughout the whole country by the beneficent rain. Several hours sufficed to modify the whole appearance of the landscape. In the torrent-beds, dried up the night before, rivers had formed. The tracks were a mass of slippery mud, sometimes regular morasses. The fields swam in puddles of reddish water, but the grass had begun to grow green once more, and flowers were springing up as if by magic.

Mazagan was built in 1506 by the Portuguese, who made it the centre of their settlements on the Atlantic coast of Morocco. It was also the last point they evacuated in 1769, and the inhabitants who were transported to Brazil by the royal government founded a town of the same name at Para. Mazagan became Djedida (the new city) for the Moroccans. Yet it still remains the old Portuguese town, with its lofty houses, its terraces, and its *miradors*, which has survived intact in its square enclosure of blackened walls, above which a single minaret marks the dominion of Islam. In some places the new dwellings retain on the outside the architecture of the old churches in which they have found a place. The Souk, the custom-house, and merchants' warehouses stand right at the gate of the city, beside a little harbour for small craft. The native population is poorly lodged in a suburb of huts.

The town contains 15,000 inhabitants, of whom 3500 are Jews. Its administration is in the hands of an excellent old man, a native of Mazagan, Si el-Hadj Mohammed, who rules in paternal fashion over a very peaceful people. The

European colony comprises about 400 individuals, artisans for the most part, the great majority Spaniards or natives of Gibraltar. The French element is represented by a dozen persons. M. Joseph Brudo, *doyen* of the French in Morocco, and his son M. Isaac Brudo, are engaged in business. A family of Algerian Jews has opened a French school, which is attended by some sixty children. The Catholic mission supports a little Spanish school, besides a Protestant station of the Southern Morocco Mission. Medical services are supplied by two doctors, one Spanish and the other Swiss; and a club—the Circulo International—supplies the whole European colony with somewhat limited distractions.

The Mazagan market attracts all the commerce of the two great provinces of Doukkala and Rahamna, along with that of the north of the province of Abda. Further, it is the chief port of Marrakech, to which it sends almost all its imports. As we have seen, the exports of Marrakech are divided between Mogador and Mazagan, the former receiving the goat-skins, the latter the almonds, wax-lights, nuts, and oils. It would seem that the almonds of Marrakech which are exported from Mazagan are preferred in European trade to those of the Sus, which take the Mogador route. Among the former the proportion of bitter almonds is not more than 10 per cent., whilst among the others it rises as high as 50 per cent. and even 60 per cent. These are the mountain products. The products of the plain are different kinds of grain: maize, beans, chickpeas, linseed, canary grass (used in the making of a certain kind of gum used in dressing calico), and cumin from the province of Rahamna; lastly, a little coriander and even Greek fennel. Mazagan also exports wool, which is sent to France and Germany, and a small quantity of washed wool is exported to England.

The commerce of Mazagan is in the hands of six English houses—all from Gibraltar, which control the market—four Spanish, two French, two German, and one Italian, with several Jewish establishments as well. All these houses are

local, and branches of two German firms at Casablanca must be added to the number.[1]

All the Mazagan merchants have agents at Marrakech. In their dealings with the tribes, they employ commissioners and agricultural agents. The former are native brokers, who buy the grain in up-country markets; the latter are

[1] TOTAL COMMERCE OF THE PORT OF MAZAGAN.

Imports—			
1898	£160,800	1900	£330,000
1899	199,600	1901	408,800
Exports—			
1898	£200,800	1900	£386,800
1899	200,800	1901	264,800

FRENCH COMMERCE.

Imports—			
1898	£36,400	1900	£119,600
1899	32,400	1901	92,400
Exports—			
1898	£39,200	1900	£58,400
1899	38,800	1901	27,600

ENGLISH COMMERCE.

Imports—			
1898	£104,000	1900	£147,200
1899	133,600	1901	243,600
Exports—			
1898	£58,000	1900	£153,200
1899	65,600	1901	142,000

GERMAN COMMERCE.

Imports—			
1898	£4,400	1900	£16,000
1899	8,800	1901	10,800
Exports—			
1898	£56,800	1900	£38,800
1899	71,200	1901	20,800

cultivators, furnished by their employers with advances and European protection. In return, the merchant receives the harvest of his agents at easy prices. This system is in force on the whole of the coast from Rabat to Saffi. Its terms were settled by the Convention of Madrid in 1880.

At Mazagan our caravan breaks up. Whilst we are carried to Tangier on a German vessel of the Wörmann Line, the mules and muleteers take the Mogador route, and our two *mokhaznis* return to Marrakech.

CHAPTER VII

FROM TANGIER TO FEZ

Departure from Tangier—Ramadan and the Aïd es-Seghir—Defeat of the Imperial Troops by Bou Hamara—The Solemn Reading of a Shereefian Letter—*En route* for El-Ksar—The Khlot—El-Ksar—A Détour in the Direction of Larache—The Town and the Port—The Ruins of Lixus—From Larache to Fez—The Legend of Lalla Meïmouna and Sidi bou Selham—Kariat el-Habbassi—Coursing and Hawking—The Gharb properly so called—The Crossing of the Sebou—The Plain of the Beni-Hassen—The "Douar" of the Mlaïna—Across the Country of the Sherarda—Arrival at Fez.

FEZ, *25th January*, 1903.

ON the 7th of January our caravan left Tangier *en route* for Fez. We should have left ten days sooner, but, at the moment fixed for our departure, came the news of a great defeat of the Sultan's troops. On the 23rd of December the rebel leader of Taza had surprised the column. The imperial camp was attacked in the evening; the troops defended themselves little or badly; in a word, every one fled. Next morning the fugitives arrived in Fez and threw it into a panic. The young Sultan's chimerical ideas of reform and useless expenditure were freely censured, and the atmosphere of disaffection grew thicker around him. What was left of the army was demoralised, and a siege of the capital expected.

In Morocco, where authority is always precarious, periods of agitation soon assume a critical aspect; brigandage reigns in the country, and one can only feel safe within the walls of the cities. So it did not appear an opportune moment for our departure.

This year the Aïd es-Seghir coincided with the 1st of

January. It is the feast named Bairam in the East, and marks the close of Ramadan. The evening before, at sunset, the battery of Tangier had discharged ten guns to announce the definite end of the fast. The *neffar*[1] on the minaret of the great mosque no longer blew his three trumpet-blasts after the evening hour of prayer, at two o'clock in the morning, and again before the dawn. In the other mosques the *gheyyats*[2] ceased to sound at these hours their warning note on the pipe. The *sahhar*[3] and the *deqqaq*[4] patrolled the streets no more at two o'clock in the morning, the one striking his tambourine, whilst the other knocked at the doors to waken the people within for the nocturnal repast.

For the first twenty-six days of the sacred month the *deqqaq* chanted throughout the whole city an appeal in rhythmic prose: "Ye that are the work of God's hands, arise, in obedience to the Lord. Eat and drink that the wrath of God light not upon you." During the last three days the appeal was modified thus: "Ye that are the handiwork of the merciful Creator, arise that ye may bid farewell to Ramadan, the month of repentance and of pardon." Once the fast is over, these different functionaries peculiar to Ramadan, who are appointed by the Board of the Habous Funds,[5] make a round of all the houses, demanding recompense for their religious services.

Then began three feast days, which are days of *moghafara* or pardon, during which men must forgive one another. On these days every family bakes honey-cakes. On the actual day of the Aïd es-Seghir it is the Governor's duty to be present at the *msalla*, surrounded by the military forces at his disposal. The *msalla* is a straight white-washed wall, with a simple *kibla* and several steps indicating the *mimber*, which rises in the vicinity of all Moroccan cities, to be used for great ceremonies. The Khatib, or preacher of the great mosque, delivers a special sermon

[1] *Neffar*, from *nefir*, a trumpet.
[2] *Gheyyat*, from *ghaita*, bagpipes.
[3] *Sahhar*, from *sahar* (dawn).
[4] *Deqqaq*, one who knocks.
[5] Funds set aside for religious and charitable purposes; *vide* chap. xiii.

(*khotba*) on the fast of the past month and the feast of the day. A salvo of twenty guns announces the end of the service.

On the 3rd of January a letter from the Sultan was read in the great mosque. In fact it is by circular missives that his Shereefian majesty communicates with his people. In all important junctures, in the course of his numerous expeditions against rebellious tribes, the Sultan despatches messages to the Governors of the cities and the Kaïds of the tribes, informing them of the decisions of the Makhzen or the imperial victories. On the day, or, at latest, the morrow, of its arrival, the Sultan's letter must be made public. The reading takes place in the morning in the mosque, after or before the hour of prayer, in the presence of the assembled dignitaries. The Governor sits beside the *mimber*, surrounded by all his soldiers, who at the beginning and the end of the letter utter the words, "Allah ibarek f'amr sidi" (May God bless the life of our lord). The letter itself is read by the preacher standing on the steps of the pulpit, and, when the reading ends, the solemn moment is marked by the discharge of cannon.

This time the Sultan's letter lacks its customary lofty tone. Instead of being addressed to the Governor alone, it hazards a timid appeal to the nobles, the Oulemas,[1] the Shorfa,[2] and the Marabouts.[3] It is to the effect that an agitator has arisen at Taza, that the Sultan has sent a column to reduce him, but that the insurgents, taking advantage of the night, have defeated the column. Considerable preparations have now been made to crush the revolt speedily. Moulay Abdelaziz exhorts his loyal subjects to be confident, and sets them on their guard against false rumours.

Besides, the news from Fez is becoming more reassuring. In that quarter the Aïd es-Seghir would seem to have exercised its beneficent influence, and every one to be on the way

[1] *Alem*, plur. *oulema*, lawyer, learned man.
[2] *Sherif*, plur. *shorfa*, noble, descendant of Prophet.
[3] *Marabout*, holy man, Mohammedan saint.

to mutual reconciliation. The rebels have suddenly ceased to menace the seat of the Makhzen, and have returned to their territory to celebrate the feast and secure the booty they have gained. So that the situation, so critical eight days ago, seems to have been placed on a secure footing by a sudden turn of fortune. On the 7th of January we find ourselves ready to start.

Our caravan is very magnificent. It consists of four French travellers and one Algerian—a faithful companion, without whom any journey on Moroccan soil would be quite valueless—a French servant, a mounted Algerian, seven native servants, and four *mokhaznis* (soldiers of the Makhzen), fifty-two mules, sixteen horses, and four asses. The cavalcade forms a long line on the broad track, under the control of the chief muleteer, who is no less than a Shereef, Moulay Ahmed, and nineteen other muleteers.

Fifty-six miles is the distance from Tangier to el-Ksar, say a normal journey of eighteen hours. But our convoy is very unwieldy, and we do not reach el-Ksar till the morning of the fourth day after our start. The country we have to cross—that is to say, the northern point of Morocco—is a little peninsula that grows narrower and narrower as one approaches the Straits of Gibraltar.

The Djebala chain, prolonged in the Rif, forms its backbone and ends at the very gates of Tangier, in the peak of Audjera. On the Mediterranean side these mountains fall perpendicularly; on the Atlantic slope they form a long line that loses itself in the haze, turning off towards the east in the direction of Fez, whilst the sandy cliffs of the ocean bend away to the west. Between the mountain and the sea stretches a long plateau, cut into broad valleys by a whole network of tiny watercourses. The country is almost bare. The road runs on unending over a carpet of green, sprinkled with dwarf palms, with broom, and with asphodel, where the winter rains have, within the last month, made the iris and narcissus burst into flower. Numbers of little flowers,

white, yellow, mauve and purple, have sprung up on every side, thanks to the rainy season; and constant flights of lapwings give life to the landscape. The rivers are swollen, the fords difficult, and the banks slippery: in the low ground interminable swamps have formed, through which the caravan splashes painfully. Very few corn or barley fields are to be seen, but numerous pieces of ground where the cut stocks of the millet have completely faded since the autumn. It is, above all, a pastoral country, crowded with herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. Villages enclosed in hedges of cochineal trees nestle on its heights. Little by little these conglomerations of houses give way to scattered Arab *douars*, composed of little groups of tents and enclosures of dry branches. For trees, there are only a few isolated palms and rare clumps of wild olives.

Our camp, composed of ten tents, was pitched the first evening at the camping-place of Seguedla, three hours and a half from Tangier. It is the customary stopping-place for the night for travellers on their way to, or from, the city. The place is so frequented that a Moorish coffee-house keeper has taken up his quarters here under a branch hut. The second night we slept at Berrayan, at the extremity of the agricultural region of Gharbiya; the third, among the Khlot, in the ford of the river el-Mkhazen.

On our way we meet numbers of caravans coming from the south. All our questions received the same reply from the muleteers—"All is well: there is nought but peace on the road." One of the caravans consists of unloaded mules. It is accompanied by several soldiers, and is on its way to Tangier to bring a consignment of gold for the Makhzen. Europeans are rare. We meet a party of poor Spaniards from el-Ksar, and a German, in a very bad way, who has come on foot from Fez. He had gone off to the capital with a stock of goods, and his business cannot have been very successful, to judge from his piteous state: then two of our compatriots—directors of a French company in negotiation with the Moroccan Government—who are

returning from the coast in magnificent style on mules given them by the Sultan.

From our last camping-place near the river el-Mkhazen it is only three hours' journey to el-Ksar (Alcazar). The city stretches in a long line on the bank of the river Loukkos, and its numerous minarets rise above orchards of orange and olive trees. All around spreads the vast plain, encircled by the Djebala chain, with the jagged peak of the mountain Sarsar on the south-east. The white *koubba* (shrine) of Moulay Ali bou Ghaleb, the patron of the city, and the clump of palm trees that shadows the little mosque of Sidi Yacoub, mark the entrance of el-Ksar. There are no defensive walls. The houses are constructed of tiny yellow bricks (*tobb*), and their roofs are covered with tiles.

Although it goes back to the Middle Ages, the city has little history. It owes its birth to the Sultan Yacoub el-Mansour, the greatest builder Morocco has known. This prince wished to construct two fortresses in the north of his empire, one on the river Loukkos, the other on the Straits of Gibraltar. The first, more favoured, became el-Ksar el-Kebir (the great fortress); the second, el-Ksar es-Seghir (the little fortress). In the eighteenth century el-Ksar shared the fate of the cities on the Straits, and was temporarily occupied by the Portuguese.

To-day it has 10,000 inhabitants, of whom 2000 are Jews, who live blended with the Mussulman population. Commerce is not very active. Some Jewish merchants, representing firms in Tangier, Larache, Fez, or even Casablanca, retail manufactured goods in the markets of Khlot and Northern Gharb (Northern Morocco). They collect the wool, canary grass, and beans, which are to be shipped at Larache, and the wax-lights, which take the Tangier route. Eggs, fowls, and the live-stock of the region take the same route, and are exported from Tangier to Gibraltar or Andalusia.

Situated as it is between the mountain and the plain, el-Ksar might easily become a very important commercial centre. But, for that, it would be necessary that the people of

the mountain should frequent the city. Now the Djebala are by nature independent. They have made it a regular custom to drive out their Kaïds, and the Makhzen having adopted the punitive measure of throwing into prison all those who enter el-Ksar, they have entirely given up risking their liberty in the city. Their only relations with it now consist in the rape of women and periodical raids.

With the exception of a few merchants, the Jewish community at el-Ksar is very poor. It lives by petty trades, and never leaves the city. The principal families send their children to be educated at Larache, and the Jewish Alliance has given up maintaining a school there. The community supports, at its own expense, a little Spanish school with some fifty scholars, under the direction of a Jew of Gibraltar. The French Alliance barely keeps alive an embryonic French school with an attendance of seventeen children. The teacher is a Jew from Tangier; all the pupils are Jews, and the school has to have a holiday on Saturday.

The European colony is small, and comprises only some ten individuals, mostly Spaniards. One of them has set up a mill; another, who is sanitary officer, acts as doctor. Our compatriot, M. Michaux-Bellaire, has the consular agency and the French post in his hands. Besides, there are five Algerians, and the more important among them, Si Mohammed Odda and Si Ahmed ech-Chaouch, are two of the greatest proprietors in the country. A considerable number of Algerians, some of them in very good positions, are scattered over the country-side. Once they were numerous enough to give their name to a mosque in el-Ksar, Djama el-Gueziriyin.

The valley of the river Loukkos belongs to the Khlot, an Arab and *naiba* (subject to the tax) tribe, administered by a single Kaïd. The present Kaïd, Si Abdelkader el-Khalkhali, is a native of the tribe, and the first of his family to be invested with such lofty functions. He has managed to stand so well with the Makhzen as to acquire, in addition, the government of the cities of Larache, el-Ksar, and

Ouazzan. In each of these three cities the Kaïd is represented by a Khalifa: the Khalifa of el-Ksar is also Khalifa for the Tlig clan, on the south of the river, the most important of the tribe, and as such, enjoying a certain autonomy. The Kaïd el-Kholti is at present with the levy at Fez, but at ordinary times he resides in el-Ksar.

We camp at el-Ksar on the other side of the river, and there the Khalifa of the city is good enough to send us a generous gift of provisions. The river is about fifty-five yards wide, flowing between two lofty banks, and it is wiser to make certain at once of the passage of the ford, which is always precarious. Fez is still some ninety miles, say thirty hours, distant.

At the moment of breaking up the camp, bad news reaches us from the capital. The truce marked by the Aïd es-Seghir is over, and it would seem that Bou Hamara has resumed his hostile advance. The English and American missionaries, and some German and Italians, are about to quit the city, which would mean the exodus of a good half of the European colony. Prudence counsels us to await events, and we make for Larache, at the mouth of the river Loukkos. It is a journey of about twenty-three miles, taking close on six hours, over a sandy track through slightly undulating country. Rose-coloured flowers are beginning to open on the asphodel stems, and magnificent thapsias weave close to the ground the fine tracery of their broad leaves. Just beyond several *douars*, a little before reaching the city, is a great forest of cork-trees.

We make a compulsory stay of a week at Larache, encamped on the cliffs outside the city, near the *msalla*. The spot, which is enclosed by aloe hedges, is called Nadhour (Fair view). We have always before our eyes the spectacle of the great Atlantic rollers breaking on the bar. The line of the coast, blurred by the drifting sea-foam, ascends towards the north to Cape Spartel, which is visible in the distance on a clear day.

Larache (el-Araïch, "the vine-arbours") stretches over the hill which commands the left bank of the Loukkos, just at

the point where the river enters the ocean. Below stand the little landing-place for small craft, the custom-house buildings, and the merchants' warehouses, whilst the town, commanded by its two square minarets, climbs the hill-side above. The town is surrounded by an old battle-mented wall, flanked on the land side by the Kasbah, towards the sea by a white fortress surmounted by turrets, the Guebibats.

Larache is of Arab origin. Protected by its bar like Salay and Rabat, it became a haunt of pirates, and was more successful than the other cities of the coast in escaping the dominion of the Portuguese, who were only a few years in occupation. If the Spanish succeeded in maintaining themselves there from 1610 to 1689, it was because they bought the right of occupation, cash down, from a pretender to the throne of the Shereefs. They have left behind them a fine citadel, blackened by time, with projecting buttresses and straight moats, which forms one of the sides of the present Kasbah, besides several bronze cannons, with the arms of Philip III., which are left lying casually on the ground in the fortifications of the square. Larache has the peculiarity of being under the patronage of a woman, Lalla Mennana, whose shrine marks the entrance of the city as one arrives from the interior.

A visit to Larache has little interest. The streets are steep and dirty, the mosque commonplace, and the Kasbah now only a heap of ruins. The only really picturesque corner in the city is the square Souk, which contains both the bazaar and the market. It slopes gently upwards from the principal gate in the walls to that of the Kasbah, and forms a rectangle of white arcades, with the usual rows of little shops underneath.

The population of Larache is about 5000, of whom 2000 are Jews. The Mussulman portion is composed of Riffians and Djebala, transplanted to the city after it had been recovered from the Spanish. Among the Jews are several merchants, and a great many artisans. A tendency to emigrate to South America is becoming marked in the

community, which is poor and badly organised. Last year the Jewish Alliance opened a boys' school and a girls' school, where the teaching is given in French. The former has 114 pupils already, the latter 85.

The European colony comprises 150 persons, of whom 120 are Spaniards, the latter, for the most part, occupied in petty trades. Beyond the Jewish merchants and the agents of Tangier and Fez firms, the whole of the commerce of Larache is in the hands of four local European houses—one French, one English, one Italian, and one Spanish. The French colony is composed of ten persons; perhaps one might add a Jewish family under French protection. Our compatriot, M. de Laroche, is the foremost merchant of the country and, quite recently, he has even essayed the rôle of manufacturer with success. From grapes purchased in the region of Ehl-es-Serif, above el-Ksar, he produces well over two thousand gallons of white and red wine, and an excellent dessert-wine which reminds one of the muscat of Frontignan. The wines find a market in the Jewish communities of Northern Morocco, and must, to be *Kacher*, be made by Jewish employés. M. de Laroche has also set himself to produce oil and aniseed brandy. These, with two mills and a little tannery, are the sole industries in existence at Larache.

The Catholic mission is in the hands of the Franciscan fathers, who also maintain a little Spanish school, attended by a dozen children of both sexes; but the majority of the European children are sent to the schools of the Jewish Alliance. An English Protestant mission tries to attract a few Mussulmans round a cup of tea, to distribute Bibles to them, and make them listen to the Gospel, with the aid of sacred pictures suspended from the walls. The missionaries—two men and three women—devote themselves to this ungrateful task with the lack of success customary in the territory of Islam. Finally, a Spanish doctor looks after the medical needs of the little European colony. As far as landed property is concerned, it is quite easy for a Jew or a European to become a proprietor, even in the surrounding

country. It appears that the Moroccan Government looks on Larache with the same eyes as on Tangier, and considers it already practically abandoned to the infidels. It displays far greater severity on other points of the coast.

Larache serves for the transit of merchandise consigned to Fez, and exports the products of Khlot and Northern Morocco. It is, in fact, the port of Fez. Philip II. considered it for this reason the most important point on the coast, and that is why the Spanish chose it, in the seventeenth century, as their first establishment in Morocco. Unfortunately, the bar of the Loukkos is inaccessible for half the year, and the importance of Larache is greatly reduced by the difficulty of shipment. The Makhzen, which reserves to itself the monopoly of all harbour works, makes little attempt to facilitate matters. At the present moment it puts only four boats at the disposal of the shippers.[1]

[1] TOTAL COMMERCE OF THE PORT OF LARACHE.

Imports—			
1898	£164,400	1900	£114,400
1899	202,000	1901	201,600
Exports—			
1898	£66,400	1900	£62,400
1899	46,800	1901	49,200

COMMERCE WITH FRANCE.

Imports—			
1898	£46,400	1900	£43,600
1899	58,400	1901	58,400
Exports—			
1898	£41,600	1900	£16,000
1899	13,600	1901	14,800

COMMERCE WITH ENGLAND.

Imports—			
1898	£103,600	1900	£58,400
1899	123,600	1901	122,800

The principal product exported by Larache is wool, which is shipped in grease—about half to France, the rest to England and to Germany. Only the common wools are washed. The wools of this region pass for the finest in all Morocco; in the second rank come those of Casablanca; as for the wools of Rabat, their value has been depreciated by the frequency of mixtures. Other exports are canary grass, which is shipped to England, beans, some chick-peas, and wax.

In the case of imports, all the light valuable goods, such as silks, are landed at Tangier and sent on to Fez on mules. On the other hand, heavy merchandise (sugar, iron goods, calico, teas, and wax-lights) are brought to Larache, there to be transported to Fez on camels. Normally the cost of transportation from Larache to Fez of a camel's load (550 to 600 lbs.) varies between 8 and 14 douros. But latterly the fantasies of the young Sultan have cumbered the Fez route with a quantity of out-of-the-way and particularly heavy commodities. Consignments have been made if Heaven so willed it; some of the goods have been forwarded to Fez, others remain where they were. Half a dirigible balloon, the hull of a steam launch, a heap of rails, cases of glass-ware, gun-carriages, agricultural machines, are still lying casually dotted about on the wharf or in the custom-house stores, bearing lamentable witness to royal aberrations.

Exports—

1898	£13,600	1900	£30,400
1899	13,600	1901	21,200

COMMERCE WITH GERMANY.

Imports—

1898	£2,000	1900	£5,200
1899	2,400	1901	4,000

Exports—

1898	£7,600	1900	£8,800
1899	2,000	1901	800

In the northern extremity of Morocco the agricultural interests of the Europeans are considerable, and the system of partnership assumes a special character. It is no longer, as on the coast and in all Central Morocco, a purely commercial system, in which the European in relation to the native acts as banker to advance him money, and as exporter of his harvest. Here the European enters into a real partnership with the native for the cultivation of the land. It may be that he engages him as peasant-proprietor upon rented land, giving him a fifth part of the products, or perhaps he comes to an agreement with a native proprietor on the amount of the capital to be contributed by each, and the division of the proceeds.

From the olive and orange groves that adjoin Larache the prospect extends over the whole of the low valley of the river Loukkos, its estuary narrowed by a close line of sand dunes, and its windings mounting up across a flooded plain to the distant line of the Djebala hills. Just opposite, a little hill stands out against the surrounding country with the sombre tints with which clumps of mastich trees, cork trees, and wild olives have coloured it. It is called Chemmich now, and marks the site of the ancient city of Lixus. It takes nearly an hour to reach it, across the marshes of the Loukkos by boat, where flamingoes, ducks, and herons abound. It is a stiff climb through the brushwood, from which coveys of red partridges start. Once on the summit, where the Acropolis used to stand, one can still trace beneath the great leaves of the acanthus some remains of Phœnician walls and Roman structures.

During the last days of our stay at Larache, a town of tents settled on the cliffs quite close to our encampment. It grew bigger every hour, till it contained all the *tolba* (theological students) of Khlot, more than 500 in number. These young students have been collecting on all the country-side, and having amassed several hundred douros, have decided to meet at Larache, and celebrate one of their periodical feasts there. They live a pleasant, careless life in their separate tents, drinking tea and eating the

meat sold and cooked right in the middle of the camp, bestirring themselves sometimes for a common constitutional to the music of a melancholy bagpipe (*ghaïta*).

On the 18th of January our caravan resumed its march to Fez. News from the interior was more reassuring. The agitation in the capital was dying down, and muleteers who arrived at Larache guaranteed the safety of the roads. American missionaries, disguised as Arabs, were camping at the gates of the city. They declared that the country was peaceful, and that they had left their customary residence merely in anticipation of a possible disturbance if Bou Hamara happened to gain a new success. All the same, our people, grown lazy from the rest and comparative dissipations of Larache, offered a certain resistance to the formation of the caravan. "Since Moulay Edriss[1] does not summon you," the chief muleteer said gently in his figurative language, "why do you wish to go to Moulay Edriss?"

It is 100 miles from Larache to Fez. The river Sebou is twelve hours distant, and we reached the stream on the morning of the third day. The track runs over sandy soil, and so is always passable, even during the worst season; thus it is the true highway to Fez in the winter time. After leaving the cliffs, with their sprinkling of wild lupines, the tract runs through a succession of forests of cork trees, and then proceeds over undulating ground as far as the wide valley of the river Drader.

Douars are rare—only a few fields here and there. The country is simply a mighty pasturage, grazed over by flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, with their inevitable companion, the white bird that the Arabs call the cattle-bird (Ttir el-bguer).

The evening after our departure we camp in a big village, with its tents and thatched cottages hidden behind the fig trees of Barbary. A little mosque—a rare sight in the country districts of Morocco—has been built near the shrine of Lalla Meïmouna. This venerable lady has a great

1 Moulay Edriss is the founder and the patron of the city of Fez.

reputation in the Gharb, and the legends of the country exalt her miraculous power. Once upon a time there was a holy man, Sidi Bou Selham ("the father with the tippet"), who lived beside the sea in a hermitage, at the very point where his shrine rises to-day, at the mouth of the river Drader. He had a companion, another anchorite, Sidi Abdelaziz el-Tayar ("he who flies in the air"). One day, when Sidi Bou Selham had given himself over to the peaceful joys of sea-fishing, el-Tayar came up to him, and, to astonish his companion, amused himself by bringing off a very fine miracle. He plunged his hand into the water, and drew it out in a minute laden with fishes, each of the hairs having served as a hook in this miraculous draught of fishes. Spurred to rivalry, Sidi Bou Selham wished, in his turn, to furnish a still more remarkable proof of his powers, and, making a motion with his *selham*, he drew the sea after him, swearing to take it to Fez so that the girls of the city could wash their hands in it. Followed by the docile sea, he went up the valley of the river Drader, and arrived in this fashion at the village where Lalla Meïmouna dwelt. Faced by imminent disaster, the holy woman bade the mischievous miracle-worker observe that it was highly unbecoming conduct on his part to bring the sea to flood the dwelling of a fellow-saint, and begged him to stop with his following. Sidi Bou Selham pleaded his oath. Faced by such a cogent argument, Lalla Meïmouna made a gesture. Several young damsels of Fez found themselves carried off, as by magic, and set down beside the Marabout. They washed their hands in the sea and returned home incontinently by the road by which they had come. And so the threatened village was saved. It is only natural that public gratitude should preserve the name of Lalla Meïmouna, and worship her shrine at the spot. The great lagoon of Ez-Zerga, which cuts into the land at the mouth of the river Drader, remains an undying testimony to the sovereignty exercised long ago over the waters of the sea by Sidi Bou Selham.

A line of hills, dominated by the mountain Dholl ("mountain of shadows"), an offshoot of the Djebala, runs down to the sea, and cuts off the valley of the Drader from the great plain of the Sebou. It is the region of the Gharb (the west) properly so called, which has, by an extension, given its name to the whole of Northern Morocco.

The road crosses the river Mda, which loses itself a little lower in the marshes (*merdja*) of the great plain: then we pass a big village, the *arba* of Sidi Aïssa, where is held, as its name indicates, a Wednesday market, and we reach Kariat el-Habbassi, and set up our second camp there.

All the country from Khlot to the Sebou belongs to the Beni-Melek, an Arab tribe subject to the tax: in it is included, too, the clan of the Ouled-Aïssa, situated higher up in the Fez direction, on the right bank of the river. About ten years ago Kaïd Si Boubekr el-Habbassi succeeded in uniting the whole tribe under his single rule; but, suspected of possessing riches which did not exist, he was speedily imprisoned by the Makhzen. It was a startling turn of fortune. Between one day and the next the tribe found itself portioned out between five Kaïds, of whom only three now remain. The clan of the Ouled-Aïssa keeps its own Kaïd: as for the bulk of the tribe, it is now cut up into two portions. Kaïd Si Mohammed ben Abdallah el-Fedli administers the important clan of the Seffian, and the rest remains in the hands of the Hababsa family, which has furnished the tribe with Kaïds from time immemorial. The Hababsa look upon themselves as Algerians, coming from the neighbourhood of Relizane, but their immigration to Morocco must be of very ancient date. The Kaïd el-Habbassi, Si el-Arbi ben Messaïya, at present in office, is a relative of the disgraced Kaïd. He resides at Kariat el-Habbassi, and all who belong to his *ferqa*[1] dwell in the vicinity.

A chief's village which has no fortifications or military character is termed a *Karia*. Kariat el-Habbassi is a group of dwellings protected simply by hedges of cochineal

[1] The *ferqa* is a tribal subdivision.

trees and prickly nightshade. Some better-looking buildings form the residence of the Kaïd and his near relations, but they are humble establishments, and the little Karia of a governor of Northern Morocco makes a very poor show beside the immense Kasbahs of the powerful lords of the south.

The village slopes gently down, following the contour of the soil. It is a hybrid mixture of brick houses, rotundas in sun-dried clay, tents, and hive-shaped huts. Towards the evening a bluish vapour rises above the thatched roofs and the tents. The village includes a tiny bazaar with half-a-dozen shops. Two Jews from Tlemcen have opened a little tinman's stall.

Like all the other Kaïds, Si el-Arbi is in Fez at this moment. His son, who is fulfilling the duties of Khalifa, gives us the best welcome in the world, and sends us a most generous gift of provisions. At the very moment when we reach the camp the young Khalifa is making ready to go out hunting with hounds and falcons. We join him to follow the line of the beaters, who are cutting across the moor through dwarf palms, asphodel, heath, and clover. The *ressen* is all in flower. Narcissi form white plots in the hollows, and irises spring up singly. The month of January is in Morocco the season of moisture, and so the season of flowers. The hounds course the hares over a carpet of flowers, and catch them almost instantly, only to see the beaters run up and tear them away with many a blow from their sticks. The falcons are flown at partridges; when the mounted falconer lets loose his unhooded falcon, throwing up his leather-gloved left hand, it is charming to see the bird take its flight and turn in the air at its master's word, to pounce with a slightly oblique swoop on its destined prey.

The Sebou is only an hour distant from Kariat el-Habbassi. This river, which is 65 yards across, flows between two steep and lofty banks. On each of the two sides are little groups of tents and huts, inhabited by the ferrymen, who secure, with their fine big boats, the com-

munications between Fez, Tangier, and Larache. There is a continual stir of men and baggage-animals, so much so that the ferry of the Sebou at this favoured spot must be a big source of revenue to the Kaïd el-Habbassi, who possesses the ferry rights. The ferry charge is five reals each couple of beasts. Our caravan took nearly three hours to cross the river, and during that time numbers of camels, mules, and asses collected on either bank. On this day the ferry afforded a scene of great animation, and the movement of the caravan itself testified to the tranquillity of the country. The news from Fez, brought by the muleteers and the *rakkas* (postal couriers employed by the Makhzen and the European powers that have established a postal service in Morocco), remained very favourable as well. They talked of nothing but the safety of the roads and the tranquillity of the capital.

Five hours later we reached the third evening's camp, after following up the left bank of the Sebou, which winds its way in its deep bed across the plain. Several fields under cultivation, fine herds in the pastures, numbers of *douars* and even several villages, which from this time onwards are enclosed with thorny palisades, for the zizyphus trees are beginning to make their appearance among the dwarf palms and the asphodels. Storks, sojourning in the country from January to May, splash about in the sticky mud of this clayey soil.

The region belongs to the Beni-Hasen, an Arab tribe subject to the tax, the most important in Northern Morocco, for it extends from the Sebou to Rabat, and one of its clans has actually the Governor of Salay as its Kaïd. The Beni-Hasen can put four to five thousand horsemen in the field, and this force serves to keep in check the Zemmour, a Berber, and consequently a rebellious tribe, living in the mountains that border the valley of the Sebou on the south. The Beni-Hasen tribe at the present moment furnishes the most perfect example of the policy of subdivision which finds favour with the Makhzen. It splits up naturally into twelve great divisions, which the

Beni-Hasen name *aoud* (horse). Six of these divisions are united under the control of a single Kaïd, Si Mohammed el-Gueddari, and this fact has made him the greatest chief in the North. The other divisions have been parcelled out as the Makhzen pleased. Two of them, which are considered particularly turbulent, have each four Kaïds, another has three, and the three last have only two Kaïds, or even one. That makes a total of seventeen Kaïds for the whole tribe. So the Beni-Hasen are probably, of all Moroccan tribes, the richest in Government functionaries.

At the end of the Beni-Hasen country, on the high bank of the Sebou, a little above its junction with the Ouargha, which issues from the depths of the Djebala, stands the *douar* of the Mlaïna. It is a large and apparently wealthy village, with several brick houses, and prospers in the midst of its rich, well-cultivated country at the foot of the Sherarda Mountain. The camping-ground is much sought after, for it offers complete security, and such a guarantee is rare on the borders of two great tribes. At these awkward spots evil-doers certainly feel more at their ease, for the boundaries of the tribes are vague enough, and, in case of accident, the responsibility is hard to determine. So it is a general rule for travellers in Morocco to avoid camping-grounds on the borders of tribes. The Mlaïna are fine fellows, and being, as they are, of Algerian origin, take to us very readily. They showed their attachment by overwhelming us with attentions, and as soon as they learned of our arrival their little *goum* came out to meet us. On the next day, after the camp had broken up and the caravan resumed its march, the Mlaïna erected one of their long tents, decked with some blue material. On the ground were spread Rabat carpets, and fine mats, embroidered with designs in wool, which are made among the Zemmour, and our hosts offered us what our Algerians call a *diffa* (hospitality) of *tadjin* (cooked dishes), in contradistinction to the ordinary *diffa*, which consists of live-stock and raw, uncooked material.

The Mlaïna of the Megran ("meeting of the waters") reached the banks of the Sebou after a leisurely migration across the whole of Morocco. Without the least rancour they told us the story of their establishment—a story, indeed, quite in keeping with the constant movement among the tribes of the Maghreb. After the French conquest in Algeria, some fifteen Shereefian families quitted Milianah, and made for the West. In their constant retreat before the progress of our influence, they left Relizane and Tlemcen successively, to settle, on the other side of the Moroccan frontier, in the Zekkara tribe. There the first separation took place. Several families, satisfied with their lot, have remained there to this day; the rest pushed on towards Mekinez, where they presented themselves before the Sultan. Moulay Abderrahman, our opponent at Isly, assigned them lands in the Beni-Hasen tribe. So the original fifteen families were finally scattered. Some Mlaïna remained at Mekinez, others wandered across Beni-Hasen and disappeared there, but the great bulk of the emigrants ended by forming this village, where they have been definitely settled for the last forty years.

There they dwell now in peace and happiness. They have become the proprietors of the fields on the other side of the stream, and of gardens situated in the lands of the neighbouring tribe. Their *douar* itself is a village of 40 hearths. The Mlaïna are distinctly wealthy. They keep 30 ploughs working, and their live-stock comprises 150 oxen, 400 sheep, 16 camels, and 30 beasts of burden. The Sultan's *dahirs* confirm their title to their property, and their rank as Shorfa as well. For, not content with being prosperous agriculturists, they have succeeded in exploiting the *baraka* (power of benediction). Several clans of the Gharb, the Beni-hasen, and even the Zemmour, pay them willing homage by sending them *ziaras*. Success has mellowed the sentiments of the Mlaïna. They form an orderly republic, amenable to the authority of the Government. Thus they live by themselves, under the control of eight nobles of the *douar*,

who exercise a patriarchal jurisdiction, and find a way to arrange matters without taking them to the Chraa (tribunal appointed by the Cadi) before some Çadi of the vicinity.

The two chief men of the Mlaïna, Sidi el-Miliani ben Abdelhaq and Moulay Ahmed ben Moumen, are anxious to accompany us during the next stage, which brings us, after several hours' march along the Sebou, to the Mechraa el-Had. The "Sunday Ford" is marked on the right bank by a great rock, which rises perpendicularly, and on the left bank by the little village of Deqena. At this point the river banks are less steep, and some rapids have formed which make the stream fordable.

By this time we have left the plain of Beni-Hasen, and entered mountainous country again. The mountain reaches down to the Sebou, and is, indeed, a part of the compact mass that forms the vanguard of the Middle Atlas, and, as far as the Saïs, our road will run through hilly country. The ordinary route crosses the chain of the Selfat Mountains by the little ridge of Bab Tsiouka, to cut due west immediately afterwards. But the recent rains, and the sodden state of the ground, make it very heavy going for horses, and compel us to execute a détour round the great peak which dominates the Sherarda country. The region is obviously rich; the slopes have been cleared, and the parasitic vegetation of the dwarf palms and the asphodels has almost completely disappeared; the barley-fields are already green, but work is still going on in the wheat-fields. The live-stock is very fine, and villages are numerous, and contain a good many brick houses among their tents and huts.

A march of seven hours from Mechraa el-Had brings us to the river Mekkes, which is a little tributary of the Sebou. We are always climbing and descending as we traverse the whole of the northern slope of the Zerhoun mountains. The Sherarda country left behind, we are faced by the steep mountains in the Beni-Ammar territory, scored by deep gorges and completely covered with planta-

tions of olive trees. The evening smoke marks the villages on the heights. As we descend towards the bridge of the Mekkes to bivouac at the neighbouring camping-place, an immense panorama of mountains unfolds itself, with the snowy peaks of Beni-Ouaraïn far away in the distance.

Since our caravan entered the mountainous country that succeeds the plain of the Beni-Hasen, it has been clear that we have really entered the zone of agitation created by the insurrection. The hospitality of the Sherarda was grudging enough, and an old negro gathered our men about him to recount the miracles performed by Bou Hamara. During the night our guards do not sleep in fear of a surprise, and keep themselves awake by constant calls. Along the bank of the Mekkes these night cries are reinforced by gun-shots, intended to let any prowlers know that in the camp are men who are armed and on their guard. The news from the capital becomes less satisfactory. A tribe of the Djebala has made an attack on its neighbour, a Makhzen tribe, and the Pretender has just begun an offensive movement. The roads begin to be filled with armed horsemen coming from Fez, singly or in small bands—very unkempt foot soldiers even, recognisable by the red jacket of their uniform. The greater portion are deserters, disgusted with the service, and abandoning the Makhzen to return to their respective tribes. Some, however, are simple stragglers, belonging to the escort of two Shorfa, members of the reigning family, Moulay Arafa, the Sultan's uncle, and Moulay Mohammed el-Mrani, who are just passing on their way to Tangier by a road parallel to our own. They have to take to the sea in order to reach the region of the Rif, where they possess a real influence, there to invoke the aid of the Riffians against the rebel tribes.

To Fez from the Mekkes is a journey of no more than six hours across a bare plateau, which falls suddenly towards the great plain of the Saïs. Villages are rare; the two camping-grounds of Douiets and Farradji mark the last stages of the journey, till at last we reach a little crest,

an hour distant from the city, whence we can see the long wall of Fez el-Djedid barring the whole valley. Our caravan enters the city by the Bab-el-Mahrouq Gate, where the heads of rebels are suspended—trophies of the recent activity of the Shereefian troops. It is the 23rd of January, and to-day the capital is tranquil, resting after the alarms of the past few days.

CHAPTER VIII

BOU HAMARA

The Disturbance in Northern Morocco—War in the Maghreb: *Mahallas* and *Sougas*—The Expedition against the Gherouan and the Zemmour—The formality of the "Refuge" and the "Sacrifice to the Makhzen"—Revolt of the Tribes of the Valley of the River Innaouen—The Identity of Bou Hamara: the new *Rogui*—The Rout of the 22nd of December, 1902—Panic at Fez: the Appearance of the City—The successful *Souga* of the 29th of January, 1903—Celebration of the Victory: Display of the severed Heads: Public Rejoicing: the *Nzaha*—Retreat of the *Rogui*: Departure of Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi to Pursue and Capture him.

FEZ, 10*th February*, 1903.

IT was last March that Moulay Abdelaziz took up his residence at Fez, whither he had come from Marrakech and Rabat. In taking up his residence at the Dar el-Makhzen he was really inviting for the first time, in the exercise of his personal power and his progressive tendencies, the approval of the true capital of the Empire, and of the whole of Northern Morocco. The position was a difficult one. Haouz or Southern Morocco is a tranquil region, and its mighty plains form the largest tract of Makhzen territory. The highlanders of the north (Gharb), on the other hand, are more unruly. Fez has always been looked upon as a malcontent city, and, save towards the west, the surrounding country belongs more or less to the Blad-es-siba (unsubmissive tribes).

Now, in the course of the past summer, rumours were current at Fez of a certain Shereef, who was visiting the markets of the valley of the river Innaouen, towards the east of the capital, and reconciling the tribes. It was also

announced that the Berber and Djebala nobles of the region had agreed to resist the fiscal reforms of the Government, and had exchanged *selhams* (tippets). Now this ceremony is looked upon in Berber custom as a seal of alliance, and these symptoms were very disquieting for the Makhzen, whose sole strength lies in the division of the tribes. Just at first no one paid any attention to these alarming signs, but the disturbance spread. A clan of the Aït-Yossi, who live in the mountains above Sfrou, several hours from Fez, pillaged the fortress of their Kaïd. In the hilly region which borders the plain of the Sais on the west, the Gherouan and Zemmour tribes rose in their turn, and sacked the Souk (market) of Mekinez. So the troubled area extended in a semicircle, and spread in even closer proximity to Fez.

Not that there was any cohesion between these different movements. The tribes are naturally independent, as much towards each other as in their dealings with the Makhzen. If they do come to an understanding with one another, it is merely local, and it is rare indeed that a number of them are united by a common interest. But if the power of the Makhzen is weak when divisions increase, and feeling is hostile to the central power, anarchy, which is at the base of the Moroccan system, gains the upper hand over the precarious organism of the State. Disturbances arise in every tribe, not from any general movement, but spontaneously, and are proportioned in violence to the degree of submission or independence normal to the tribe. It is not the rise of a revolution nor the outburst of civil war, it is a natural development of the inner politics of Morocco; exactly as, in the little South American Republics, revolutions are phenomena inherent in the parliamentary life. At the time when the disturbance assumed a more definite form, the Makhzen had very few troops around it—2000 men at the most—a number quite sufficient to protect it in ordinary times. The rest of the regular army was scattered over the four quarters of the Empire in little columns, which were engaged in quelling local disturbances. So they

set to work to centralise the army, and levied auxiliary contingents from the Makhzen countries by the proclamation of the *harka*. Centralisation was a lengthy task. The submissive tribes were by no means zealous, and it was with difficulty that some 15,000 men were got together.

The sacking of the market of Mekinez, which is an Imperial city, naturally called for the first retributive measures. It was considered sufficient to despatch a Kaïd el-Mia (captain of a hundred men) to the people of the river Innaouen, to arrest the agitator. This modest band returned in great haste, only too thankful to have escaped with their lives; and Fez learned, without attaching great importance to the news, that an individual surnamed Bou Hamara ("the patriarch with the she-ass"), supported by certain of the Riata tribe, was having prayers said in his name in the city of Taza—in Mussulman law the most indisputable mark of sovereignty. A Riati had been nominated by him Kaïd of the city, and the Kaïd of the Makhzen, in dignified seclusion in his Kasbah, bought his own safety by giving his successor useful advice relative to the administration of the country.

In October the Makhzen despatched a second force of some few hundred horsemen to Taza, under orders to surprise Bou Hamara and take him prisoner. At this time the agitator had very few men around him, and could count only on a few tribes of the Riata. However, the Makhzen's little band was once more compelled to beat a retreat, and they were forced to send a *mahalla* (an expeditionary column) of 2500 men to the valley of the river Innaouen, under the command of a brother of the Sultan, Moulay el-Kebir. The *mahalla* encamped on the boundary of two tribes, the Hayaïna and the Tsoul, at the Tleta (Tuesday market) of the Hayaïna; and so began the military operations, properly so called, against Bou Hamara.

War in Morocco is a very peculiar thing. To reduce a restless tribe, the Makhzen is accustomed to quarter on the doomed territory a *mahalla*, which conscientiously sets

itself to devour it. While the army is engaged in ruining the country in this way, and occasionally indulging in quite harmless amusements, several Shorfa, summoned by the Makhzen, as enjoying a real local influence, have an interview with other Shorfa requisitioned by the tribe, and enter into a series of negotiations, with the purpose of destroying the cohesion of the turbulent clans. When everything is practically settled, the conditions of submission suggested or bought, and the country completely ruined, the *mahalla* resolves upon decisive action. It performs a *souga*, that is to say, an offensive reconnaissance which enables it to capture several villages, and cut off the heads of a few unsuspecting peasants. These glorious spoils are the sign and symbol of triumph, and will be carried through all the Imperial cities. Thereafter the *mahalla* retires with the pleasant consciousness of a duty done and a task completed.

As a rule the Shereefian *mahallas* have no serious difficulties to face in the execution of their duties. But that of Moulay el-Kebir was an exception to the general rule, and found itself checked in its attempt to reach Taza. To make the best of a bad job, the *mahalla* contented itself with pillaging the submissive tribes on whose territory it had camped. It even ended up with an indefinite sort of *souga*, which brought in a few heads, and caused Bou Hamara to give way a little.

The Sultan had long ago had enough and to spare of his sojourn at Fez, the disturbances in the north, and the spirit of opposition rife among the Fasis. Moulay Abdelaziz was turning longing eyes towards the south, and the freer life of Marrakech. No time was lost, then, in taking advantage of the slight success of Moulay el-Kebir to consider the agitation among the tribes of the Innaouen at an end; and, in the middle of November, the Makhzen left for Rabat with a column, under orders to chastise the Gherouan and the Zemmour on the road. The Sultan reached Mekinez without stopping, and contented himself with making a pilgrimage to the saints of the city and the tomb of his great ancestor, Moulay Ismaïl. Then the column

entered the territory of the Gherouan, who appeared in great numbers.

In Moroccan warfare, where the principal object of both adversaries is intimidation, then negotiation on the strength of it, the great thing is to present a formidable front. If the tribes are in great force, the Makhzen is not in a very haughty mood; if it is, on the contrary, the Makhzen that is surrounded by powerful contingents, the tribes sink into the earth again. The brilliant show made by the Gherouan acted as a restraint on the force, which contented itself with scattering several granaries of barley and corn to the winds, and making a few far from audacious reconnaissances. Then, without persevering, it drew off towards the hills of the Zemmour, with the avowed intention of reaching the steep platform of Tafoudeit, where the tribe is wont to gather together its women and its herds, in case of danger.

The Zemmour are a powerful Berber tribe, with 4000 to 5000 horsemen at their disposal. They gave the Makhzen the most trouble of all the unsubmissive tribes. The Zemmour, along with the Zaïr, occupy the hilly region, which prolongs the spurs of the Middle Atlas to the sea; and it is their permanent state of revolt that compels the Makhzen to make a tremendous détour by Rabat, in order to communicate between the two realms of Fez and Marrakech. The Zemmour are divided into two great clans, the Aït-Zekri and the Aït-Djebel-Eddoum, which contain infinite subdivisions. Apart from two small divisions that have become Arabised, the whole tribe speaks a Berber dialect. Although they accept the Kaïds nominated by the Sultan, they do not allow them to exercise any effective power. The only authority that they willingly recognise is the religious ascendancy of the Shorfa of Ouazzan, to whom almost all render homage. They pay no taxes; on the contrary, it is generally the Makhzen that has to pay a price to keep them quiet. When the Zemmour are in a good humour towards the Sultan, they send him the *hediya* (deputation with presents) on the

occasion of religious feasts, and sometimes even furnish contingents to serve in the Fez districts.

Such were the formidable adversaries with whom the column had to measure its strength. And so, after two or three fruitless reconnaissances, no time was lost in calling on the Shorfa to intervene. Thanks to the mediation of an Ouzzani Shereef, the Zemmour were good enough to accept a truce. As for the Gherouan, who live in a state oscillating between submission and revolt, they undertook to "fill the country," that is, to reinstate their villages, and to secure the route across their territory. They further promised to restore what they had just stolen from the people of Mekinez and the neighbouring tribes. To safeguard the prestige of the Makhzen, both Gherouan and Zemmour consented to the formality of the "refuge" (*mzaoug*).

When the Makhzen is residing in an Imperial city, the tribes who consent to the aforesaid formality present themselves at a mosque which serves as a place of refuge or asylum. The delegates content themselves with passing in column through the royal troops, to take up their position near a line of cannon in front of the Shereefian Afrag.[1] Then they repeat the sacramental formula, *Chekoua alik ya Moulay Abdelaziz* ("To thee, O Moulay Abdelaziz, I make my lament"). At the same time they hamstring several bulls they have brought with them. Then a soldier of the bodyguard issues with all solemnity from the imperial tent, baton in hand. *Sidna galkoum ma lkoum* ("Our lord asks of you what you seek"). When the delegates have briefly stated their request, a secretary—or even in grave cases a Vizier—opens definite negotiations with them on the terms originally agreed upon by the Shorfa. These same Shorfa must again intervene at the last moment, for the Makhzen always makes a pretence of refusing an agreement, and declares that, after all, it gives its consent solely out of regard for these venerable intermediaries.

[1] *Afrag* ("separation"), a piece of canvas some six feet high, which is set up round the Sultan's quarters when he is on a journey or campaign.

After the Gherouan and the Zemmour had thus "sacrificed to the Makhzen"—the ceremony is termed *debiha* —there was nothing to hinder the resumption of the journey to Rabat, and the Sultan was about to achieve a decent withdrawal from the wilder regions of his Empire in the north, when he found himself rudely recalled to Fez by events in the east. The column of Moulay el-Kebir had remained encamped in the upper valley of the Innaouen, on the frontiers of the three tribes, Riata, Tsoul, and Hayaïna. Now, careless of whether these tribes were rebellious, submissive, or undecided, the Makhzen's forces had been raiding them with the utmost impartiality, and extorting money from the territory of all three. The Hayaïna, who had been faithful so far, lost their temper at this sort of treatment, and managed things so well that the army, which had risked a point against the Riata, was repulsed with great loss. This success increased the prestige of Bou Hamara beyond all measure, and resounded throughout Fez, where people, for the first time, began to take the agitator seriously. Under these conditions it was impossible for the Makhzen to continue its original march towards Rabat, which would after this event have assumed the aspect of a flight, and increased the power of the Pretender. It had to return on its tracks, to defend the whole of Northern Morocco against the dangers of the gathering agitation.

Gradually the identity of Bou Hamara became clearer. He was an Arabised Berber, named Djilali ben Driss Terhouni el Youssefi, some forty years of age, a native of the village of Ouled-Youssef, in Zerhoun. He had once studied with the body of Tolba Mohendisin (engineering students), and afterwards became the secretary of Moulay Omar, brother of the present Sultan. There was in the household of the young Shereef, at the same time as Djilali, filling the humble post of Kaïd el-Mia (captain of 100), Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, who was destined to reach in a moment the highest ranks of the Makhzen, through the favour of the Sultan, Moulay Abdelaziz.

Djilali ben Driss was implicated in an intrigue at the time when Moulay Omar was Khalifa at Fez, after the expedition of Moulay el-Hassan to the Tafilelt. He was cast into prison, and only came out two years afterwards. After travelling in Algeria and Tunis, this obscure victim of the Makhzen's policy returned to Morocco. To gain a living, he was compelled to come forward as a pretender to the rank of saint, under the appellation of Bou Hamara. Under this title he made the round of the tribes, ever displaying new tricks of legerdemain, which pass for miracles, and gain in the Maghreb an easily-won reputation for sanctity. He even passed himself off as a Shereef. The success of Djilali ben Driss in his new rôle was so great that it suggested to him the idea of action. Favoured as he was by circumstances, and the inevitable reaction against precipitate reform, he found the Riata ready to take the field. With the crowd, he gave himself out to be Moulay Mohammed ben el-Hassan, the elder brother of the young Sultan, and put himself forward as claimant to the throne. With the chiefs of the tribes he made no attempt to conceal his identity, and asserted that, once at Fez, he would willingly efface himself before the Shereef whom they should be pleased to elect. It was the successive checks sustained by Moulay el-Kebir which ended by placing Djilali ben Driss in the position of *Rogui*.

Every one who, without serious dynastic pretensions, aspires in Morocco to overturn the Sultan and create a new Government, is now dubbed with the title of *Rogui*. To tell the truth, the Maghreb has known a considerable number of such pretenders, and one may say that all the Moroccan dynasties, Shereefian or otherwise, owe their origin to successful agitation. But in 1862, under the rule of Sidi Mohammed, an individual of the Rouga clan, which belongs to the Seffian tribe in the Gharb, Djelil el-Rogui by name, got together several partisans, killed the Kaïd of his tribe, and marched on Fez. The Sultan had no great difficulty in ridding himself of this feeble

competitor. The column sent against him picked up his corpse at the *zaouïa* of Zerhoun, where he had taken refuge, and where the people of the country had soon slain him. Since then, the soubriquet Rogui is given to every agitator of the same type, and the Makhzen does its best to crush them with this ill-omened title.

Popular imagination had not waited for the epoch of his brilliant successes to invest the new Rogui with the halo of miracles, prophecies, and dreams with which the people of Morocco are glad to enliven the monotony of their existence. The miraculous powers of Bou Hamara had, from his first appearance, attracted public attention everywhere, and, as far as Tangier, people spoke with admiration of his feats. In the *zaouïas*, holy persons were prophesying and dreaming dreams concerning him, whilst they gave vent to highly metaphorical criticisms of the Sultan's reforms. During the past autumn, when I was travelling in the Atlas, the people in the Kasbahs never failed to question our following, in a tone of gentle mockery, as to whether Moulay Abdelaziz was still Sultan, and if he still held out against the Pretender.

In the villages of the Gharb modest story-tellers were to be met with, who were employed to recount the miracles of the Rogui, and quoted with the greatest relish an oracle from his lips—"When I stand on the bridge of the Sebou, then shall I behold the flames rising from the Mellah of Fez." Quite recently, a soldier of the garrison of Marrakech, who was convicted of having spoken of a change of Sultan, was soundly thrashed by the orders of the military governor, and had his mouth rubbed with red pepper.

The Makhzen decided, then, to return to Fez, which it reached on the 10th of December. But, the better to accentuate the temporary nature of this compulsory return, the Afrag was planted on the hill of the Dar el-Maharez, which dominates Fez el-Djedid on the south-east, and the Sultan re-entered the palace without any of the customary ceremonies. It was not till several days afterwards that, yielding to the urgent representations of the Shorfa and

nobles of the city, who implored the sovereign to prolong his stay in his northern capital, Moulay Abdelaziz made up his mind to have the regulation salvoes discharged, to receive with solemn pomp the felicitations of the Fasis, and to make the necessary pilgrimage to the tomb of Moulay Edriss.

Several columns were soon formed to advance into the valley of the river Innaouen and support the column of Moulay el-Kebir. They were placed under the command of two Shorfa of the reigning dynasty, Moulay Mohammed and Moulay Abdesselam el-Mrani, and the full brother of Minister of War, Si el-Abbes el-Menehbi. The four *mahallas* were independent of one another, though intended to work together, and collectively they formed an effective force of about 15,000 men. The theatre of operations once reached, about sixty miles from the capital, the Sultan's forces busied themselves, as their custom is, with several far from energetic reconnaissances. Then dissension arose between the leaders—those who were Shorfa quarrelled with those who were not; and, finally, on the evening of the 22nd of December, when the soldiers returned to the camp to eat the evening meal—it was the end of Ramadan—the Riata horsemen made a surprise attack, and took possession, practically without striking a blow, of the abandoned camp, where they found the dinner prepared, the tents standing, cannon, guns and ammunition, negresses for the great chiefs, and ordinary white women for division among the common herd. The 15,000 Makhzen troops had disappeared as if by magic. The fugitives reached Fez next day, where they caused a tremendous panic. They were in rags, and had lost their arms; for the spiteful Hayaïna, after having contributed in an underhand way to the defeat, lost no time in despoiling the vanquished. The disaster opened the way to Fez to the Rogui, so that a rapid march might have left the first city of the Empire, the Makhzen, the Sultan himself, all at his mercy.

But the result was to demonstrate, and that very quickly, the permanent characteristic of Moroccan warfare, in which

the actions fought are never intended to gain any strategic result, but simply to influence the course of negotiations. Instead of advancing upon Fez, the Rogui returned to Taza, celebrated the Aïd es-Seghir there amid imperial pomp, and, to strengthen his ties with the Riata, married among them a girl of the powerful clan of the Ehl-Tahar. This done, he called by letters upon all the eastern tribes of the Empire to rally to his side. Then he constituted a Makhzen of his own and formed a *mahalla* out of the débris of the Shereefian camp. Thus, in opposition to the legitimate Government, a revolutionary Government was established. Now Bou Hamara had really some forces around him. All the tribes of the river Innaouen—the Tsoul, the Branes, who are Djebala ; the Beni-Ourain and the Houara, which are Berber tribes—though maintaining a prudent attitude towards the Makhzen, were inclined to embrace his cause. But their contingents, generally scattered, could not be depended upon, and the real strength of the Pretender was in the Riata, who had been his adherents from the first. It was said, further, that the eastern tribes of Morocco were showing themselves inclined to make common cause with Bou Hamara, and certain Djebalian tribes took advantage of the occasion to settle some old accounts by assailing the neighbouring submissive tribes, and this behaviour aroused fears of a definite revolt on their part. The Hayaïna, who live in the plain, and who had been kept pretty busy for the last three months, supplying the two parties with heads to chop off and cattle to raid, urged the Pretender to station his *mahalla* in front of their territory. It was in this way that Bou Hamara was induced to take up his position at Khemis el-Gour, six hours distant from the city, and later on at the Tuesday market of N'Khila, two hours nearer Fez. So that, a month after his great victory, the Rogui found himself at a short distance from the capital, and the first encounter, were it favourable to the rebels, would decide the destinies of all the north of the Empire.

On its side, the Makhzen had not been idle. When the

first moment of stupor had passed, it reassembled its forces (some 10,000 men perhaps), who had taken refuge in the vast enclosures of the Bou Jeloud quarter. A third of the former effective force had taken advantage of what had happened to desert. The northern contingent had nearly all returned to their tribes. The Berber contingents and those of the Haouz remained faithful to their post. The number of deserters in the environs of the city was becoming a menace to the safety of the roads. The little European colony took fright, and left Fez like a flock of starlings. The two Protestant missions, English and American, found the moment inopportune for continuing the diffusion of the gospel. Three Germans abandoned their business, and two Italians their manufactory of weapons. The little French and English groups alone remained behind, because they had greater interests, or were better informed on Moroccan affairs—say a round dozen of Europeans in all.

The Makhzen took heroic measures to check the movement of desertion. It raised the pay out of all proportion; each foot soldier was to receive 1.25 peseta a day, and each horseman 2.50. In this way they were able to reconstitute three *mahallas*. The most advanced was stationed among the Mtafi, as a reconnoitring force, in the hills of the Ouled-el-Hadj, which lie on the east of Fez, on the other side of the Sebou, and from which one can command the whole valley of the river Innaouen. It was under the command of the Kaïd Omar el-Youssi. To support it, a second *mahalla* was placed at the bridge over the Sebou, half-an-hour's distance below the city. It was under the orders of the Minister of War, Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, who arrived there every morning in great pomp, and spent all his days there with the luxurious table, the musicians, and the negresses his high rank placed at his command. Behind, on the Dar el-Maharez, the *mahalla* of the Afrag was stationed with a small garrison intended to act as a reserve in case of eventualities, and to secure the safety of a retreat from the city, should occasion arise.

Besides these military measures, recourse was had to negotiations, the most important part of Moroccan warfare. The tribesmen of the Berber tribes adjoining Fez made a daily descent on the city, and their neutrality had to be bought by gifts of money or of rifles. Whilst the tribes of the valley of the Innaouen, who had openly joined Bou Hamara after his victory, to avoid being raided by the Pretender, were sending secret emissaries to the Makhzen, and soliciting generous treatment from the Government, at the same time they were urging Bou Hamara onwards, so as to get their territory free of him. So when the Kaïd el-Youssi had succeeded in dragging his unwilling troops after him on an ineffective reconnaissance, which served to demonstrate their existence, irritate the enemy, and reassure the Fasis, the Rogui found himself thrust forward by the tribes, and was compelled, whether he liked it or not, to approach a little nearer to the capital.

The timid *souga* of the Makhzen, followed by the involuntary advances of Bou Hamara, was the dominant feature for five weeks of the life of Fez. On the days fixed for the *sougas*, armed horsemen careered in disorder along the narrow streets of Fez el-Bali (the ancient city), on their way to the bridge of the Sebou. In the evening the crowd thronged the river road beyond Bab Fetouh. The terraces of the houses were crowded with women, numerous groups formed on all the lofty points in the city, and the first horsemen, on their return from the field of battle, told the story of the day's doings. The *souga* had not succeeded. To avoid returning empty-handed, two or three villages had been raided, and as many heads cut off. Unable to act against the hostile tribes, they had found it necessary to carry on operations among the loyal ones—the Ouled el-Hadj or the Beni-Sadden. A great column of smoke, forming a reddish canopy towards the east, in the clear atmosphere, confirmed the words of the conquerors. On days like these, after the prayer of the *acha*, Fez fell asleep confident and exultant. But next day the news would come of the offensive movement of Bou Hamara, his reply

to the *souga* of the day before, and soon the city was a prey to a terrible anxiety, universal panic (*techouich*). Guards were placed on the two outside bastions and on the ramparts, sentinels at the gates, and their cries could be heard echoing in the night. The Moqaddems el-Hôma (that is to say, the heads of the different quarters), were called on to maintain a night-watch in their respective quarters, and these authorities took advantage of this demand to make heavy pecuniary requisitions from the urban population. Meanwhile, rifles were discharged in all directions, from morning to evening, with a slight respite during the night, without any object or definite mark, but simply to show the possible foe without that there were armed men to defend the city, and inform evil-doers within that, in the case of attempted pillage, they would have tough customers to deal with.

Of course, in the midst of all this turmoil, the air was full of rumours. The Makhzen, although exceedingly troubled within, affected a somewhat disdainful serenity. The Fasis, natural malcontents, exaggerated the danger of the situation as they pleased, and the degree of their opposition was proportionate to the degree of their pessimism. The presence of so many contingents had naturally increased the price of commodities, and unscrupulous speculators set themselves to multiply unfavourable rumours, so as to increase the rise. Money became scarce, and one had to pay an exchange of 5 per cent. to negotiate a draft on Tangier. Naturally, it was in the Mellah that the rumours assumed their most exaggerated form. Impressed by the gravity of the situation, the Jews no longer dared to leave their own quarter, and Jewish imaginations, filled with the dread of an immediate pillage, gave to their vague apprehensions the shape of definite information.

From the Mellah of Fez emanated the most extravagant tales, furnished to the European press through the ready mediation of Spanish journals. In spite of all, during these long and critical weeks, there was never the slightest disturbance at Fez; and the principal credit is due to the tact and the prudence of the Governor of the city.

Towards the end of January one could feel that the crisis was approaching. The Makhzen had taken many measures: besides the two Shorfa of the reigning dynasty, who had left to embark at Tangier and attempt to raise the *Rif* on the Pretender's rear, it had summoned to Fez the Shorfa of Ouazzan, who exercised a great influence on the rebel tribes, to request them to intervene with their religious authority. Finally, useful negotiations had been opened, and the aid of a clan of the Beni-Ouaraïn gained, whose treachery proved profitable though expensive. The Makhzen was then full of confidence in an approaching victory. The people of Fez were less confident, and a little suspicious of the value of the contingents. There was even a night of panic, when the Governor of Fez el-Bali had measures taken at the gates, to prevent fugitives from entering the city, in case of a defeat.

On the 29th of January, the *souga*, for which such laborious preparations had been made, took place. The forces of the Makhzen and of Bou Hamara were about fifteen miles distant from each other. The Pretender had with him some 2000 foot soldiers and 700 horsemen, who had been lured into the plain and kept in a state of false security, thanks to the machinations of the Beni-Ouaraïn. Suddenly there fell like a thunderbolt on the unsuspecting troops, four bands of 300 horsemen, belonging to the contingents of the south, to the Zemmour—who were pleased now to fight for the Makhzen after having fought against it—to the Kaïd el-Gueddari of the Beni-Hasen, and to the Kaïd el-Youssi. After a single discharge of their muskets the horsemen broke the surprised *mahalla*, and devoted themselves to the pleasant duty of pillaging the hostile encampment. A rally, on the Pretender's part, repulsed the pillaging horsemen; but then the main body of the Makhzen's forces arrived, under the command of Si el-Mehdi el-Mĕnehbi, the Kaïd el-Mechouar, Si Driss ben Yaïch, and the Governor of Fez el-Bali, Si Abderrahman ben Abdessadok.

Si el-Mehdi, who showed great energy and decision in

this encounter, checked the flight of the horsemen, and succeeded in making his whole force advance. Then followed a new discharge of firearms, and the complete flight of Bou Hamara's troops, who scattered in every direction, according to their habitual method. And so Fez and the Makhzen found themselves freed from their periodical *techouichs* (panics). The affair had been short, and far from sanguinary. When everything had been reckoned up, forty heads had been successfully cut off, seventeen of them belonging to the Makhzen tribe, the Ouled-el-Hadj, and fifty stragglers let themselves be taken prisoners. In view of the gravity of the circumstances, prices had been raised. Five douros[1] were given for a head, ten for a prisoner. Such was the account given me by one of the chief actors in the engagement of the 29th of January.

About four o'clock, the rumour of a decisive victory and the capture of the Rogui, for which the Makhzen counted on the promises of the Beni-Ouaraïn, began to spread throughout the city. The crowd left the walls and formed along the route which leads from Bab Fetouh to the bridge over the Sebou. Quiet groups lined up by the side of the road in the cemetery set apart for the Feqihs, Oulemas, and Marabouts of the city, and among the olive trees which succeed it. The whole crowd manifested a perfectly tranquil curiosity: there was no noise and no apparent agitation; the beggars, in groups or singly, had collected at this favoured spot, and an aged Derqaoui, armed with a gilt-headed stick, was doing a thriving business on the strength of events. The great men of the cities came out on mules to meet the tidings brought by arrivals from the river Innaouen. On all the terraces the inhabitants crowded, looking towards the east, whilst the sun set behind the crest of Tghat, and from the tops of minarets resounded confused shouts, announcing the prayer of the Maghreb. Gradually the news became more precise. Fez was free from danger, but the military success had been small; the Beni-Ouaraïn

[1] *Douro*, Spanish coin worth about 5 fr.

had not given a fair return for the money they had received: the rebel force, almost intact, was crossing the plain to regain the security of its mountains. However, just to show their impartiality, the Hayaïna, who, a short time ago, had so thoroughly stripped the fugitives of the Makhzen army, had indulged their plundering proclivities at Bou Hamara's expense.

Next day the forty heads, which formed the booty won by the victors, arrived, packed in *chouaris*—double sacks of esparto grass suspended from the sides of baggage-animals. Behind these glorious spoils came the prisoners, who marched through the city, crying "Allah incer Moulay Abdelaziz! Allah inaal Bou Hamara!" (May God exalt Moulay Abdelaziz! Let Bou Hamara be accursed in his sight!) Several were Riata, the greater number Hayaïna: they were speedily taken off to the city prison. Had Providence and the Beni-Ouaraïn willed the capture of the Rogui himself, there would have been a more impressive entry into the city. He would have undergone the *taoufa*, mounted on an ass, exposed to the batons of the soldiers and the jests of the crowd.

The forty heads were speedily unpacked and salted by Jews, requisitioned for this task by the Sheikh of the Mellah. In the afternoon they were hung up on the battlements of Bab el-Mahrouq, which is the customary spot for this sort of exhibition. When it was growing late, half-a-dozen Jews with black garments got up on the top of the gate and took down the old heads, whose very decomposition bore witness to the prolonged lack of success on the part of the Makhzen. Then, in a leisurely, methodical manner, they replaced them by the new heads, which they fixed into the interstices between the stones.

Below a large crowd was squatting, looking on with placid interest, and occasionally passing a few remarks on the quality of the suspended heads. A young head aroused the approbation of the crowd, who considered it a good prize, while the head of an old man was received with mocking smiles. Authority had its representative in the

Khalifa of the city, who presided over the ceremony, mounted on his mule. This Khalifa, el-Hadj Driss ben Abdeldjelil, is a comfortable merchant. He possesses a large business house at Orleansville, he passed the greater part of his life in Algeria, and knows several words of French.

Notwithstanding the acute disappointment caused by the escape of the Rogui—a failure which threatened to make the rebellion among the tribes of the river Innaouen a chronic one—the Makhzen decided to celebrate the affair of the 29th of January as a great victory. On the morning of the 31st, the city awoke to the sound of tambourines and bagpipes; cannon thundered, and rifles were discharged with ever-increasing frequency, this time as a sign not of fear, but of rejoicing. Faithful to their tradition, the Jews, only too glad to have got off so cheaply, were the first to dress the Mellah with flags, and a deputation went to carry its congratulations to the Dar el-Makhzen, accompanied by music, and raising the customary shouts of "Hadi ferha b' Sidna, hadi fi khater Sidna!" (This is a joy for our lord, this is a pleasure for our master.) Gradually, though with less enthusiasm, deputations from all the corporations and guilds, under the direction of their respective *moqaddems* (chiefs) succeeded one another along the Talaa, which mounts towards the Fez el-Djedid. In the evening of the same day, the progressive Sultan amused himself by astonishing his capital by the crackling detonations of a display of fireworks.

Seven days of rejoicing prescribed by the Government followed. The city was under orders to amuse itself, and on the morning of the 1st of February the Shorfa, nobles, and Oulemas of Fez, who had been summoned by the Governor and ordered to resume their white garments as a token of joy, appeared at the palace in festal procession. On this occasion there was music and a feast at the palace. In the markets the shops were hung with flags; each merchant decorated his stall with an old piece of matting or worn brocade. During the whole week the *nzaha* continued, in a quiet and inobtrusive way, in the different quarters of the

city. One hardly noticed it, except when those engaged in it had closed the gates of the streets, and so cut off communications, in the daytime, between their respective domains. In the last day of these rejoicings, a rich Fasi, el-Hadj Brahim es-Soussi, who is one of the principal merchants of Saint Louis of Senegal, where he has become a naturalised Frenchman, lent his home to the Millers' Corporation, who wished to celebrate their separate *nzaha* there. I visited the house, on the invitation of our compatriot. A number of millers, exceedingly well dressed, were dining to the sound of music and the murmur of running water, uniting their individual satisfaction with the rejoicings of the Makhzen. The same Derqaoui, who had benefited the preceding week by the public emotion on the road of the bridge of Sebou, was now walking among the guests seeking to gather up the crumbs of the universal thanksgiving.

Under the stroke of disillusionment caused by the incomplete character of the affair of the 29th of January, the Makhzen had decided on the immediate formation of an expeditionary force, to pursue Bou Hamara to Taza. The Minister of War, on whose head rebounded the vexation of the Shorfa, was ordered to take the command of the column, and not to reappear before his sovereign till the tribes were subdued and the Rogui a prisoner. The order was tantamount to removing him for an indefinite time from the Dar el-Makhzen—a very unpleasant situation for a favourite minister. Si el-Mehdi el Menehbi started on the 1st of February with 8000 men, almost the last forces possessed by the Makhzen at present. Several hundred men were left as a reserve at the Mtafi, and with the troops of the Afrag. The Minister of War took his harem and his negresses with him: it was the best method of assuring himself a pleasant life while on campaign, and protecting his household in case anything should happen at Fez. In ten days the force of Si el-Mehdi had not made great progress; it camped at the *arba* of Tissa, eight hours distant from the capital, on the frontier of the Hayaïna, without daring to risk itself in the

territory of these inveterate rascals, who make overtures with both sides, whilst engaged in deceiving and pillaging with the utmost indifference the troops of the Makhzen and Bou Hamara alike.

As for the Rogui, he has returned to the mountains of the Riata. He was slightly wounded in the shoulder, it would seem, and is looking after his wound. Besides, he can always count on a secure asylum with the clan of the Ehl-Tahar, to which his wife belongs; for the honour of the tribe, the *mezrag*, forbids them to give up the man who, by his marriage, has become one of them. Meanwhile, all his forces have melted away. The tribes which are attached to him are, no doubt, bound to one another by *refouds*, or agreements of safe conduct. In any case, they do not seem willing to break allegiance with the Pretender, for none of them have sent delegates to "sacrifice to the Makhzen" after the affair of the 29th of January. Never in the memory of man was there a more dismal sequel to a victory.

CHAPTER IX

THE SULTAN MOULAY ABDELAZIZ

The Principle of Moroccan Sovereignty—The Origin of the Shereefian Dynasties—The Crowned Shereef—The Imperial Cortège—The Celebration of the Aïd el-Kebir—The Presentation of the Tribes and the "Hediya"—The Childhood of Moulay Abdelaziz—His Proclamation as Sultan: the Regency of Ba Ahmed: Emancipation—The Life of a Sultan of Morocco—The Shereefian Harem: Shereefas and Concubines—The Entourage of the Sovereign: Hagib, Jester, and Alaouitic Shorfa—Chamber Music and the Royal Fanfare—Innovating Tendencies of Moulay Abdelaziz—His First Impressions of England and France—Egypt and Morocco—The European Carnival—The Entertainers of the Young Sultan—Exploitation of the Monarch: Kaïd Sir Harry Maclean—Various Orders, Playthings, and Amusements—Revulsion of Public Opinion: Opposition of the Fasis.

A RIATI Sheikh, made prisoner in the *souga* of the 29th of January, on being asked by the Makhzen what were the motives of the present insurrection: "We rose," replied the Berber hillsman, "because we heard that the Sultan had become a *nasrani* (Christian), and had sold Morocco to the English."

Not that the present Sultan has abjured Islamism or sold Morocco to any one, but he had adopted so novel an attitude, and the Makhzen was engaged in a policy of reforms so blundering and so precipitate, that there could not but arise, among the people of Morocco, a feeling of extreme surprise and an utter confusion of ideas. Thence arose the reactionary movement, explicit in the independent tribes of the north, latent in the submissive tribes, which found its expression in Bou Hamara.

His Shereefian Majesty rules over peoples, mostly Berber,

whose taste for freedom has continually manifested itself under the guise of religious independence. It was this same ardent devotion to Islam that caused the Moroccans, in the sixteenth century, to incarnate in a single family of Shorfa, who were, as such, the descendants of the Prophet—not as before, in a powerful tribe—the spirit of religious renascence which had been stimulated by the progress of the Spanish and Portuguese settlements in the Maghreb, following on the break-up of the Merinid Empire (1524). Moroccan traditions have it that pilgrims of the Sahara, coming from Mecca, brought two Shorfa along with them: one pressed on as far as the Draa, while the other remained at the Tafilelt. These Shorfa became the ancestors of the two successive Shereefian dynasties. Those of the Draa who distinguished themselves in the struggles against the Portuguese in the Sus founded, in the sixteenth century, the Saadian dynasty. In the seventeenth the descendants of the Shereef of the Tafilelt overthrew the Saadians and substituted the Alaouitic dynasty, at present on the throne.

Under these conditions, we cannot conceive of a sovereign more strictly bound down by tradition than the Sultan of Morocco. Before being Sultan he is a Shereef, and it is because he is Shereef that he is Sultan. Not that he is a pontiff, nor even, properly speaking, a religious ruler. The Sultans of Morocco have never specially sought after the title of Khalifa, of which the Sultan of Turkey is so jealous. Since the Almoravids, they have borne the title of "Lord of the Believers" (Emir el-Mouminin); and the better to establish its hereditary character, this title is repeated seven times in their official documents. Throughout the Empire the Sultan is the great *Imam*, entitled to say prayer in the name of all, yet his character of Shereef remains the real basis of his power. As such he is considered to have inherited a *baraka* from his ancestors—that is, the power of blessing. In the belief of the Maghreb this hereditary and inalienable benediction is the celestial unction, which sanctifies the Sultan of Morocco, and renders him the Shereef el-Baraka of the

dynasty. From this arises the whole dynastic conception on which Moroccan sovereignty is based.

In the East, the succession to the throne takes place in the collateral line, and must go to the eldest of the family. Such is the rule in force at Constantinople. In Morocco, on the contrary, the throne must go to the Shereef looked on as the heir to the paternal *baraka*, then to the favourite son, who is, in general, the eldest. But that is far from being absolutely necessary, for the successor is designated by the choice of his father, who makes him his Khalifa and authorises him, even during his own lifetime, to carry the parasol which is the ensign of sovereignty. In fact, the more the son has lived in the intimacy of the dead Sultan, the more ready are the people to believe that his father's *baraka* has descended to him.

This very *baraka* renders the Sultan's position impregnable up to a certain point. A ready excuse is found for his faults, by attributing them to a divine inspiration, which mere mortals cannot explain, and by investing all his acts, even the most trying of them, with a certain supernatural character. If the errors of the sovereign pass all measure, he becomes the object of severe criticism, but he need hardly fear the violence so habitual in Eastern courts. The chiefs of the Makhzen would shrink from the idea of a tragic solution, fearing that they would have to answer for it in the day of judgment at the bar of the victim's ancestors—that is, before the Prophet himself. The only danger that the crowned Shereef has to fear, is that he may be faced by some individual, looked upon as a Shereef, and armed with a superior *baraka*, whose success proves that the wrath of Heaven has alighted on the guilty Sultan, and that his own *baraka* is lost. Certainly it is better that the Sultan should be a great general, and an experienced statesman: but, above all, he must show himself great in blessing, must show that he has been chosen to lavish on his people the streams of Shereefian blessing which emanate unconsciously from his whole person. His greeting takes the form of the *fatiha*—that is, the gesture of blessing employed by all saintly

persons, Shorfa or Marabouts, who bring their two open hands together, then carry them towards the breast or the face, whilst their lips mumble the pious formula of the first verse of the Koran.

On the same principle, when the Kaïds, on coming up to court, bring the Sultan the customary presents, which must always be sums in gold, sometimes in English sovereigns, but most often in French louis, these payments are looked on as *ziaras* (gifts of pilgrims) and are directed, not to the public funds, but to the private purse of the imperial Shereef. Offerings such as these, which may reach a very high figure, are termed the *mlaqiya* (the meeting).

Naturally, it is at religious feasts that such a ruler presents himself to the people in all the pomp of sovereignty. Each Friday, like other Mussulman princes, he goes in state to the mosque: but the three great religious feasts, the Aïd es-Seghir, the Aïd el-Kebir, and the Mouloud (anniversary of the birth of the Prophet), have been specially chosen as the occasions for the display of royal pomp. In these days the Sultan, surrounded by his Makhzen, appears at the *msalla*, outside the city, before which extends a large open space. There he celebrates the service, according to the traditional ritual, and, at its end, receives the deputations of the tribes. The days that follow are days of *hediya*, during which the Sultan receives the gifts brought by these same tribes in token of their homage and loyalty. On these three annual occasions, faced by the most wonderful spectacle that the land of Islam can still afford, it is easy to get a firm grasp of the true character of the Shereefian monarchy and Moroccan Government. Before the *msalla*, it is the greatest of *Imams*, the imperial Shereef, who watches his servants approach him seeking his blessing; at the *hediya* the feudal lord appears, to receive the homage of his vassal tribes.

The Aïd el-Kebir is, as its name indicates, the greatest religious festival of the year—it is the same as that which is termed in the East the Courban Baïram.[1] On this

[1] The Aïd el-Kebir was instituted in commemoration of the sacrifice of Abraham. It is the annual occasion of the pilgrimage to Mecca.

occasion, each Mussulman family is accustomed to sacrifice at least one sheep, and the wealthy families sacrifice several. The sacrifice takes place one of the three first days of the festival (the first by preference), and it is the head of the family who fills the office of priest.

At the time of the Aïd el-Kebir persons of note distribute many sheep among their clients, and the Makhzen make it an occasion for giving the troops fresh uniforms and making them different presents. For eight days before the festival a daily sheep market is held at all the gates of Fez, and nothing is to be seen on the streets except sheep that are being taken to the houses of purchasers. The enormous demand makes prices very high—so much so, indeed, that good fat sheep sometimes bring in as much as 30 douros (about £6). It is calculated that in Fez alone as many as 30,000 sheep are sacrificed for the Aïd el-Kebir. Like the period of the Aïd es-Seghir (the close of Ramadan), the Aïd el-Kebir is a time of mutual forgiveness and reconciliation. The festival lasts for seven days, and finishes on the Sebaa-Aïd.

This year the Aïd el-Kebir fell on the 10th of March. To celebrate the festival worthily, and to collect a large enough number of contingents round the Sultan, the force, which for six weeks had been engaged in fruitless operations on the Djebel, under the command of the Minister of War, in an attempt to capture the ever-elusive Bou Hamara, turned back to camp in the vicinity of Fez. It was a specious excuse to rescue the Shereefian troops from the starvation that menaced them in the mountains, and, at the same time to cloak their lack of success. And so, whilst the Rogui presided over the Aïd el-Kebir at Taza, the Sultan's army took up its customary position, for the hour of the *doha* (between eight and ten in the morning) in front of the *msalla* of Fez. At Fez there are two *msalla* (long walls with the *kibla* and the *mimber*) reserved for great religious ceremonies. The *msalla* of the city is situated on the height above Bab Fetouh, and after the preacher has sacrificed his sheep there, sacrifice may be lawfully made in

all the quarter of Fez el-Bali (Old Fez) situated on the right bank of the river Fez. The signal of sacrifice for the rest of the old city and for Fez el-Djedid (New Fez) is given at the *msalla* of the Sultan, situated outside Bab es-Segma, at the foot of the Tghat.

The wall of the royal *msalla* traces a white line on the first rocky slopes of the mountain. Quite near rises a handsome Koubba in reddish stone, and the wide esplanade is confined by aloe-hedges and olive plantations. A canvas enclosure has been erected on three sides round the *msalla* for the occasion, and the site of the *kibla* is protected from the sun by an awning. Since the morning the troops have been taking up their usual places; the red lines of the regular army form a square with a band in its centre; a little outside the cannon have been run out; the whole route from the palace to the *msalla* is hedged in by soldiery. Opposite, the *naïba* cavalry (of the submissive tribes), with the standards of the tribes, fall into position in two great arcs. Behind the *msalla* are drawn up the Makhzen cavalry with their standards. It is an imposing military ceremony. The view from the *msalla* is magnificent. It extends over the two great lines of mountains which converge to form the pass of Taza, the Djebala and Berber countries, the plain of the Saïs, with the hills that fringe it, and the river Fez winding its way across the meadows. On the river bank are scattered the tents of the Berber contingent, who only await the festival to regain their tribes. On the other side, on a piece of rising ground apart, is the *mahalla* of the Afrag, and in the hollow of the valley, Fez-el-Djedid, the roofs of the Dar el-Makhzen with their green tiles, the long walls of the enclosure, and, shut in by dark, uneven fortifications, the new *mechouar*, where the royal cortège is slowly forming.

The blare of the clarion and the burst of music announce the departure of the sovereign, who crosses the whole of the *mechouar* and mounts the slope that leads to the *msalla*. As he advances, the troops that are lining the way close in

behind him, they too directing their steps towards the place of prayer. And now the Sultan has dismounted from his horse and approaches the *kibla* with his Makhzen. This Government of believers takes up its station on a line of mats, and goes through the traditional movements of Mussulman ritual. Then all assume a sitting position, and listen to the words of the Sultan's Khatib (preacher), Sidi Abdallah el-Fasi, who, standing upright and motionless in his white *djellaba*[1] before the *mimber*, delivers the sermon of the festival. When the preacher is silent, the Sultan proceeds to sacrifice the sheep with his own hand, and the Khatib follows his example. The two palpitating sheep are seized one after the other by the muleteers of the Makhzen, who carry off at a fierce gallop the wretched beasts with their throats cut, taking care to compress their arteries. If they succeed in bringing them alive to the Dar el-Makhzen or to the home of the preacher, it is a sign of prosperity for the palace or for the humble abode of the *alem*.[2] This year the muleteers proved skilful, and the two sheep reached their destination without having succeeded in dying. As soon as the sheep are sacrificed the music plays and the cannon thunder. The battery is under the command of one of our officers —Captain Larras, of the Artillery, belonging to the French military mission. The discharge of the artillery announces the solemn instant, and apprises the quarter of Fez which is dependent on the *msalla* of the Sultan, that the Sovereign has performed the rites, and that sacrifice may now take place in private houses.

Soon the Sultan and his suite remount their horses and advance towards the square of the troops, to take part in the presentation of the tribes. Each deputation finds itself in turn before the Sultan, who advances gradually with his cortège, till he has made the whole round of the esplanade, and again turns towards the palace. First of all the people

[1] *Djellaba:* usual Moroccan dress, a kind of sack with holes for the head and arms; it has small, short sleeves and a hood.

[2] *Alem*, plur. *Oulema* (savant), equivalent to *feqih* (solicitor).

of Fez come forward, with the standards of Moulay Edriss, then the delegates of the *nouaïb* tribes, and at the very end the Makhzen cavalry. The whole affair is admirable, and no religious or royal ceremony was ever more cleverly devised to impress the masses. Drawn up in line, and absolutely motionless, the horsemen of each band await the approach of their sovereign. Moulay Abdel-aziz is mounted on a white horse, with saddle and harness of water-green. He is wrapped in an ample *burnous* of white cloth, and a cord of white silk fastens the hood of his *djellaba* round his head. On his right side is the *moul-el-meddall*, who holds above his master a parasol of cherry-coloured satin, surmounted by a golden bull; on foot, in front of the Sultan's horse, are a dozen negro slaves, who from time to time wave muslin handkerchiefs to keep away the flies. On the right and the left of the central group, formed by the sovereign, are the two *mzarguiya*, or lance-bearers, and well in front, six bridle-led horses, with the Kaïd el-Mechouar, Si Driss ben Yaïch, a magnificent mulatto, with a voice of thunder, who, on horseback, and baton in hand, performs the duties of master of ceremonies. Behind the Sultan rides a line of horsemen, who are the officers of the crown, and carry the arms of the Sovereign; then the Minister of War and his escort. Immediately behind Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi come the members of the French military mission. The whole cortège was white, with a whiteness so dazzling, that against it one could hardly perceive the delicate tints of the harness, the colour of the garments showing through the fine linen, and the note of pink struck by the royal parasol.

Each deputation was announced by the Kaïd el-Mechouar: "Ahl Fas naam ya Sidi!" (Of a truth, my lord, these are the men of Fez). Silent and motionless, Moulay Abdelaziz checked himself for an instant with a hardly visible movement, communicating to the delegates, by his presence alone, the virtues of the Shereefian benediction. They, on their part, then uttered with one voice the cry: "Allah

ibarek f'amr Sidi" (May God send his blessing on our lord's life), to which the Kaïd el-Mechouar replied, interpreting the royal will: "Allah ibarek fikoum ou yaslahkoum galkoum Sidi" (May God send his blessing upon you, and direct your steps on the good way, saith my lord unto you). If a diplomatic agent happens to be at the Court at the time of the festival, he is invited to take part in it in uniform at the side of the Makhzen horsemen. He, too, is presented, and shares, with less faith perhaps, in the benefit of the Shereefian blessing, and the Kaïd el-Mechouar, modifying his formula, communicates to him the Sultan's welcome: "Merahba bikoum, galkoum Sidi" (My lord bids you welcome).

And so the ceremony ends. All who have taken part in the festival, footmen and cavalry alike, are drawn up, from the *msalla* to Bab es-Segma, in two lines, through which the Sultan passes with his cortège, as he returns to the Dar el-Makhzen. This year the number of those who took part in the Aïd el-Kebir was considerably reduced. The desertions caused by the length and ill-success of the campaign had enfeebled the *mahalla*, and the Sultan had barely 7000 or 8000 men around him. The opposition of the Fasis showed itself in an almost total absence of spectators. On the other hand, the Zemmour contingents, who are too independent to attend these kind of ceremonies regularly, were present in considerable numbers. During the presentation the Berber horsemen, unaccustomed to the royal presence, burst into a tumult of shouts, and, to show their enthusiasm, were soon sweeping across the barley-fields of the plain in a disorderly gallop.

During the days that follow the festival, the formality of the *hediya* takes place thrice in the new *mechouar* after the prayer of the *aser* (between 3 and 4 P.M.). We have the same square formed in the vast enclosure, by the soldiers of the regular army, the same music, and the same salvoes of artillery. The same delegates from the cities and the *nouaïb* tribes, who had presented themselves at the *msalla*

before the crowned Shereef, now come before their suzerain, to offer him gifts in sign of vassalship.

These gifts are sometimes in specie, most often in kind, according to the products of the city or tribe. Certain cities, like Fez, bring *babouches* (slippers) and *haïks*. Several tribes offer horses. One of them has to bring a negress. The ceremonies are much less elaborate than at the religious festival. The delegates are on foot, and the imperial cortège as well. The Sultan is mounted, preceded by six bridle-led horses, and followed by a tiny old-fashioned vehicle drawn by a little white horse. The Viziers are in a line on the left of the palace gate, seated on humble straw-sacks, termed *festalas*. When the Sultan appears, Viziers, *mchaouris* (guards), and soldiers bow deeply. The prince then advances towards the line of the delegates, who offer their gifts with a brief shout of acclamation, and are immediately succeeded by others. The ceremony is over in twenty minutes, and the Sultan returns to his palace in the midst of the same tokens of respect that greeted his arrival.

The Sultan who, at the present moment, is invested with a power displayed in so strange a fashion, is a young man, some twenty years old. He is a younger son of the late Sultan Moulay el-Hassan and a Circassian slave, Lalla Reqia, brought from Constantinople. The members of the Makhzen are pleased to recount that this child of a favourite wife had, from the very moment of his birth, been designated by his father for the throne, in the words, "He must be named Abdelaziz, servant of the Almighty, for he shall be Sultan." Instead of allowing him to be lost sight of in the crowd of young princes, Moulay el-Hassan had him brought up in the house of one of the principal Alaouitic Shorfa, Sidi Mohammed el-Mrani, and took him with him in almost all his campaigns. At the moment when he set out for his expedition to the Tafilelt in 1893, Moulay el-Hassan had left his eldest son, Moulay M'hammed, at Marrakech, with the title of Khalifa, which, provisionally at least, settled the succession in his favour. But on his return

from the Tafilelt, he was assailed by numbers of complaints against his eldest son, whose conduct had been deplorable. He dismissed him in a fit of anger, and designated Moulay Abdelaziz in his place, by authorising him to carry the parasol, which is the ensign of sovereignty. That was in 1894, when the young prince was fourteen years old. A little later, Moulay el-Hassan died in the course of a campaign in the unsubdued region of the Tadla. As soon as his death had been made public, the Chamberlain, Si Ahmed ben Mousa, with the agreement of Lalla Reqia, proclaimed Moulay Abdelaziz Sultan, declaring that the sovereign, at the very moment of death, had once more clearly affirmed his intention of designating this favoured child as his successor. The proclamation was speedily signed by all the Viziers, the Shorfa, the functionaries of the Makhzen, and the military commanders present with the column. Cities and tribes gave their adherence by the customary *bia*.

From that time Si Ahmed ben Mousa, who was the son of a negro slave of the palace, became absolute master of the Empire, and never was regency more rigorously exercised. The young Sultan found himself shut up in the Dar el-Mahkzen, and subjected to a policy of severe repression. The Djamaï, who before had exercised the chief power in the state, along with the Grand Viziership and the Ministry of War, were speedily arrested and imprisoned at Tetouan, their goods confiscated, and their households broken up. Si Ahmed became Grand Vizier, and safeguarded himself by appointing one of his brothers Chamberlain, another, Minister of War. From 1894 to 1900, the date of his death, Ba Ahmed was the real Sultan, and no Moroccan sovereign has ever discharged with greater ability the two tasks which the Mahkzen tradition imposes—those of restraining the tribes and resisting European influence.

After Si Ahmed had disappeared, Moulay Abdelaziz was for some time longer under the influence of his mother, who made him take as his Grand Vizier, el-Hadj el-Mokhtar

ben Ahmed, first secretary of the deceased Grand Vizier. For the Ministry of War his choice fell on Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, an ancient *mokhazni* of Si Ahmed, who had become Kaïd of the Menahba. So the policy of the old Makhzen still continued, but the hands that wielded it had no longer the vigour of yore. The Sultan began to grow up and show himself impatient of all tutelage; royal caprices developed in an imperious fashion, and threatened to bring to ruin the worm-eaten fabric of the Moroccan Government. Soon Moulay Abdelaziz listened to his own impulses alone. He repudiated the advice of his mother and, in April 1901, wearied by the advice of el-Hadj el-Mokhtar, he deposed his Grand Vizier.

Si Feddoul Gharnit, an old member of the Makhzen, more sceptical and less ready with his advice, was chosen to fill the vacant office. Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi became the all-powerful favourite, alike amusing and flattering his master, whilst the conservative element confined itself to a timid opposition in the Makhzen. From that time up to the present moment, Morocco has been at the mercy of imperial caprices, which, encouraged by the complaisance of Si el-Mehdi, have thrown the Government into confusion and outraged all cherished traditions. The jest might have lasted long, had not Bou Hamara appeared in the mountains of the north to give, unconsciously, expression to the national reaction, and recall both Sultan and Makhzen to the realities of the situation.

Moulay Abdelaziz is of medium height, sturdy and well built. He is a strong youth of twenty-three, a little stout for his age, with dark complexion, a rather bloated face, and an immature beard which covers his cheeks with two tufts of straggling hairs. His usual costume is the common *djellaba* of Morocco, which envelops the whole form, and whose hood, continually thrown back on the head, covers the long white band of the *rezza*, round the red *chechiya* (head-dress). In the presence of official visitors the Sultan is obviously embarrassed; his words are rare, his gestures constrained, and his smile far from amicable. With

private guests, on the contrary, his manner becomes exceedingly gay and familiar. All who are near him speak well of him. He is refined, intelligent, well gifted, and well brought up. He seems eager to gain information and anxious to do well. But, unfortunately, he is known only by the highest members of the Makhzen and a small coterie of Europeans. The Moroccans, who see him only in the exercise of his priestly functions at the three annual festivals, spread the most extravagant myths about his life, his intentions, and his customs.

One must recognise that the private life of a Sultan of Morocco has no intrinsic refinement or magical charm, and the lonely existence imposed by custom may serve to excuse, in some degree, the excesses of so youthful a sovereign as Moulay Abdelaziz. As is natural, he must zealously preserve the privacy of the Mussulman household, and no man may cross the threshold of his apartments. Each door is guarded by a eunuch, who has orders to forbid access. Not that eunuchs have ever been produced in Morocco; they must be imported from the East. Moreover it is an unusual luxury, reserved for the imperial palace alone, or, in very rare cases, for the establishments of some great Shereef.

In the family enclosure, into which no male may penetrate, the Sultan lives on the first floor, in a great apartment, opening on a verandah with an outlook over the imperial gardens and the plain of the Saïs. There he works and takes his meals. At the side is a bath for the sovereign's own use, and in the four corners are the rooms of his four lawful wives, each of whom possesses her own apartments and her own household. Scattered throughout the palace are the concubines, more or less numerous as the case may be, some in retirement, others not, united in friendly groups and attended by negresses. All these women are subjected to the rigorous rule of *arifas*, experienced negresses, who owe their place in the imperial harem to the fact that they have been the favourites of Sultans dead and gone. The lawful wives of the

reigning Sultan and the widows of deceased rulers have a special *arifa* at their disposal, who looks after their maintenance, their wardrobe, and their personal comfort. No doubt some of them are in a position to count on their master's tenderness enough to present their demands to him directly: but, in principle, it is the *arifa* who receives the expression of their desires and their complaints, and undertakes to gain them a hearing. The concubines are subjected to the rule of a special *arifa* of their own.

Ordinarily the Sultan's lawful wives are Shereefas chosen from the different branches of the reigning dynasty. The concubines come in from all sides, sent by the Kaïds, whose custom it is to supply the Sultan with the best in the way of women, horses, and mules that their tribe can muster. Of these consignments, the Sultan retains and sends to his harem whatever takes his fancy. The numbers are swollen by negresses, who can easily be obtained in the local markets, and by women of different races and colour supplied by friends of the Prince, who are commissioned by him to make purchases in the East.

The household duties of the palace are in the hands of negresses, who wash the floors, sweep the rooms, look after the kitchen, the dairy, the buttery. They are divided into as many departments as there are duties for them to fulfil. Men are to be found in the kitchen alone, where the negro cooks, the *moualin-el-couchina*, are also lofty functionaries, whose duty it is to administer the bastonnade to badly-behaved servants and concubines.

The personal service of the Sultan is in the hands of certain of the concubines. The *moualin-ettas* (women of the ewer), the *moulet-essaboun* (women of the soap), and the *moulet-ezzif* (women of the towel), help him to make his toilet. The *moualin-el-oudhou* (women of the bath) aid him at the bath, the *moulet-el-makla* (women of the dishes) serve him at table, the *moulet-el-berrada* (women of the goblet) pour out his drink, and the *moulet-ettaï* (women of the tea) serve him with tea. It is the tradition that the Sultan should eat alone. He dines at the *ouli* (a little after midday)

and sups lightly in the evening. In the night the Sultan is free to pay his attentions to one of his four lawful wives, or, if his heart so prompt him, to some one of his concubines, twelve of whom are, according to a definite rotation, adorned every day by the deft hands of a skilful *arifa*. This little band of ladies spends the night in an adjoining chamber, ready to respond to the monarch's first appeal.

Moulay Abdelaziz has not yet consented to conform completely to these dynastic usages. Although he has already passed the normal age of marriage for a man in his position, he has not, up to this day, made up his mind to espouse a lawful wife. As long as his mother was alive he took his meals with her, and it is said that his Moroccan concubines are sadly neglected. At the present time, the Sultan, it would appear, lives chiefly with three women imported from Constantinople. These strangers are credited with the introduction of new manners into the Shereefian harem, and of independent habits, which have provoked a grave scandal there. It must have been their influence, so it is said, that has developed the extravagant and disorderly tastes of the Sultan. In any case, no child has yet been born of them.

Thursday is the day out for the Shereefian harem, which, once a week, is allowed to disport itself freely in the gardens of Bou Jeloud. Sometimes, too, the women are allowed to pass the night in the *koubba* of N'bita, which stands in the centre of the gardens of Lalla Mina, and celebrate the *nzaha* there with music and singing-women. On great occasions, when there is, for example, a marriage or a circumcision in the imperial family, the wives of the members of the Makhzen or important Fasis, are summoned by invitation to an evening party in the imperial harem. Although the different Sheikhas of the city are invited in turn to the palace, there is one, the Sheikha Zineb, who is reckoned the regular Court Singer. She is a stout, vulgar woman, of no great reputation. Her favour is due to the memory of her sister, the Sheikha Haouidja, now dead eight

years, who was the favourite singer of Moulay-el-Hassan, and accompanied him on all his expeditions.

Though there are these feminine receptions, it is not customary for the Sultan to receive, apart from the audiences accorded by him to the Oulemas or the Kaïds. Twice during the year, on the night of the 27th Ramadan, and that of the Mouloud (anniversary of the birth of the Prophet) he invites the chief personages of his court and of the Makhzen to engage with him in nocturnal prayers in the mosque of the palace. Before the time of Moulay Abdelaziz, who has taken to surrounding himself with favourites and establishing in the buildings adjoining the Dar el-Makhzen his band of European courtiers, the Sultans of Morocco admitted only one individual, the Hagib, who acted as the grand master of their Court, to their intimacy. They used to choose a jester besides, whose jokes were devoted to arousing their laughter. As a rule, their choice fell on some Djebli with special gifts in that line. The present jester, Si Ali el-Blot, is an exception to the rule, for he comes from the *guich* of Larache.

The Sultans have been wont to live apart from their own family. The Alaouitic Shorfa are not in immediate attendance on the sovereign. The brothers, sons, and uncles of the Sultan alone are distinguished so far as to be appointed Khalifas in the imperial cities, or commanders-in-chief of the *mahallas*. But the royal will disposes of them at its pleasure. They are brought up in seclusion, in the four corners of the Empire, under the care of a *taleb*, who instructs them in the Koran and the science of law, with the various subjects professed at Karaouiyin (university and mosque of Fez). As soon as they are grown up the Sultan presents them with a house in the city and several pretty girls, sent from the tribes and destined for the imperial harem.

The greater proportion of the princes remain at court. If they become troublesome they are shut up in a royal palace—as has actually happened to the elder brother of the present Sultan, Moulay M'hammed. If they afford

an occasion for complaints or discontent, they are exiled to the Tafilelt, the cradle of the reigning family, whither, since the time of Moulay Ismaïl, the majority of his descendants have been deported.[1] Although they are the objects of special respect, the relatives of the Sultan have no outward homage paid them, and take the greatest care to keep in the background. As for the Alaouitic Shorfa, who are more distantly related to the Sultan, they are lost in the main body of the people, and lead the life of ordinary Shorfa, but almost all of them are in receipt of pensions, or even of concessions from the Makhzen. The greater proportion are to be found at Fez, Mekinez, or the Tafilelt; a very few are scattered throughout the tribes.

The Shereefas of the reigning family are subject to a certain control, for they can live, but not marry, as they please. Those who do not come across an Alaouitic Shereef ready to marry them, must remain spinsters. If they have no relations to receive them, they find shelter in one of the two dower-houses that have been established at Fez to take them in. Any attempt on their part to evade this severe restriction would be fruitless. The imprudent person who should venture to marry an Alaouitic Shereefa would be promptly seized by the Makhzen's order, and kept in prison till he consented to a divorce.

The only distraction provided by the *qaïda* to beguile the days of the Sovereign is music. The Sultan has at his command both a private orchestra and the fanfare—the latter constituting, with the parasol, one of the external signs of Moroccan sovereignty. Ten musicians, chosen from the most famous artistes of the country, are in the private service of his majesty—four lutes, three violins, two rebecks, and a tambourine—singing and playing in unison on their respective instruments. The whole orchestra has two conductors—Maallem Said for the violins, and Sidi el-Mehdi bou Setta for the lutes and the rebecks. The band must always be in attendance at the palace, awaiting the orders of their master. When the

Sultan is in a musical mood they are brought into a great room in the imperial apartments, where there are carpets, a couch, and a piano. The Sultan sits on the couch, and chooses the airs that he wishes to hear. It would appear that Moulay Abdelaziz has received an excellent musical training. He plays the rebeck well, the violin and the guitar a little, and even the piano with a certain amount of facility. He must have learned it from his mother, who, born in Circassia and bought at Constantinople, seems to have been a good musician.

It is the private band that instructs the imperial fanfare, or rather fanfares, in the airs they have to play: fanfares—for there are at present two of them. One, which dates from Moulay el-Hassan, is composed of old musicians, who are paid off in turn; the other, composed of younger material, is a creation of Moulay Abdelaziz. So that now there are in this two fanfares 105 musicians, recruited by voluntary engagement, and arranged under the authority of two Kaïds: but their authority is merely nominal, and the actual control is in the hands of two musical directors, chosen from the most skilful players. They wear a special uniform, a great coloured kaftan with the *chechiya* on their head, and play the different instruments in vogue in Europe. Morocco has no national anthem, and, up till now, makes use of a sort of Spanish march. The other airs, which are all based on Arab music, are taught by the musical conductors, who have written them out beforehand, in accordance with the directions of the first violin of the Makhzen.

The fanfare is required to accompany the Sultan when he has to come before the people in all the pomp of sovereignty—on campaign, at the *msalla* for the three great religious festivals, in the *mechouar* on the days of *hediya*, and every Friday when he appears at the prayer, which takes place in the great mosque of Fez el-Djedid. These Fridays are the gala days for the fanfare. In the morning at daybreak, it takes up its position before the imperial chamber, and, failing a request to the contrary

brought by a servant, strikes up, in accordance with Arab custom, the *nouba*,[1] which corresponds to the hour of the day. It returns soon after noon, so that the Sultan's departure for the mosque is, like his return, accompanied by music; and it ends the day by playing some more pieces after the prayer of the *aser* (sunset).

In his anxiety to trample under foot the certainly far from attractive traditions of his dynasty, the caprices and impulses of Moulay Abdelaziz, seems to have been, so far, governed by a threefold principle. The dominant note in the young Sultan's conduct is an immoderate devotion to amusement and to pleasure, a devotion which casts reason to the winds, and refuses to recognise any obstacle if the realisation of a desire is at stake. So far, Moulay Abdelaziz has shown no disposition to become, like his ancestors, either a religious or a warrior Sultan. He prefers to enjoy life amid the temporal advantages afforded him by his imperial position. In disdain of the amusements of the East, this descendant of a religious family, chosen formerly to defend Islam in the Maghreb against the encroachments of the Christians, has given himself up, whole-heartedly, to European tastes. As these tastes have developed, the Sultan has become more and more possessed by the idea of the reform of his Empire, and has advanced towards it with a precipitation begotten of absolute power and the thoughtlessness of youth. And thus it is that, for the last two years, Moulay Abdelaziz has appeared to the least progressive people of all North-West Africa in the guise of the Sultan of universal confusion, and the only Moroccan of his kind.

From the moment that the Sultan lent himself to the attractions Europe has to offer, it was inevitable that he should be specially influenced by one of the two nations, by one of the two ideas, by one of the two civilisations, between which the future of Morocco is being worked out at the present moment. And so it is that he has displayed

[1] *Nouba* (orchestral part), the fanfare or band playing at certain fixed hours, the air played by the music.

a very distinct leaning towards England, and a certain estrangement from France. Not that such an estrangement appears to be incurable, for those who enjoy the intimacy of Moulay Abdelaziz have never remarked any inveterate antipathy towards France or things French. But, till recently, English policy in Morocco has been more fortunate in its circumstances and in its agents than ours, and it was only natural that it should profit accordingly.

The conquest of the Touat by Algerian forces was the first event to impress itself on the young sovereign who had just escaped from the tutelage of Ba Ahmed, and was fresh to the exercise of sovereign power. In it he saw French menace, and still more, an attack made by France on the dignity of his crown. In the spring of 1901, two Moroccan embassies paid a visit to Europe; one visited Paris and St. Petersburg; the other London and Berlin. These were the first official relations established by Moulay Abdelaziz himself with Europe. Si Abdelkerim ben Sliman brought back from Paris an excellent protocol, which defined the frontier between Algeria and Morocco, with the intention of obviating any possible cause of dispute at that point. Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi carried with him from London, along with an indefinite document, which alluded to reforms to be undertaken in the Empire, lively impressions, warm encouragement, and cut-and-dry projects. In the path thus indicated by London, the Sultan and his favourite, Si el-Mehdi, embarked with a juvenile ardour, that was continually fomented by British diplomacy at Fez.

In France we show a certain tendency to compare Moroccan with Egyptian affairs, and to draw inferences from our painful experiences in the valley of the Nile, to guide our policy in the Maghreb. It would be impossible to make a comparison more misleading, and those who seek to judge Morocco by Egyptian standards are certain to fall into error. Morocco and Egypt bear no other resemblance to one another than that they are both Mussul-

man countries and speak Arab dialects. In all else, no countries could be more dissimilar. Egypt is as compact, and the Khedive's authority as centralised, as Morocco is broken up into incoherent tribes, and the Shereefian power precarious. The Egyptian has readily yielded to European influence, which has only had to make itself central to dominate the whole country. The Moroccan is obstinate in his resistance to all external influence, which, to be successful, would have to seek out the different elements of the Empire, one after the other, before gaining control over them. In the plain of the Nile the supineness of the agricultural fellah has offered no resistance to such successive domination, whilst in the mountains of the Maghreb no conqueror has, so far, ever permanently affected Berber independence.

For more than a century Christian foreigners have found no difficulty in settling all along the Nile, and have gradually made their way into the Khedive's Government, whereas European settlements are still confined to the Moroccan coasts, where, save at Tangier, they develop with difficulty, and at the present moment they have no real hold on the Makhzen. It has taken the exactions of the joint domination to provoke, after half a century of patience, a painfully abortive movement of Egyptian nationality. Morocco, less docile, has not awaited the actual establishment of European reforms: the reaction has been preventive. The first rumour, the first menace, was followed by the rising which led to the apparition of Bou Hamara. Nothing, then, could be more misleading than to look at the affairs and the people of the Maghreb from an Egyptian point of view, and European influence, when it is in a fair way towards establishing itself in Morocco, will, from the nature of the case, assume a wholly different character from that of Egypt.

Further, the reciprocal interests of France and England do not wear the same aspect in Morocco as in Egypt. Egypt is obviously the keystone of the British Empire, and English policy has been forced to regard the gradual absorp-

tion of the Egyptian State as an unavoidable necessity. Morocco, on the contrary, is the keystone of our African Empire, and must perforce, in one way or another, enter the sphere of our imperial activities. For England it represents a simple buffer State, serving to guard from continental contact with a great military power the approaches to the naval base, which secures for the British Empire the entrance to the Western Mediterranean. All she desires is to aim at a system permitting of the development of a sufficiently effective buffer State in the Maghreb, as she has succeeded in making of Afghanistan against Russia, and of Siam against our Indo-Chinese Empire. Ever taken up, as it has been, with modifying the Moroccan *status quo* to its own advantage, English diplomacy has never hesitated to make use, time and again, of occasions that seemed favourable to gain a firm hold on the Makhzen, and to reform Moroccan chaos with an order conformable to its own interests. We should recognise that the awakening of Moulay Abdelaziz to the feeling of power must have afforded (in the very conditions in which it presented itself) to the English agents in Morocco a wonderful chance of success. It was a unique moment, in which, taking advantage of the inexperience of the young sovereign, his impetuous enthusiasm for things European, his impulsive character, and the weakness of the Makhzen, it seemed possible to rush matters, and make an unwilling Morocco undergo a sudden transformation, from which it would emerge tranquilly reformed by English influences, or else, if it resisted, entangled in an inextricable network of European interests.

When Ba Ahmed died, and the young Sultan found himself thus freed from the galling tutelage of the Grand Vizier, the Court was at Marrakech. From that time European merchants established in the Moroccan ports began to find access to the Dar-el-Makhzen easier, and Shereefian orders became numerous. Marrakech offered few occasions favourable to the development of the European education of the young Sultan. The southern capital com-

municates with an inhospitable coast, in whose ports are cooped up foreign settlements of the very lowest type, which vegetate there utterly unknown. By sea the communications are infrequent and difficult, and hardly a tourist adventures himself in these far from favoured regions. When the Court came to Rabat, to take the road for Fez, where it was established in March of 1902, the Sultan had already come into closer contact with Europe. The Moroccan ambassadors had returned from Paris, London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, full of the marvels of European civilisation. At Rabat Moulay Abdelaziz was on the seaboard, whence his imagination could carry him, with no great flight, towards the realisation of his European desires. A French and an English mission, who visited the Court at the time, remarked with pleasure or with stupefaction, according to their interests, the transformation wrought in this crowned Shereef, the Imam *par excellence* of the North-West of Africa, now infatuated with Europe, and the slave of the most extravagant caprices. During the course of last year the Shereefian tendencies burst into full flower. At this unlooked-for opportunity parties of European adventurers were formed spontaneously, with a view to exploiting the young sovereign, and Cook's agency began to bring to Fez a certain number of tourists, who were anxious to amuse themselves with the hitherto unknown spectacle of a Sultan of Morocco taking his first awkward steps in our civilisation.

Among those who used or abused this windfall, the cheeriest, and, at the same time, the most important set, was that of Sir Harry Maclean. Sir Harry is a Scotchman, an old officer of the garrison at Gibraltar, who, for some reason or other, left the English army. He went over to Morocco and took service there as instructor in the army of the Sultan Moulay el-Hassan. For twenty-five years he stagnated, forming with difficulty a model battalion of infantry, the *tabor* of the Harraba, and seeking to extend his feeble authority as instructor over other *tabors*.

However, thanks to the ungrateful task that he executed

patiently and unweariedly, Sir Harry began to gain a footing in Morocco, and came, more and more, to be looked upon as a sort of Makhzen functionary by the Moroccans—a successor of those renegades whom the Sultans of the Maghreb had always been wont to keep among their following, and sometimes among their counsellors. He became Kaïd Maclean, and, like the other Kaïds, frequented the Dar el-Makhzen at the morning hour of the Makhzeniya, took his place at the door of the Viziers among the crowd of their clients, and adopted the humble attitude of the Moroccan *mokhazni*. He wore the turban, wide trousers tucked into yellow boots, with a kaftan and a burnouse. Every one in the imperial cities knew him, under the name of "C'ronel."

After the emancipation of Moulay Abdelaziz, fortune began to smile on Sir Harry Maclean. He found himself the only European of his type who was a permanent figure at the Court, and genuinely Makhzen. His long residence in Morocco, and his Moroccan manners, made him to be regarded rather as a Moroccan than an Englishman. He was thus well suited to inspire confidence, and to initiate the young Sultan into the mysteries of Europe. From that time, offices crowded on him. To his humble position of military instructor, which had been the starting-point of his Moroccan career, he added, little by little, that of friend, confidant, and entertainer of the Sultan. It was he who introduced strangers to the palace, and organised European amusements. He became, moreover, the political, financial, and commercial agent of the Makhzen.

When the Court is at Fez, the Sultan resides at Fez el-Djedid. Fez el-Djedid is an immense Kasbah, enclosed in old battlemented walls, and defended by towers and fortresses. Above the markets and hovels rise the high walls of the Dar el-Makhzen, the imperial palace. It is divided into two parts—one of them public, serving in the morning as the meeting-place of the Viziers, and forming the official palace; the other private, constituting the actual dwelling-place of the Sultan, and prolonged in the shady gardens

of Lalla Mina and the new plantations of the Aguedal. There a Sultan of Morocco must pass the days which he spends in his northern capital.

Till the complaints of his people caused him to retire into his shell, Moulay Abdelaziz had sought to introduce the gaieties of Europe within the austere precincts of the Dar el-Makhzen. In the morning he cannot escape the necessity of occupying himself with affairs of state. He listens absent-mindedly to his Viziers, and displays little interest, it would seem, in the questions with which they deal; and as he is of a rather timid nature, he is said to leave the whole responsibility of deciding with them, counting on their mutual rivalries and intrigues to keep the balance true. On some occasions he intervenes in an attempt to carry the resolutions suggested to him by his advisers or favourite entertainers, or to assert the privileges of his personal authority and dignity, of which he is extremely jealous. The evening is sacred to the pleasures of the harem. The afternoon was the real period of recreation in the prince's day, when he could come into daily contact with the things of Europe.

The scene was enacted in a corner of the Dar el-Makhzen specially arranged for it. One of the carved massive doors of the new *mechouar* leads into a little court of irregular shape, surrounded, except on one side, by buildings rising in storeys. The court is closed in at the bottom by a wall with a door in the middle.

Once inside the door, one enters a vast rectangular space paved with the mosaic of enamelled brick customary at Fez, and lighted up by some plots of flowers. The ground rises gently towards a pavilion, painted blue: on the left is a high wall, and on the right a line of barred cages, which contain the imperial menagerie—lions, tigers, panthers, a polar bear, and a cassowary. The whole collection was brought once from Germany by Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, and given into the charge of a German keeper, who bolted when Bou Hamara appeared.

In the buildings of the entrance court are the offices of

the Sultan's European employés, and on the first storey a billiard-room, the chief theatre of the operations of Maclean and his set. Such is the portion of the Dar el-Makhzen given over to Europe.

Every day at four o'clock, the young monarch would leave the inner sanctuary of his palace, appear from the blue pavilion, and pay a visit to his Europeans, who always (such was the etiquette) awaited him at the appointed hour in the billiard-room or the offices. Two hours, or two hours and a half, a day would be spent by the crowned Shereef in familiar intercourse with the Europeans who thus devoted themselves to his pleasures. He would laugh and joke with them, take them by the arm, tap them on the shoulder. They made themselves understood as best they could, for the Sultan knows no foreign language, and the greater part of his entertainers understood only a few words of Arabic. Communications were made mainly by gestures. It was only necessary to speak of something to Moulay Abdelaziz or show him a photograph or engraving in an illustrated paper. In a moment the royal imagination had caught the hint, and, without troubling about the price, an order was soon given to one or other of the rival merchants—sometimes two or three orders, to avoid disappointing any one. Usually the orders ran in series, according to the taste of the moment. For whole periods he would be devoted to sport, at others to photography, at others again to machinery. The last phase was a military one, and cannon, rifles, and ammunition were ordered with enthusiasm. The order once given, it was for the beneficiary to accomplish it to the best of his ability, for the royal caprice easily took a new turn, and it was forgotten after the next day; but the arrival of the object would revive his interest in it. As soon as it was unpacked, it would become the plaything of the moment, the sole interest of the day, till a new toy came to take the place of the already antiquated object, which went to join with the rest of the lumber accumulated in the Dar el-Makhzen.

The orders that have been juggled out of the Sultan by

his European hangers-on are sometimes incredible. Of course, jewels have played the biggest part, but the transport of an English billiard-table on camel-back from Larache to Fez was the splendid idea of Sir Harry Maclean, who is also responsible for a gala carriage in crimson and gold with green cushions. Numbers of different motor cars, bicycles, a hansom, and several horses have also arrived. A Decauville railway has been half laid down at the entrance to the palace, and awaits better days. Steam launches, balloons, ice machines, all the known photographic apparatus, cinematographs, wireless telegraphs, and so on—the most varied and capricious of whims have been successfully suggested to the imagination of Moulay Abdelaziz, and the royal wishes dutifully carried out by interested agents.

Between the orders—the affair that principally concerned the Sultan's recognised entertainers—it was necessary to keep things going; so various games and ingenious amusements were organised to fill the empty afternoons. Sometimes the Sultan would be shown pictures calculated to lead to useful and profitable explanations; sometimes they made him play billiards. On other days the court of the offices would be used for tennis, in which the Sultan took part in boots and riding-breeches, with his *djellaba* tucked up. For long periods they would cycle or motor in the Aguedal. On particularly gay occasions the Sultan has been seen sitting on the back seat driving himself in a hansom with a red body, which owes its introduction to British influence.

As the King is ready to be familiar, some of his European friends have often replied with familiarities distinctly in bad taste. One fine day his English amusers found it a great joke to take away his *djellaba*, put an enormous turban on his head, and rig him out in a fantastic military uniform. What is worse, they made haste to photograph him in this deplorable get-up, so that one can buy in the Mellah of Fez the miserable figure of Moulay Abdelaziz, dressed in a circus costume, and looking miserably at the effect produced

upon his subjects by this monstrous pleasantry. As the Mussulmans feel a certain religious scruple against any reproduction of the human form, nothing could have more discredited the Sultan in the eyes of his people than such a photograph.

The task of providing distractions for the prince having become somewhat heavy for the only interested persons, they took the measure of summoning to their aid all the Europeans, tourist or resident at Fez, assumed to be in sympathy with their efforts. Names were then suggested, and soon honoured with a royal invitation; so that quite a little European society made the Dar el-Makhzen its meeting-place. At the request of his amusers the Sultan began to give the most extraordinary audiences. Cook's tourists came to attend the royal inspection in the office-court. Enticed by what was going on, strange adventurers and women of ill-fame flocked from Tangiers to try their fortune.

This methodical exploitation of the prince's inexperience has naturally set the impressionable brain of Moulay Abdelaziz in a ferment of ideas, each more impracticable than the other. This prince, kindly but domineering, violent yet weak, has readily persuaded himself that his power is absolute. He has had a vision of a backward and savage Morocco, allowing itself to be reformed in a moment by an exercise of the sovereign's will, adopting European innovations without any resistance, and covered with railways and motor tracks; and he looked forward in a distant apotheosis to the welcome paid in Paris and London to the Sultan reformer. As the work of reformation cannot proceed by itself in Morocco, the Sultan undertook, as the first move in the game, to reform his house before reforming his people. The Shereefian harem paid the penalty of the experiment. Moulay Abdelaziz began to try on his women the effect produced on Oriental imagination by the objects, grave and gay, that entertained his afternoons. The Sultan's women were dressed in silk clothes and hats with feathers. Some even found wigs inflicted

on them, and on Thursdays, which are days out for the imperial harem, the little company had to toil at the bicycle.

I hasten to say that in the colossal farce, of which the Dar el-Makhzen has for two years been the scene, our national ingenuity has not allowed itself to be outdistanced by British activity. The Maclean set has been more showy and picturesque in its methods, and for this simple reason its operations had the first claim to be described. But our merchants in Morocco have obtained a very considerable proportion of the orders, and it is untrue that the Moroccan Government has engaged numbers of English functionaries. Apart from several military instructors, of a very mixed nationality, and quite useless besides, there are, as yet, no strangers in the service of the Makhzen, only several employés have been engaged by the imperial household. The English have supplied engineers, machinists, gardeners, a photographer, and a farrier, whilst two engineers and a pyrotechnist are French. This little group has, however, displayed a real inferiority to its English rivals. It has been content to enjoy the considerable advantage of its situation by doing as much business as possible. The Maclean set has been more ambitious, and set itself to undertake more arduous tasks. It has succeeded in giving an indubitably British varnish to the two courts of the Dar el-Makhzen which are sacred to European amusements, in teaching the Sultan a dozen English words, and in making itself responsible for the childish and imprudent actions that led to the present disturbance, and the appearance of Bou Hamara.[1] In fact, although in his quality of the young Sultan's favourite, Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi

[1] Anxious to put an end to the scandal caused among the people by the Sultan's amusers and employés, the Makhzen attempted to get rid of them in April 1903, by requesting, as a prudential measure, the departure of Europeans from Fez. But the plan fell through several times, owing to the resistance of the persons interested, and the unwillingness of Moulay Abdelaziz himself. In the end, however, the Makhzen got its way. The general exodus took place in the first half of October 1903, and the amusers had to return temporarily to the coast. They were recalled to Fez in the beginning of January 1904.

cloaked the royal diversions every day with his Mussulman presence, public opinion soon got scent of the highly heterodox nature of what was going on at the Dar el-Makhzen. Now, the public opinion, represented not by any one person whatsoever, but by the bulk of the Marabouts, Shorfa, and Oulemas, aspires to guide and control the Sultan, and these persons desire, above all, to be sure that the Sultan is keeping to the path of strict orthodoxy, which the Shereefian dynasties have been called to the throne to maintain. The Fasis, who are of an acute intellect and a critical nature, took it on themselves to warn the tribes, and to excite public opinion against the dangerous innovations with which Moulay Abdelaziz was playing so unwisely. In fact, it was a sudden shock to their ideas and customs. All the strange inventions introduced at the palace appeared to them as so many omens of a coming loss of their independence. After they had put up grudgingly for ten years with the presence of three consuls, a handful of Europeans, and a few passing tourists, the sudden influx of employés and visitors entering the royal palace like masters, and hustling the poor Fasis in the streets with a lordly arrogance, seemed to them the prelude of the foreign conquest.

A day even came, in July 1902, when, to celebrate the circumcision of one of his brothers, the Sultan could get forty Europeans present at Fez to attend a banquet. Besides, the prince's whims hardly consulted the convenience of the people. On certain days, negroes armed with sticks drove the crowd out of the passages and *mechouars* in the vicinity of the palace to ensure the secret passage of the automobiles which were carrying the Sultan on the road to progress with his wives and his friends; and for hours the passers-by had to cool their heels behind closed doors awaiting the re-establishment of communication between Fez el-Djedid and Fez el-Bali.

The Sultan having decided to connect his palace and the garden of the Dar Debibagh, about two miles from Fez, in the plain of the Saïs, by a little Decauville railway,

without any hesitation the roads were blocked by hedges of prickly branches, and people had to make an enormous *détour*. To crown everything, Moulay Abdelaziz seemed to take a pleasure in breaking with all the traditions of his line, and that occasioned a great scandal in one of the chief cities of Islam, which was proud of the part it had played in Moroccan history, and imbued with a profound respect for ancient customs. When the young monarch had to give an audience to Moroccans, he barely concealed his boredom in a few brief words, and soon dismissed persons of the highest rank with a careless benediction. The most solemn ceremonies in which it was the duty of his Shereefian majesty to take part were regarded by him as barbarous, and henceforward *hediyas* were got through in twenty minutes in order that Moulay Abdelaziz might not have to renounce his day's amusements. At the last Aïd el-Kebir, the Sultan reached the *msalla* very much later than the ordinary hour, and during the whole morning of the great day the scandalised households waited, with growing impatience, the signal for the annual sacrifice.

Not that the city itself has any dangerous aptitude for revolt. The Fasis have become very peaceable people, among whom an outbreak is scarcely to be feared. But they represent the historical centre of the Maghreb : the tomb of Moulay Edriss is in their guardianship. They form the most compact mass of Moorish population, and so constitute the most important centre of Arab culture in the whole of North-West Africa. Fez is a city of sages and of merchants. The Fasis have gone too far down the slope of refinement and decadence ever to have recourse to force, but their tongue is quick, their criticisms acute, and their sarcasm mordant. All the tittle-tattle is picked up by the tribesmen, less refined, but more energetic, and hawked about the Berber mountains. From the gossip of Fez, the highlanders of the vicinity have come to talk with horror of the Christian Sultan. They united for a sacred war, and it was the empty words of the Fasis that, in the event, aroused for revolt the Djebala and the Beraber.

CHAPTER X

THE MAKHZEN

The Origin of the Moroccan Government—The Saadian Organisation and the Rise of the Makhzen: Turkish Influence—The Work of Moulay Ismail—Formation and History of the Four Great Makhzen Tribes—Sheraga, Bouakhar, Oudaïa, and Sherarda—The Guich of Ehl-Sus—The Five quasi-Makhzen Tribes of the Haouz—Present Distribution of the Makhzen Forces—Organisation of the Guich Tribes: their Obligations—Aristocratic Character of the Institution of the Makhzen—The Permanent and the Temporary Element: Mokhaznis, Secretaries, Kaïds, and Oumana—The Evolution of the Makhzen: Creation of a Standing Army: The Predominance of Secretaries and Oumana—The Influence of the Moors of Fez.

FEZ.

THE crisis that the imprudence of Moulay Abdelaziz let loose has had the peculiarity that, save for several weeks in December 1902 and January 1903, it has never assumed an acute character. It has betrayed itself by extensive disturbances, by an outburst of indignation against the sovereign, by a continual weakening of the central power, and an uninterrupted movement of decay in the administration. Under the pressure of events, the State of Morocco is tending to return to inorganic chaos. It is only maintained by the resistant force of the Makhzen—the sole element of cohesion, that is, which is capable of impressing itself on the national anarchy.

In its present form, the Makhzen is a modern creation. None the less, as soon as Morocco, at the end of the eighth century, asserted its individuality in the Mussulman world, the fundamental characteristics of Moroccan government manifested themselves.

After the original Shereefian dynasty, which for two

centuries existed on the strength of its religious prestige alone, it was force that gave power and ensured its continuance.

A powerful tribe like the Zerrata or the Beni-Meryn, a fanatical sect, such as the Almoravids or the Almohads, suddenly arose, imposed its authority on the scattered tribes, established its military power at the centre of the Empire, and subsisted as long as it was successful in crushing its intestine feuds or rival pretensions. This favoured set governed by right of conquest. To make this fact the clearer, the Almohad prince who first regulated the taxes imposed them on the submissive plain, although this plain was the ground of Islam, and contented himself with regarding the impenetrable mountain as capitulated territory. Thus the distinction between the *Blad el-Makhzen* and the *Blad es-Siba* became explicit, and with it, in Makhzen territory itself, the superiority of the privileged division, which furnished a military contingent, to the subservient mass, which pays the tax (*naïba*) in token of allegiance.

Such a Government did not require to be very complicated. At the head was the Kaïd of the tribe, or the head of the sect, who became the Emir, or, in the language of our Middle Ages, the Miramolin : the army was composed of the tribesmen, or those attached to the tribe : the Sheikhs or *moqaddems* formed the sovereign's counsel, and the only executive agents were a Hagib, who fulfilled the duties of Chamberlain, a Vizier for the administrative work, a secretary for the correspondence, and two Kadis, one at Fez and the other at Marrakech, to assure the performance of the services arising from the religious law.

With the advent of new Shereefian dynasties conditions altered, and the primitive system was no longer found applicable to the new *régime*. To raise them to power, the Shorfa had had behind them neither tribe nor sect, and so had no army already constituted with a view to their support. At the beginning of the sixteenth century, it was the rising authority of the *zaouïas* that stimulated the renascence of Islamism, and gave birth to the Saadians.

The general pressure of opinion had been sufficient to make them leave the oases of the Draa, and put into their hands, along with the sovereign power, the mission of checking Portuguese and Spanish progress on the coast. At the time, the Saadians had only several bands from the south around them, with whom they crossed the Atlas. They were, for the most part, Arabs of the Sahara, recruited in the Sus-Ouled-Djeorar, Ouled-Mettaa, Zenara, and Shebanat, who were soon settled in the Gharb, to keep in check the northern tribes, who were obstinate in their loyalty to the dying Merinids.

In their desire to gain resources for themselves, to form a Court and an army, the Saadians were naturally led to adopt the model of the Turks, who were organising their recent settlement in Algeria, by strengthening the weak Ottoman forces with native military colonies, and Makhzen tribes, who received immunity from taxes in exchange for service. And further, the Turks succeeded in forcing themselves on the attention of the new dynasty by their very proximity, by their intrigues, and their threatening espousal of the cause of the last Merinids, and lastly, by the welcome they accorded to discontented Shorfa, destined, in the sequel, to rise to the throne. It was the Turkish influence, then, that was predominant in the Saadian organisation. The Moroccan Court assumed most majestic airs, and adopted the parasol, the ensign of sovereignty. The *naïba* was increased. The warlike Sultan Ahmed el-Mansour summoned Turkish drill-instructors, and formed the main body of his army out of bands of renegades, Andalusian Moors, negroes, and Turks. However, to give satisfaction to the Arab element, he also included in his army troops from the Sus and a band of Sheraga. All the Bedouin tribes of the region of Tlemcen Oudjda are lumped together by the Moroccans, under the name of Sheraga (Orientals). In this way the Saadians united the people of the East, who had been driven back into Morocco by the Turkish conquest. This was the origin of the two first Makhzen tribes.

Under the Saadians, and in the course of their constitu-

tion, the two tribes were not equally fortunate. Ehl-Sus was given the ungrateful task of garrisoning Tadla and Marrakech. The Sheraga, more fortunate, were continually being recruited by bands from the East. Under the favour of the Sultan Abdallah ben Echcheikh they became extraordinarily strong, and ended by constituting the greater part of the Shereefian army, and receiving numerous grants of land in the environs of Fez. Their arrogance became so insufferable that the Fasis rose against them and massacred a large number. Consequently they were concerned in all the agitations that marked the close of the Saadian period.

With the second half of the seventeenth century began for the Saadians the inevitable decay to which all the Moroccan dynasties have successively succumbed. A favoured tribe carries matters with a high hand in the Haouz, an influential *zaouïa* dominates the Gharb, and the Alaouitic Shorfa rise in the Tafilelt.

When these last had definitely established the present dynasty, it happened that Moulay er-Rechid, on his march towards the northern capital, attached several eastern clans to his cause, who were to furnish the Sheraga with a fresh lease of prosperity. As the Sultan wished to take the complaints of the people of Fez into consideration, he settled them all together at the bend of the Sebou up to its junction with the river Ouargha.[1] There the Sheraga have prospered, and prosperity has cured them of their turbulence, and they remain there still, the nearest Makhzen tribe to Fez.

Moulay Ismaïl the Great, who reigned from 1672 to 1727, developed the first germs of the Makhzen by eliminating the Turkish character impressed on them by the Saadians. Wishing to create a purely Moroccan institution, he laid, with the Bouakhar and the Oudaïa, the solid

[1] Anxious to keep some of the Sheraga at his side, Moulay er-Rechid constructed the Kasbah of the Khemis at the gates of Fez el-Djedid, where he established a company charged with guarding the roads of the Saïs. It is to-day the Kasbah of the Sherarda.

foundations on which the authority of the Shorfa of the Tafilelt rests to this day.

When, at the beginning of his reign, Moulay Ismaïl planned out the reorganisation of his army, an important member of his suite, Alilech by name, drew his attention to the register which contained the effective black troops formed by the Saadian prince. In this way was suggested to Moulay Ismaïl the idea of forming the corps of Abid (slaves).[1] By his orders 14,000 negroes were soon got together, and the result was the tribe of the Bouakhar. Their descendants served to recruit the powerful army, thanks to which Moulay Ismaïl succeeded in holding the whole of Morocco, by distributing black garrisons in a succession of Kasbahs from the mouth of the Moulouya to the river Noun. At his death there were 150,000 men on the roll of the Abid. A Marabout of the Djebel had sent Moulay Ismaïl a copy of the book of Abou Abdallah el-Bokhari, the author of the most celebrated collection of Hadith, and the Sultan presented the sacred work to his Abid, saying, "You and I are all the servants of the tradition of the Prophet, on whom may God pour forth His blessing." Then all swore on the book, "All that the Prophet has enjoined we will do, and all that he has forbidden we will avoid." From that time the Abid have

[1] Alilech, who was commissioned to seek out the survivors of the ancient battalion, now scattered throughout the whole of Morocco, succeeded in getting 3000 names of slaves and freedmen. Moulay Ismaïl gave orders to buy back the slaves, enlist the freedmen, provide wives for the unmarried, and concentrated the force at Mechraa Erremel, in the valley of the Sebou, between Mekinez and Salay. A second levy, carried out under similar conditions among the Beni-Hasen and the tribes of the north, produced 2000 negroes more, who were joined by 3000 others, in response to an appeal addressed to all the cities of Morocco. Eight thousand negroes were then stationed at Mechraa Erremel. The two tribes of Tanesna and Doukkala each sent 2000 armed and mounted negroes. The first contingent was settled at the Tadla, the second at the Kasbah of Adakhnas, near Mekinez. Finally, in 1678, Moulay Ismaïl brought back from an expedition beyond the Great Atlas yet another 2000, who went to join the bulk of the Abid at Mechraa Erremel.

been named Abid el-Bokhari, or, more simply, Bouakhar—that is, the servants of the book of Bokhari—for the copy sent from the Djebel became their talisman, and is still in their guardianship, and goes with them in all their expeditions.

The corps of the Oudaïa owes its constitution and its fortune to women. The mother of Moulay Ismaïl belonged to this tribe, and the Sultan himself, in the course of his expedition to the Sus, married the daughter of a M'ghrafa Sheikh, Khenatsa ben Bekkar, who became the mother of Moulay Abdallah. Summoned by the sovereign, the different divisions of this favoured tribe arrived one after the other. They came from all points of the mountain, and even from as far as the Tafilelt. Those of Ehl-Sus, the first followers of the Saadians that the garrison system chanced to have established at Oudjda, were recalled to join their newly arrived brethren. And so the whole body of the Oudaïa, with its three clans, the Ehl-Sus, the M'ghrafa, and the Oudaïa, properly so called, was established in the plain of the Saïs, within the walls of Fez el-Djedid, and in the mountainous mass that breaks off from the Zerhoun, between the Saïs and the Beni-Hasen.

Hardly was Moulay Ismaïl in his grave before the Abid and Oudaïa, now the most powerful groups in the Empire, usurped the authority, and threw the country into disorder. The Oudaïa contented themselves with raiding their neighbours and terrorising the city of Fez. As for the Abid, they took up the attitude of Praetorian Guards, arbiters of empire, and began to make and unmake Sultans. The wisdom of Moulay Ismaïl had relegated the greater number of his fifty-four sons to the Tafilelt. From this inexhaustible store the Bouakhar chose in rotation princes at their convenience to raise them to the throne, then sent them back again to the sacred oases, the sovereigns of a day. One of them, Moulay Abdallah, had more tenacity than his brothers. Though dethroned six times running, he always managed to regain the power, and when he died, died Sultan. Related to the Oudaïa on his mother's side,

he ended, in 1745, by interesting them in his cause by uniting them with the Sheraga against the Abid.

This opportune diversion saved the authority of the Alaouites. Henceforward the Sultans could play off their Makhzen tribes against each other, and so make use of them, instead of being their tools.

Moulay Abdallah had still to use a great deal of skill in managing the Oudaïa as well as the Abid; but his son, Sidi Mohammed ben Abdallah, who succeeded him in 1757, found he had more liberty. This prince had passed the last year of his father's life as Khalifa at Marrakech. Circumstances enabled him to make firm allies of the tribes situated in the south, between Saffi and the southern capital. Driven from Marrakech by the Rahamna, he found support in the Abda and the Ahmar. Then the Rahamna themselves, with the fickleness so characteristic of Moroccan tribes, returned to his allegiance, and helped to secure his return. The Menahba and the Harbil, two little tribes, native to the Sus, and established on the slopes of the Djebilet, several hours from Marrakech, completed the forces devoted to the young Sultan's cause.

Under these conditions, Sidi Mohammed found himself in a stronger position with regard to the Oudaïa and the Abid. He was able to repress, with a strong hand, their habitual insubordination, and any reprehensible act was followed by the deportation of the guilty clan. Some of the Oudaïa were transported to Mekinez, some of the Abid to Mehdia, el-Ksar, and the Chaouya. In 1775, the angry Bouakhar revolted for a last time, and proclaimed as Sultan El-Yezid, a son of Sidi Mohammed, who lent himself willingly enough to the design. Crushed by the Oudaïa, the Abid had to submit to fresh deportations. Their old power was finally broken. At first a considerable number of them were distributed in the ports of Tangier, Larache, and Rabat; but their behaviour was still so troublesome that the Sultan had recourse to more drastic measures. The tribes of the Gharb were asked to seize the Abid in Tangier and Larache, who thus became colonists,

and were swallowed up in the Bedouin population. Those in Rabat were sent to the Haouz, and as far as the Sus. Under this crushing blow, it seemed that the Bouakhar must disappear for ever. But it was soon seen that with them disappeared the Moroccan army, as constituted at the time, and Sidi Mohammed himself reorganised a corps of Abid, which is still maintained at Mekinez.

Freed from their rivals, the Oudaïa became, in their turn, predominant, and consequently insufferable. As the Sultans did all they could to reduce their influence, the Oudaïa revolted. In 1824, when Moulay Abderrahman ordered the arrest of their Kaïds, Fez el-Djedid rose in revolt. The Sultan fled to Mekinez to seek the support of the Abid, and a siege of forty days was needed to recapture the city. The rebel chiefs were arrested, and the dispersion of the tribe began. Each of the three clans was sent to a different destination—the Ehl-Sus were settled at Rabat, the M'ghrafa in the vicinity of Marrakech. As for the Oudaïa, properly so called, they were sent first of all to Larache, then brought back to the vicinity of Fez, on the banks of the river Mekkes, where they still reside. Moulay Abderrahman's anger against the Oudaïa was so hot that he wished to degrade the tribe, and expel it for ever from the Makhzen.

The clan of the Oudaïa, which was banished to the Haouz, was established a little distance from Marrakech, in the territory of the Sherarda. The Sherarda were an Arab settlement, originally from the Sus, composed, to a considerable extent, of the same elements that had followed the fortunes of the Saadians, and later on contributed to form the *guich* of the Oudaïa, to wit, members of the Zerara, Shebanat, Ouled-Delim, Tegena and Doui-Belah. In the middle of the eighteenth century, one of their number, the Sheikh Aboul Abbes ech-Sherradi, became a famous Marabout in the following of a Sheikh of the Draa named Sidi Ahmed ben Nasser, who was the founder of the brotherhood of the Nasseriyin. The son of Sheikh Aboul Abbes exploited his father's *baraka*, assembled a band of followers, and built

a *zaouïa*, round which the Sherarda tribe centred. The grandson, Sidi el-Mehdi, grew so powerful, that the Zaouïet ech-Sherardi became the most important in the Haouz, and began to make the Makhzen uneasy. An expedition despatched against it was repulsed. The Sultan, Moulay Sliman, who came at the head of his troops, was made prisoner, and detained for three days in the *zaouïa*.

Moulay Abderrahman succeeded in avenging his father. This time the Makhzen was victorious, and the *zaouïa* was destroyed. Sidi el-Mehdi fled to the Sahara, his household was banished to Mekinez, and the Sherarda were transported *en masse* to the hilly country that lies between the Zerhoun and the Sebou, to make room for the Oudaïa, who thenceforward occupied their territory in the Haouz.

The degradation of the Oudaïa lasted for several years. Then came the unpleasant experience of Isly, and, above all, it was seen that an exaggerated reduction in the number of the Makhzen tribes paved the way for the recrudescence of the Bouakhar. So the Oudaïa were reinvested with their ancient privileges, and the Sherarda themselves reconstituted as a *guich* tribe under the authority of Sidi el-Mehdi, who returned from the Sahara to give his submission, and become the Kaïd of his tribe. And now at last, Moulay el-Hassan judged it an opportune moment to reconstitute the *guich* of Ehl-Sus at Fez el-Djedid, which he formed of emigrants from the Sus and the Tafilelt, with a small contingent of Djebala to make up the sum; it was reinforced by the little clan of the Ouled-Driss, taken from the Sherarda, and settled in the Saïs, on the Sfrou route.

So, by gradual evolution, the present system of the Makhzen grew up, to take the place, under Shereefian dynasties, of the ancient despotism of a tribe or sect. For long it remained doubtful if one of the new Makhzen tribes would not become preponderant, and impose its will on the other tribes and the Sultan himself. It took the Alaouitic Shorfa a century and a half of struggles to keep these too favoured tribes apart, to pit them one against the other, reduce their reciprocal pretensions, and bring them to their

present state of equilibrium and peaceful dependence on the central power. The Makhzen tribes, thus tamed, continue to form the theoretical basis of the Shereefian authority, the defence of the dynasty, the garrison of the imperial cities, and the chief reserve from which the Government officials are drawn.

As has been seen, the four local Makhzen tribes, all Arab or Arabised, and originally from the Sahara or the Sherg (east), are the Sheraga, the Bouakhar, the Oudaïa, and the Sherarda. The Sheraga, the Sherarda, and the Oudaïa of the river Mekkes are centred round Fez. The *guich* of Ehl-Sus occupies Fez el-Djedid; the Bouakhar garrison Mekinez; a clan of the Oudaïa protects Rabat. Lastly, besides the clan of the Oudaïa settled in the Haouz, the garrison of Marrakech is entrusted to the Rahamna, Ahmar, Abda, Menahba, and Harbil. But these five last tribes, although they possess a quasi-Makhzen character, are not true *guich* tribes. They do not possess the privileges of such tribes, and the assistance required of them is confined within strict limits.

Fez el-Djedid, Mekinez, the Kasbahs of Marrakech and Rabat, are all Makhzen. It is the same with Larache, Tangier, and its suburbs, the Fahs.

At the end of the seveneenth century these two cities were recovered from the Spanish and the English, thanks to the assistance of the *Moudjahidin*, volunteers in the Sacred War, enlisted from the whole region. When these places had been evacuated by the infidels, they were repopulated with Riffians and Djebala, and the population was made *guich*. Such are the fortresses scattered throughout the country, with their frail garrisons, on which the Sultan and his Makhzen depend for the security of the Government of the Empire.

Of course the Makhzen tribes possess a different organisation from that of the other submissive tribes. They are, in fact, military settlements, all of whose members are Makhzen, whose whole life is devoted to the service of the sovereign. In exchange for this life-long service, they live on the lands that royal munificence has assigned their

ancestors, are exempt from taxes, and have a greater opportunity than that of members of other tribes of reaching the highest ranks in the State.

The Governor of Makhzen cities is a *guich* Pasha—that is, a military governor. The Governor of Mekinez is Pasha of the Bouakhar, whilst the Governor of Fez el-Djedid has the *guich* of Ehl-Sus also under his command. At the present moment the Sheraga are the only Makhzen tribe possessing one Pasha, uniting all the different clans under his single authority. The Sherarda and the Oudaïa are portioned out between four Kaïds.

In these special tribes the administrative unit is a military one. The clan becomes the *raha*, called upon to furnish a permanent contingent of 500 men, of whom the Kaïd er-Raha is at the same time the commander. The Kaïd er-Raha has under him five Kaïds el-Mia, captains of 100 men, each of whom has four *moqaddems* under his orders. The ordinary soldier of the *guich* is called a *mokhazni*. Pasha and Kaïds er-Raha alike are nominated by the Sultan with the consent of the tribes. Theoretically the whole contingent is required to be present in the city to which it is attached, where they are provided with provisions along with the monthly pay (*rateb*), which means that, designedly, the tribal authorities are constantly absent from their territory. Local administration is in the hands of Sheikhs, who are the Khalifas of the Kaïds er-Raha. As a matter of fact, the military obligations of the Makhzen tribes have become more and more relaxed. It is rarely that each tribe supports more than 400 or 500 *mokhaznis* at a time. As the Makhzen tribes were, in their origin, military settlements, with a homogeneous organisation, it follows that their territory has, in most cases, remained Makhzen property. Such is the case with the Oudaïa and the Sherarda, who simply have the usufruct of their territory. The Sheraga, a more ancient settlement, have obtained full proprietary rights over almost all their domain. The Bouakhar are likewise proprietors, although the lands adjoining their Mekinez settlement belong entirely to the Makhzen.

Sheraga, Oudaïa, and Sherarda alike have naturally to perform the first duty of every Makhzen tribe, which is to furnish the *guich*. The contingent is proportionate to the number of *rahas* in each tribe, and should always have its full complement. The Oudaïa are divided into three divisions—on the river Mekkes, at Rabat, and in the Haouz. The Sherarda comprise five, which bear the name of the Eastern tribes, from whom they were recruited—Ouled-Djamäa, Hamyau, Beni-Amer, Beni-Senouss, and Sejjaa. The Sherarda seven, called after their Saharan origin—Ouled-Delmi, Shebanat, Zena, and so on. But the population of these three tribes is too large to allow of every member to form a part of the *guich*. Each *raha* confines itself to raising the effective force desired from among the more especially Makhzen families, in which service is hereditary. The rest are exempt from service, but receive no pay. They form the reserve of the *guich*, to be drawn upon for men in case of need, should some military family happen to disappear, should the Sultan be pleased to form a new corps either of *msakhrin* (the Imperial Guard), *askar* (infantry), or gunners, and, finally, should it be necessary to send a reliable body of men to guard any point of the Empire. In such a case, the authorities draw lots for the new families that are to be called to the Makhzen's service. The selection is arbitrary enough, for these three tribes are not accustomed to keep a very exact tribal register.

On the contrary, no one escapes service among the Bouakhar, and in the *guich* of Ehl-Sus. Their numbers were originally fixed, and a register has been kept, which is in the hands of the Makhzen. All, without exception, are at the disposal of the Makhzen, from whom they receive their rations and their pay, and their widows may even be pensioned. The Bouakhar are utterly fallen from their high estate; their effective force has shrunk—hardly could they put in the field 4000 men capable of bearing arms. However, they have a privileged right to certain of the positions at Court, and they overrun the palace,

furnishing a little army of pages (*choursdet*) employed in the domestic service of the Dar el-Makhzen.

The five quasi-Makhzen tribes of the Haouz do not share in all these complications, nor in the privileges that they imply. They pay the *naïba* like other submissive tribes, and their administration has nothing out of the common. The Abda, Ahmar, Rahamna, Menahba, and Harbil have this distinction alone, that each of these tribes sends a contingent of *mokhaznis* to Marrakech, and, further, supplies the Court with a little band of *msakhrin*. The whole is accompanied in the case of each tribe by two Kaïds er-Raha, who are, in most cases, the near relatives of the Kaïd. These *mokhaznis* and *msakhrin* become at once Makhzen, receive the rations and pay, and, unlike their fellow-tribesmen, are exempt from taxes. These are the *guich* contingents, unequally distributed between the four imperial cities, plus Larache and Tangier, which form the solid basis of the Shereefian authority. As their service descends from father to son; as they belong to privileged families, and, in most cases, inherit the paternal rank; as they find themselves, by virtue of heredity, marked out for high positions in the State, we may regard them as a special caste, in whose hands is the government of the country, which, consequently, assumes an aristocratic form. Although the word Makhzen is more particularly applied to the Imperial Government, one is justified in saying that it comprises the whole of the dominant class, from the simple *mokhazni* to the Sultan himself.

This class does not attempt to disguise the violent origin and imperious nature of its authority. Its supreme head, the Sultan, the crowned Shereef, is at the same time a military leader. If he has been raised to power by the religious prestige of his family, and by the *baraka* (the power of benediction), of which he is the rightful possessor, it is much more by force that he maintains himself against rival Shorfa, anxious to exploit their *baraka* concurrently, or against impostors, who are always ready to use popular credulity against the sovereign. Thus, when

the Makhzen shifts from the north to the south of the Empire, from Fez to Marrakech, as it does periodically, following the traditional stages of Mekinez and Rabat, it is accompanied by the whole army, and it is with the same warlike display that it approaches the non-central regions, when it wishes to give proof of its existence at points threatened by disturbance.

In the imperial capitals the Government does not mingle with the population. It lives apart in the Dar el-Makhzen, which forms the centre of the Kasbah. No city is better adapted than Fez to throw into relief the external and superior position of the Makhzen. In the depths of the valley of the river Fez is situated Fez el-Bali, which is the intellectual and commercial centre of the Empire. It is a town of savants and merchants, wealthy and refined, who cherish the precious remnants of the culture and civilisation of the Moors within their beautiful dwellings and charming gardens. In the height, bordering the Saïs, stands Fez el-Djedid, the Makhzen town, where the Court and the Government are to be found. It is a mass of low, common-looking houses, scattered about among fortified passages, vast esplanades, and long lines of battlemented walls. Fez el-Bali is always at daggers drawn with Fez el-Djedid. The Fasis criticise, scorn, and fear the dwellers in the height, whilst the Makhzen, on its side, threatens and oppresses the inhabitants of the lower city. Dominating stratum and dominated mass appear in the most vivid light, the one above the other.

The Makhzen is composed of two elements, one permanent, the other temporary. The permanent element is composed, as we have seen, of the *guich* tribes. The temporary element comprises those individuals from the cities or tribes whose assistance the Makhzen has sought, and who are attached to it during the term of the functions entrusted to them. They are persons who are not Makhzen by birth, but become so for a determinate period of their life, a privilege which they owe to the chances of their career. Such are the Kaïds and the Sheikhs of the tribes,

the Oumana, who are entrusted with financial duties, and the Makhzen secretaries, chosen because of their caligraphy, to carry on the official correspondence. In this way the classes privileged by birth attach to their service all who, in Morocco, whether from the situation of their land, their riches, or their intelligence, succeed in emerging from the unprivileged masses.

Except in the case of tiny tribes, or disaffected peoples, who must be repressed by iron-handed Governors, the functions of Kaïd and of Sheikh always come into the hands of the greatest landowners. The wealthiest merchants become Oumana, and the pick of the students of Karaouiyin have some chance of entering the Makhzen as secretaries. The members of the Makhzen affect to be an open corporation, and do not make a point of repulsing those who succeed in raising themselves. But, in reality, unless a Moroccan has some people of rank in his family, it is very hard for him to gain preferment, and in each generation there are only an infinitesimal proportion of new men. For the hereditary idea is at the bottom of all Moroccan administration. If the Kaïds of the tribes are not hereditary, they are, at all events, chosen from one or two of the most important families in the district. In the army the officers are, in most cases, sons of officers of the same rank. In the financial offices, the sons of Oumana are, in the natural course of things, the successors of their fathers, and in the election of secretaries for the Makhzen a preference is shown for the sons of former secretaries, to the considerable neglect of the annual output of the Medersas. So, alongside of the hereditary Makhzen caste, there has gradually grown up an official Makhzen caste, which, of late days, has developed in such a way as to make it necessary to distinguish it clearly in the Makhzen, where it is tending to become predominant.

The organisation of a national standing army was the first blow struck at the exclusive privilege of the Makhzen tribes. These tribes, in fact, supplied the sole armed force of the

Sultans, and it was for this very reason that they had been declared Makhzen. As the Turks had soon ceased to be a menace to Morocco, the Makhzen army, in its original form, had been sufficient to carry out its task of keeping the tribes in check. The appearance of an external danger with the French conquest in Algeria compelled the Sultans to devise a new military system. The experience of Isly demonstrated the powerlessness of the old army, and the approach of the Christians made it possible for Moulay Abderrahman to bring home to his people the need for a national army, in which the contingents of all the submissive tribes should be incorporated in a permanent fashion. His son, Sidi Mohammed, was the founder of the new Moroccan army. Under his reign the *mokhaznis* ceased to form the active army, and were reduced to their present position, in which they form the permanent garrison of the Makhzen cities, and also act as gendarmes.

The permanent *askar*, and temporary *nouaïb*, furnished by the tribes, became the effective force, which took part in all the Shereefian expeditions, and it was the policy of Sidi Mohammed and Moulay el-Hassan to be continually increasing the number of the tribes who would consent to furnish these contingents. Gradually the submissive tribes ended by consenting, and to-day no resistance is met with, save among the Khlot and the people of the Gharb. In fact, for the last fifty years the Moroccan army has been undergoing a transformation. The ancient Makhzen system is tending to disappear, and the *mokhaznis* no longer possess their old-time value. Their *mounas* and *ratebs* are carelessly paid, and the illustrious corps of the Bouakhar is falling more and more into decay. The Sheraga, who seem best to have maintained their position, do not exceed 4500 horsemen, and the Oudaïa 2000. The creation of a national army has necessarily reduced the authority of the Makhzen tribes. They have lost their original *raison d'être*, and the advantage of forming an exclusive military class, supporting the Shereefian power against the other tribes who were excluded from service. Henceforward all are called to

serve the Sovereign, and, among the *askar*, the *tabors* of the Makhzen tribes are in no way distinguished from those of the other tribes.

Despite this military degradation, which befell them in the middle of the nineteenth century, the Makhzen succeeded in maintaining, up to a very recent date, their predominance in the Government of Morocco. Their privileged place in the imperial guard and among the employments of the palace continued to secure them access to the sovereign, whose councils they dominated. Up to the death of Moulay el-Hassan, who preserved a strict observance of the traditions of his dynasty, the chief men of the Makhzen were sprung, as a general rule, from Makhzen tribes. In 1894, three of his ministers belonged to the great family of the Djemaï, who were of the Sherarga (Ouled-Djamäa). The regency of Ba Ahmed brought to power a negro slave family of the palace. The taste for reforms shown by Moulay Abdelaziz during the last three years, his dislike for received usages, his desire for a sudden unification of the Empire, have dealt the final blow at the predominance of the Makhzen tribes. After having been deprived of the exclusive right of giving soldiers to the Sultan, they are in a fair way towards losing the privilege they still possess, of supplying the Government with its principal members. At the present time secretaries and Oumana have invaded the Makhzen, and members of the *guich* tribes are distinctly in a minority.

To tell the truth, this transformation has arisen from circumstances, as much as from the prince's caprice. It results from the complication of administrative matters and the growing importance of economic questions, which required specialists, and rendered the privilege of birth inadequate. So that the band of officials which really forms the Moroccan Cabinet is to-day composed of three secretaries, four Oumana, and two *mokhaznis* only.

This upward movement of secretaries and Oumana making their way to power, and displacing the *mokhaznis*, introduces a new spirit into the Makhzen. Previously

authority came in the hands of men, at once of the camp and of the country, occupying, along with their fellow-tribesmen, a position superior to that of the Arab or Arabised peoples of the plain, but as truly Bedouin as the members of the non-privileged tribes, possessed of a limited culture, and disposed to regard force as the real basis of the State. It was a military Government, in which the influence of a sort of rural aristocracy was predominant. With the secretaries, who are scholars, and the Oumana, who are rich merchants, begins the *règime* of learning and wealth. The power is coming into the hands of "intellect," and Morocco is watching the dawn of a Government of scholars. The majority of these secretaries and all these Oumana belong to the Moorish population, whose chief centre is Fez, but which swarms at Rabat, Salay, and Tetouan as well. They are refined and cultured people, who preserve, in these cities, all that remains of the glorious Moorish civilisation, affect a profound contempt for the Bedouins of the country, not hesitating to look upon themselves as of superior stock, and form among themselves a society very analogous to that established, in the Middle Ages, in the great commercial cities of Europe. These secretaries and Oumana derive peaceable tastes from their origin. They are better trained for the handling of affairs, and inclined to consider policy a more efficacious instrument than war. They have as fellow-members of the Makhzen men from the upper middle classes in the *hadhariya*[1] cities, among whom the Fasis predominate.

[1] *Hadhariya:* refined life of the *hadhari*, the inhabitant of a large town (*hadhra*); opposed to the *aroubiya* (life of the Arabs), and *oadiya* (life of the Bedouins).

CHAPTER XI

THE GOVERNMENT OF MOROCCO

The Makhzen Services: Court Service and State Service—Internal and External Corporations of the Palace—The Hagib and the Kaïd el-Mechouar—The Two Departments of the Dar el-Makhzen: Men of the Poniard, and Men of the Portfolio—The *Makhzeniya*—The Nature of the *Beniqas*—The Workings of the Makhzen—The Viziers: the Grand Vizier, Si Feddoul Gharnit; the Minister of War, Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi; the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Si Abdelkerim ben Sliman.

FEZ.

ROUND the Sultan centre the two services of the Makhzen—the Court Service and the Service of State. The seat of these services is the Dar el-Makhzen, which serves as the residence of the Sovereign. That of Fez is situated in the very centre of Fez el-Djedid, and its lofty walls form a rectangular mass in the centre of the Makhzen city. Conformably to the division of the services it shelters, it is divided into two distinct portions, united by a single passage, by which the Sultan's palace communicates with that of the Government. Each of the two enclosures has its own entrance. The rooms of the Shereef are fronted by a long quadrangular court. After passing through a gate, guarded by negroes, one approaches a network of pavilions and irregular buildings, which contain the residue of the sovereign's household, and the apartments of his Court. Above rises a slender minaret, covered with green tiles, which indicates the mosque of Lalla Mina, the prince's private oratory. The palace is surrounded by the shady gardens of Lalla Mina, by the olive plantations of the Aguedal, and the vast esplanade of the new *mechouar*, reserved for the operations of the troops.

The organisation of the Moroccan Court is very complicated, and its members are distributed among a certain number of bodies (*hantas*) some of which are employed in the internal, some in the external services of the palace. The body in closest touch with the sovereign is that of the *fraiguia* (the men of the tent), who are entrusted with the Shereefian Afrag, on campaign, and guard the gates of the imperial dwelling in the cities. They are the bodyguard, and form the confidential body *par excellence*. Their numbers are large—over 500—and they are specially recruited from the Bouakhar, and are commanded by a Kaïd er-Raha (a captain of 500) chosen from the tribe.

The Chamberlain (*Hagib*) is the head of the four bodies charged with the inner service of the palace, to wit, the *moualin-el-oudhou*, the *moualin-ettaï*, the *moualin-el-frach*, and the *moualin-essejada*. The two first of these bodies are composed of picked negro slaves, brought up in the palace itself, and the gift or bequest of the great Kaïds. The *moualin-el-oudhou* (men of the bath) are the ushers of the Imperial chamber. There are fifty of them under the orders of a Khalifa, who is chosen by the Hagib, and it was the custom for the Hagib himself to be one of their number. This Hagib was the confidential slave and favourite of his master, who admitted him to the honour of his intimacy. In token of dependence he had always to remain with his feet uncovered in the Sovereign's presence. For four successive generations the office of Hagib was filled by the family of the deceased Ba Ahmed, whose career showed the extraordinary degree of power that a slave in Morocco can obtain.

The *moualin-ettaï* (men of the tea) are also negro slaves. There are about ten of them, under the control of a Khalifa of the Hagib. In an apartment reserved for them, they make all the necessary preparations for the imperial tea. Some of them, the *moualin-el-ma* (men of the water), must procure and distil the water, which is drawn from special wells. They hand over the water or the tea required to the negresses who serve in the private apartments of the monarch.

The *moualin-el-frach* (men of the bed), twenty in number, belong to certain families chosen from the Makhzen tribes, who have a hereditary right to these offices. They are entrusted with the care of the study or the tent of the Sovereign, and, when he attends the mosque on Friday, carry his praying-carpet. It is the usage that the Hagib should, *ex officio*, form one of their number, and become head of the body.

The *moualin-essejada* (men of the mat) are the grooms of the chamber, and are drawn from the ranks of the Shorfa of the reigning dynasty, or the unattached Kaïds. Each of them has his day of service in turn. They carry the praying-mat, which they spread on the ground at the prescribed hours, and in the desired position, in whatever apartment the Sultan happens to be. Attached to this body is the little company of the *moqqetin*, who are the muezzins of the palace, whose duty it is to reckon out, and announce the hours of prayer. The head of the *moualin-essejada* is nominated by the Hagib, subject to the Sultan's approval.

Whilst the Hagib, with his four bodies, assures the inner service of the palace, the control of the external services is in the hands of the Kaïd el-Mechouar. This high dignitary may belong to any tribe whatsoever, most often that of the Bouakhar, but he must be chosen from the officers of the corps of the *msakhrin*, who form the imperial guard.

The first body, dependent on the Kaïd el-Mechouar, is the *hanta* of the *moualin-erroua* (men of the stable), negro slaves in charge of the imperial stables, which contain a large number of horses and mules.[1] There are always 200

[1] The Makhzen possesses studs at certain places in the country—in the Hayaina territory, at Hadjra ech-Shereefa, in the vicinity of Fez, near Larache, and in several places in the Haouz, and in the territory of the Abda, Rahamna, Doukkala, Chaouya. Thus the horses grow up in freedom. In old times, these studs were very closely looked after, and the pedigrees carefully drawn up, but they are now neglected, and the greater proportion of the horses in the royal stables has been brought from the

or 300 horses at the Sovereign's disposal, which he draws on for the gifts of horses customary in Morocco. Their training is entrusted to a small set of grooms (*siesa*), about ten in number, taken indifferently from all the Makhzen tribes. The pack-mules are confided to the body of muleteers (*ammara*) composed of elements drawn from the whole Empire. It is so numerous that it is looked upon as independent, and divided into several groups, under the control of as many Kaïds. These muleteers secure all the Makhzen transport for convoy and expeditionary force alike.

Two cavalry corps (the *mchaouris* and the *msakhrin*) are organised for the service of the palace. The former, about 500 in number, are recruited from all the tribes, and placed under the direct orders of the Kaïd el-Mechouar. They perform the duty of couriers, and await at the Dar el-Makhzen the orders of the Sovereign. The *msakhrin*[1] are 3000 in number, and form the Imperial Guard. As such they never leave the Sultan's side. On campaign they pitch their tents close to the Shereefian camp, and, in case of danger, secure their master's safety. Each Makhzen and quasi-Makhzen tribe, as well as the *guichs* of Tangier and Larache, must furnish their contingent of *msakhrin*, with a Kaïd er-Raha to command it. The whole corps is under the direct command of these collective Kaïds er-Raha, and is dependent upon the Minister of War alone.

tribes, as gifts of homage. The mules come from *adirs*, depôts maintained by the Makhzen in most of the submissive tribes. Each of these *adirs* is under the authority of a special Kaïd, and when there is a *harka* (a special levy of troops), the Makhzen draws upon them for the baggage-animals it requires.

[1] The *msakhrin* draw their origin from a Turkish corps, instituted by the Saadians, whose costume included a pointed *chechiya* (headdress) with the crescent and the star. This picked body was gradually transformed, and lost its foreign appearance, and it was only under the reign of Moulay el-Hassan that it assumed its present form. In the eighteenth century, in the time of Sidi Mohammed ben Abdallah, the *msakhrin*, then commanded by a Kaïd el-Abbes, distinguished themselves by a great victory over the rebel Aït-Youssi. From thence came their name of Saheb el-Abbes (the companions of el-Abbes), under which they are still known.

These are the chosen horsemen who, drawn up in line behind their standards, invest the royal appearances in public with such an air of grandeur. They are accompanied, on great occasions, by the hereditary holders of certain offices at Court. The *moualin-el-mekhala* (men of the rifle), the *moualin-essekin* (men of the sabre), the *moualin-el-frada* (men of the pistols), the *moualin-el-mahaffa* (men of the litter), recruited from the sons of Kaïds or unattached Kaïds, form, under the control of the Kaïd el-Mechouar, the immediate escort of the Sovereign. It is the same with the *moul-el-meddall*, who carries the parasol at the Sultan's side, and the *mzarguiya*, who precede him with their lances. These functions are looked upon as hereditary in several Makhzen families. The people who walk behind the Sultan, shaking pieces of muslin to keep away the flies, are chosen from the *hanta* of the *moualin-erroua*.

All these officials, of these diverse Makhzen bodies, wear a uniform costume—that of the *mokhazni*—that is to say, the long coloured kaftan, showing beneath the *faradjiya* of white linen, and surmounted by the burnous, or headdress, the pointed *chechiya*,[1] with or without *rezza*.[2] This costume may, thanks to the fineness of the stuff, and the delicate tints, be exceedingly elegant, so that there is no prettier sight than a group of Makhzen horsemen, and no more splendid one, than the Sultan of Morocco surrounded by his following on great occasions.

These Court officials, whether coming from Makhzen tribes, or negro slaves, are almost all men of the *koummiya* or poniard, so named because they possess a certain military character, indicated by a curved poniard, slung across the shoulders, and attached to a silken cord. In contradistinction to them, the state offices are, for the most part, in the hands of men of *chkara* (leather-bag), who carry at their side, instead of the poniard, a portfolio, intended as a recep-

[1] *Chechiya.* Skull-cap of red cloth worn by the men of the *raha.*

[2] *Rezza.* Long strips of white muslin enclosing the *chechiya*, and forming the turban.

tacle for state documents. These are the civil functionaries —Viziers or secretaries—whose duty it is to apply the traditional policy of the Makhzen to the Government o the Empire.

They meet every morning to establish the *makhzeniya* in that part of the Dar el-Makhzen which is specially reserved for them. At Fez it is a series of courts and passages, crowned by the minaret of the Djamaa el-Khadra, which is set apart for the official devotions. One enters it from the old *mechouar*, by a gate flanked by two battlemented towers, and guarded by soldiers of the Makhzen. After the morning prayer, Viziers and secretaries make their way on their mules towards the Dar el-Makhzen. Their mounts draw up in the old *mechouar*, whilst the riders, passing through the principal gate and the entrance passages, reach a large court which used to be the centre of the *makhzeniya*. For some time it has been abandoned for a similar court, but farther on, and more in the middle of the buildings of the Dar el-Makhzen. Its arrangement is uniform, for the Government of the Empire must always meet in the same sort of premises, that is, in an oblong court with, first, a colonnade, and then a series of chambers, the *beniqas* of the ministers, opening on it. Right at the foot, opening on a balcony, is the Koubbet en-Nasr, the pavilion of victory, in which the Sovereign's study is enclosed, with a direct access from his palace by an interior corridor. In this single court meet together all the ministerial departments, which deal with the affairs of the entire kingdom.

Up to a recent date, a Vizier and several secretaries were sufficient to handle all this political mechanism. Under the reign of Moulay Abderrahman, they were seven in all. But in these later times, questions have become complicated, and the *makhzeniya* has developed enormously. It now comprises a veritable Ministry, consisting of some eighty secretaries. The chief Ministers are now called Viziers by courtesy—for, in reality, the only one of them who has a right to the title is the Grand Vizier, the Ouzir, Minister

of the Interior. Theoretically, this functionary is the real head of the Government, the statesman on whom devolves the formidable duty of fomenting the tribal jealousies in order to secure the supremacy of the Makhzen. The Ouzir becomes, in this way, the Prime Minister of the Moroccan Government. On him depend both the Kaïds and the Kadis —that is, the organisation of the tribes, and the services arising from the religious law. Correspondence with the Sultan is made through him, and, thanks to his position as negotiator with the tribes, he is qualified to unite in his hands the whole internal policy of Morocco.

By the side of the Ouzir's immense powers, other Ministers could only be, in the past, unimportant functionaries. External policy is in the hands of the Ouzir el-Bahr (the Minister of the Sea), so named because he deals with affairs from without, that is to say—except on the Algerian frontier—from beyond the sea. It is he who secures the relations of Morocco with the powers, and corresponds with the Kaïds on questions relative to interests abroad. As the diplomatic corps resides at Tangier, far from the Makhzen, contact is established through the medium of a Naïb es-Sultan, resident in that city, who becomes, for the occasion, the Khalifa of the Minister of Foreign Affairs. The Allef (the payer) fulfils the duties of Minister of War. Originally he was only the agent, charged with the pay and upkeep of the troops. He has gradually taken the Sultan's place as real head of the army.

The Amin el-Oumana is the head of the body of the Oumana, who are chosen from the families of wealthy merchants and entrusted throughout the country with the regulation of economic conditions, for it is thought that they would have both more experience in the fulfilment of their duties, and sufficient means to guarantee the purity of their administration. The Amin el-Oumana has the whole financial service in his hands, and is thus the Minister of Finance. Formerly he lived permanently at Fez, despite the wanderings of the Makhzen. But when the house of the Amin el-Oumana, then in office, was pillaged by the

populace at Fez, after the accession of Moulay el-Hassan, that Sovereign realised the necessity of assuring, at all times, the immediate protection of the Makhzen to his Minister of Finance, and, since then, this official has been requested to follow the movements of the Court. At the side of the Amin el-Oumana figure three high officials whose *beniqas* are offices that are, in a way, connected with the Department of Finance. One, the Amin ed-Dekhel (Amin of the Income), collects the revenue, and deposits it in the Treasury; the second, the Amin ech-Chkara (Amin of the Expenditure), draws from the same Treasury to settle the debts of the Makhzen; the last, the Amin el-Hsab (Amin of the Accounts), checks the accounts transmitted to the Makhzen and the Oumana in office throughout the Empire, and fulfils the function of Audit Office.

The Ouzir, the Ouzir el-Bahr, the Allef, and the Amin el-Oumana, are the four chief Viziers whose authority dominates the counsels of the Government. There exists, however, another functionary, dowered with a special *beniqa*, who may be looked upon as the Minister of Justice —the Ouzir ech-Shikayat, the Minister of Claims. All claims addressed to the Makhzen by the Kaïds or the tribes reach this official, who distributes them among the departments competent to deal with them, submitting them, it may be to the Chraa, it may be to the Sultan, it may be to the *beniqa* of the Minister concerned. The plaintiffs, who throng the Dar el-Makhzen at the hours of *makhzeniya*, have access to this Minister, who has been created for the express purpose of hearing their grievances.

Although the function of the Hagib, who is head of the household services of the palace, is a Court rather than a State office, the Chamberlain is none the less possessed of a *beniqa*, in which he regulates the expenses of the Court. He is, under this head, the Minister of the Imperial Household, and, as his duties bring him into constant contact with the Sultan, he often takes upon himself to intervene officiously with the Sovereign, and bring requests before

him. The Kaïd el-Mechouar, head of the External Services of the palace, possesses no *beniqa* of his own, but is nevertheless regarded as one of the great Makhzen officials. On solemn occasions he performs the duties of Master of Ceremonies. It is he who puts the correspondence addressed to the Sovereign into the proper hands, and introduces the Kaïds who have obtained the favour of an audience. He, too, has the task of arresting them when they have incurred the Shereefian displeasure.

Each of the nine *beniqas* that open on the inner Court of the Dar el-Makhzen represents a Ministerial Department. They are great apartments, completely bare, with mats and carpets spread on the ground. Viziers and secretaries enter them with their felt hats folded beneath their arm, and squat down at the accustomed spot. On the ground, in front of the Minister, is a little desk, containing an inkstand, pens, and paper. The secretaries, less favoured, have to take all the necessary articles from their own chkara. There is no table, and every one uses his hand instead. The only large piece of furniture in the *beniqa* is a set of drawers, sacred to the archives, where the secretary of the archives piles up the documents to be used for the copy of the minutes and the letters received, which are arranged in little bundles, enveloped in white flowered material. The Vizier has his seat in the centre of the farther end of the chamber. The secretaries sit in lines on his right and his left in accordance with a strict hierarchy, in obedience to which they move up from left to right, as vacancies arise. The two first secretaries, on the left and right, are the most important officials of the Department. In the *beniqa* of the Grand Vizier, they are the directors of the South and of the North, the one on the right dealing with the affairs of the Haouz, the one on the left with those of the Gharb. The work of the other secretaries is not determinate. They are employed, according to their aptitudes, in this or that department of the clerical work of the Administration. One is charged with calling out the *harkas*, whilst another is better at announcing victories and publishing the number

of heads cut off. A third finds it easy to write "thank you," whilst a fourth has a keen pen for abuse. And so each is commissioned to draw up the documents which are best suited to his manner. In this way the official correspondence of the *beniqa* is carried on. If it contain orders to be executed, it must receive the imperial signature. The special correspondence, in which the Minister furnishes the Kaïds with instructions or information, is entrusted to three or four secretaries, who squat in front of the great man. They are termed the "secretaries who sit opposite," and are, in reality, the Cabinet of the Vizier.

Each *beniqa* is continually visited by people who have business with it. It is customary for the Kaïds of the tribes to frequent the Dar el-Makhzen, when they are present at Court. They take advantage of it to settle the affairs of their district with the Department competent to deal with them, or else they establish themselves in the *beniqa* of a Vizier who is their friend. If not, they wait, humbly seated near the door, on one of these straw sacks in use in Moroccan houses, and called *fertalas*. Petitioners come and lay siege to the Minister of Claims. The Kaïds er-Raha visit the Allef to settle with him all that concerns their troops. So there is always, at the hours of the *makhzeniya*, an immense amount of movement in the special court which is devoted to the Government of Morocco.

Each *beniqa* employs a greater or less number of secretaries, according to its importance. It is naturally the Grand Vizier who has the largest number, for his correspondence is voluminous, and he has to be constantly despatching confidential agents on missions to settle all delicate matters in the provinces. His staff contains not less than thirty individuals. The *beniqa* of the Amin el-Oumana is also well staffed. The Allef has some ten secretaries, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs a slightly smaller staff. Each Minister has the right to make suggestions in his own *beniqa*, and chooses his men, subject to the Sultan's approval. He is free to take what he wishes, where he can get it, from the best known

tolba of Karaouiyin (the University students of Fez), or from the youths who have distinguished themselves as secretaries in the employ of some Governor. As a matter of fact, the Viziers show a very marked tendency to prefer those candidates whose fathers were in the service before them. Further, the great proportion of the secretaries are people of Fez, more rarely of Marrakech, Rabat, or Tetouan. The tribes supply only a favoured individual here and there, such as the present second secretary of the Grand Vizier, Si el-Arbi el-Hasnaoui, who is one of the Beni-Hasen. Among the Fasis, who overrun the different *beniqas* at the present time, one can find two secretaries who are of Algerian origin—from Mascara—one with the Grand Vizier, the other with the Minister for Foreign Affairs.

Tradition demands that the Hagib shall be the first to arrive at the Dar el-Makhzen to engage with the Sovereign in the morning prayer. As soon as the Sultan has taken his place in the Koubbet en-Nasr to attend to State business, the *moualin el-oudhou* (men of the bath) line up in front of him ready to obey their master's requests, and a *fraigui* (bodyguard) goes off to announce the Shereef's presence in every *beniqa ;* for the Viziers are not allowed to solicit an audience, but must await the Imperial summons. If the Sultan wishes to talk with one of his Ministers, he confines himself to pronouncing the baptismal name of the man he wants to see, and a *moul el-oudhou* hastens off to fetch him. The Vizier discusses his affairs with the Sultan, answers his questions, and entrusts to him the letters drawn up in his *beniqa*. The Sultan reads the correspondence carefully, and to indicate his assent makes a round pencil mark at the end of the last line. After that, the missive may be stamped by the Hagib with the Imperial Seal and despatched to its destination.

Formerly the *makhzeniya* was under very strict regulations. Moulay el-Hassan had an instinct for authority. He took an active interest in the business, and aimed at directing it himself, and controlling the actions of his Viziers. Each of them had to stay in his place without the power

to encroach on his neighbour's domain. The Grand Vizier was the actual Prime Minister, and it was but rarely that the position was not occupied by one whose voice was predominant in the Councils of the State. Moulay el-Hassan had friends, but no favourites. He was content with the society of his Hagibs, who are a Sultan's natural confidants, and if the ties of affection which bound him to Si Ali el-Mesfioui, his Vizier of Claims, were notorious, yet the wisdom and the rectitude of the latter were such that the severest censors found nothing to say against so legitimate an influence.

The hours of work were clearly defined at the Dar el-Makhzen. Viziers and secretaries had to be there from six to ten o'clock in the morning, and from three to sunset. They were free only on Thursday, on Friday morning, and during the three great religious festivals. Each day, without exception, all the Ministers were summoned by the Sultan, in a regular rotation, beginning with the Hagib and the Grand Vizier. The Minister of War and the Amin of the Expenditure were received last, in the afternoon.

Under this *régime* the Makhzen was exceedingly strong, for the Sultan really concentrated all the forces of the State in his own hands. The sole concern of a Vizier was his own *beniqa*, and for that he was responsible to his master. Provided that he was satisfied, the Vizier was at liberty to enrich himself at the expense of his dependants, and in this way indemnify himself as he pleased for the absence or exiguity of his salary. It was at that time the custom for no Moroccan official to receive payment. From time to time the Sultan would make them a present of houses, horses, or mules. The Viziers were given the *mouna* (rations) and a small money supplement besides. By special grace the Grand Vizier received 150 mitkals, say, 7 douros a month. The secretaries had to be content with a small fee for every letter written by them, and they were offered garments at the time of the three great festivals. Of course, they succeeded in securing a better salary by making

capital out of their influence, and the more extended the patronage of an office, the more lucrative it became. In spite of their ludicrous salary of 7 douros a month, the Grand Viziers rapidly became rich, and other Ministers and principal secretaries bore witness to the extent of their profits by the luxury of their private life.

The accession of Moulay Abdelaziz has overthrown all these ancient customs of a despotic and patriarchal Government. During the last three years the levity of the young Sovereign, or the infiltration of European ideas, has occasioned the opening of a considerable number of new *qaïdas*, and in the ancient edifice of the Makhzen the sudden growth of certain germs of constitutional government may be detected. The new *règime* gave birth to a project of fiscal reform, which aimed at the abolition, at one blow, of all privileges, in defiance of the historical origin of the Makhzen, whose very existence is bound up with the maintenance of privileged groups. Under the dominion of these innovating influences has arisen, in the very heart of the Makhzen, a conception of collective responsibility of a sort of Cabinet of Ministers. From that time, at the close of the Makhzeniya, the Viziers met together in the *beniqa* of the Grand Vizer, there to hold a meeting, which is termed the *Medjlis* or *Kourtih*. Each of them brings before it the weighty matters of his department, and submits them to the decision of all. Finally, the officials had fixed salaries assigned to them, and, in exchange, bound themselves by solemn oaths, intended to serve as guarantees of their future rectitude.[1]

[1] The Kaïds of the tribes swore on the Koran, before the Viziers, and in accordance with a picturesque formula: "I swear by the name of God —there is no God save him alone—to receive nothing from those under my administration, were it only an egg!" Further, they promised to be content with their emoluments, never to deceive the Makhzen, and to consecrate to its service all their devotion and all their energy. The secretaries bound themselves to be the faithful employés of their respective Viziers, and never to ask anything of the generosity of the Kaïds. The Viziers, in their turn, swore on the Sacred Book never to deceive the Sultan, and to refrain from their former exactions.

Unfortunately, the youthful Sultan, who thus inaugurated the reign of virtue in the Makhzen, had himself no taste for affairs. Timid and careless as he is, he makes only short appearances at the Koubbet en-Nasr, and the whole Makhzeniya has dutifully conformed to its lord's behaviour. Viziers and secretaries have been granted an additional weekly leave of absence. Friday has become a whole holiday, like Thursday, and working hours have been shortened. Officials no longer return to the Dar el-Makhzen in the afternoon. To make up, the morning's work is prolonged until all the day's requirements are completely met, and the Viziers remain at home at the disposition of the Sultan, who, in cases of urgency or some unforeseen contingency, summons them at any hour whatsoever of the day or night.

Moulay Abdelaziz disdained the society of his Hagib which was permitted him, and surrounded himself with favourites, who beguiled his boredom by sharing in his European amusements. One of these favourites, Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, gained a place among the Viziers as War Minister, and his position near the Sultan was sufficient to secure him a predominant influence in the counsels of State. The traditional rotation, by which the Ministers were daily summoned into the presence of the Sovereign, has fallen into desuetude. Some of them are constantly at the Prince's side, and find it much easier to make their advice prevail. Others are granted merely intermittent audiences, whilst the Minister of Claims and the Amin of the Expenditure never even see the Sultan at all. The Grand Vizier has lost his predominant influence, and gradually all the threads of the Government have united in the hands of the favourite.

The banished Viziers have turned sulky, and instead of confining themselves to their special departments, they scan the whole of the Makhzen political horizon, ready, as their instinct prompts them, to adopt any means of gaining the royal favour. The loss of credit, that the present events have caused the favoured Minister to undergo, has

furnished new fuel to all these intrigues. There is not a single incident which is not made the most of, now by one, now by another, to attract the attention of Moulay Abdelaziz, and gain for its beneficiary the temporary leadership of the Makhzen.

To sum up, under the reign of Moulay el-Hassan and the regency of Ba Ahmed, there existed an exceedingly strong Makhzen—a Makhzen formed of officials who were the agents of a policy over which the Sultan and, next to him, the Grand Vizier, exercised the real control. Under Moulay Abdelaziz has arisen a weak Makhzen—a Makhzen of professional politicians, intriguing against one another, adopting different attitudes, and playing on the inexperience of the Sovereign, in order to secure the adoption of some determinate line of policy.

The present Makhzen intrigues are exceedingly subtle, and call for a great deal of tortuous policy. There hardly exists a head of a State whose nature makes it harder for his Ministers to manage him than the Sultan of Morocco. His Viziers are able to succeed solely owing to the sweetness of character and the really good intentions which they are unanimous in acknowledging as existent in Moulay Abdelaziz, and which serve to correct his too frequent impulses. If the Sultan cannot boast of absolute authority in his States, he possesses it, at all events, in his Makhzen. The present events have abundantly proved that, when the Shereefian behaviour happens to grate on public feeling, the tribes are content to make their reply in a general agitation, which develops the latent *vis inertiæ* throughout the whole country, and puts a sudden stop to the operations of the Government. On the other hand, the Makhzen staff appears to be disarmed before the Sovereign. The religious beliefs, peculiar to the Maghreb, do not allow of their suppressing by violence, as in the rest of Islam, the crowned Shereef. Besides, the uncertainty of the intentions of possible successors, and the fear of going from bad to worse, are calculated to make it impossible for the principal Viziers to entertain the idea of deposition. More-

over, the Viziers, who represent the privileged class, are utterly unable to speak frankly to a man whose least displeasure would be sufficient to entail their ruin. For two years they have given the Sultan and his favourites free rein, encouraging them by their silence, and merely doing all they can to keep the evil from going too far. They would never risk a direct collision with the impulsive nature of Moulay Abdelaziz, through a piece of advice too dogmatically given, or a piece of news too suddenly broken. It suits them much better to adopt gentle measures. It took them long months to give him an idea of the dangers of the present disturbance and the progress of Bou Hamara. They awaited prudently the favourable moment before sapping the influence of the favourites, and banishing from the Dar el-Makhzen the European adventurers whose numbers were ever increasing. It was a work of patience, gradually achieved, by means of ever-recurring allusions, by exposing the Prince to the reproaches of Shorfa and Oulemas, who had nothing to fear from his anger, and by submitting to his notice translations of opportune articles in European journals, and sheltering themselves behind the language of the foreign agents who had been sent amongst them.

At the present moment the principal offices in the Makhzen are occupied by the following individuals:—

Ouzir	Si Feddoul Gharnit.
Ouzir el-Bahr . . .	Si Abdelkerim ben Sliman.
Alleef	Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi.
Amin el-Oumana . .	Sheikh Tazi.
Amin ech-Chkara . .	Si el-Hadj el-Mehdi Lahlo.
Amin el-Hsab . . .	Si el-Hadj Mohammed Bennouna.
Amin ed-Dekhel: . .	Si Ahmed Erreqina.
Hagib:	
Ouzir ech-Chikayat .	Si el-Medhi Gharnit.
Kaïd el-Mechouar . .	Si Driss ben Yaïch.

The composition of this Moroccan Cabinet is typical of the new Makhzen. It brings into clear relief the respective positions taken by the new elements which now

share in the Government of Morocco, and the predominant rôle played by heredity in the election to the highest offices of the State. Among the new great dignitaries, the Allef and the Kaïd alone have arisen from Makhzen tribes. Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi comes from the Menahba, a quasi-Makhzen tribe of the Haouz, Si Driss ben Yaïch from the Bouakhar. It is, indeed, natural that the care of the army should be vested in a member of the military caste, and it is the unvarying tradition of the Shereefian Court to consider a Bouakhar negro as the most decorative person to fill the post of Master of Ceremonies. Si Driss is a superb mulatto, of very dark complexion, with a magnificent presence and a voice of thunder, who, on the days of the great festivals, carries, with surpassing dignity, the baton of his office.

The Grand Vizier, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and the Minister of Claims, have risen from the ranks of the Makhzen secretaries. They occupy the three *beniqas* which more especially call for the service of lettered and scholarly men. The four financial departments are naturally in the hands of Oumana. Among these the Amin ech-Chkara, el-Hadj el-Mehdi Lahlo, belongs to a rich merchant family at Fez. One of his brothers, el-Hadj Mohammed, who died lately, generally lived at Marseilles, where he was attached to a French agency. The Amin ed-Dekhel, Si Ahmed Erreqina, is an Amin of Tetouan. He fills, at the same time, the office of Hagib, in defiance of ancient usage, which reserved the post of Chamberlain for negro slaves of the Palace.[1]

Among the present occupants of the different *beniqas* there is not a single one who can be considered as having

[1] It seems that this departure from tradition is to become the rule with Moulay Abdelaziz, and that he considers that the department of the Imperial Household ought henceforth to be in the hands of Oumana. In the absence of Si Ahmed Erreqina, who is at this moment away at Oudjda as head of the Makhzen deputation, sent to strengthen the wavering loyalty of the east of the Empire, his temporary successor is another Amin, el-Hadj Omar et-Tazi, brother of the Minister of Finance.

risen to the first ranks of the Makhzen staff by his own unaided efforts. All belong to families that have been, for a longer or shorter time, in possession of rank and fortune, and, in every case, their career, since its initiation, has been shaped in an environment of rank and power. Si Feddoul Gharnit was born at Fez, of an old Moorish family from Granada, which left Spain in the seventeenth century, after the last exodus of its race. His father was Vizier under the reign of Moulay Abderrahman, and he himself was brought up with Moulay el-Hassan at the Court of Sidi Mohammed. A boyish friendship grew up between Si Feddoul and the future Sultan. When the latter became Khalifa in one of the Imperial cities, he kept as his secretary Si Feddoul, who was rising steadily in the *beniqa* of the Grand Vizier. Moulay el-Hassan nominated him Minister for Foreign Affairs: the regency of Ba Ahmed threw him out of office; and it is only during the last two years that he has been reinstated in the capacity of Grand Vizier. Si Abdelkerim is also one of the Moors of Granada, but the common Moroccan taste for negresses has introduced a good deal of black blood into his family. His father was Mohtaseb[1] of Fez, and his elder brother secretary to the Makhzen. The latter had sufficient influence to introduce Si Abdelkerim to the Governor of Fez, and afterwards to Ba Ahmed. The all-powerful Vizier took an interest in the young mulatto, and made him his private secretary, head of his office, and intermediary between himself and the missions from abroad that visited the Court. At the same time Si Abdelkerim was appointed tutor to the young Sultan, and, at the death of Ba Ahmed, he was naturally called upon to succeed him in the Ministry for Foreign Affairs.

The Ouled-Tazi, of Jewish origin and natives of Taza, as their name indicates, are now distributed between Fez and Rabat. The father of Sheikh Tazi was a big merchant

[1] Mohtaseb, official with important economic powers, such as fixing the price of flour, meat, butter, &c.

in Fez and Amin of the Customs; his brother, Si Tahar, became Amin ech-Chkara; and one of his connections, Si Abdesselam el-Tazi, Minister of Finance. Whilst his relations were thus finding their way into the *beniqas* of the Makhzen, Sheikh Tazi established himself at Manchester in the calico trade. He returned to Morocco as Chief of the Customs at Saffi, and then was called to Court in the capacity of Amin ech-Ckhara by Ba Ahmed. After the alterations that followed the death of the Regent he was nominated Minister of Finance, in place of Si Abdesselam. The father of Si Driss ben Yaïch was Kaïd el-Mechouar before him. He himself, before gaining this position, had been Governor of Oudja and Tetouan. The Minister of Claims, Si el-Medhi Gharnit, a person of whom little is heard, owes his *beniqa* to the influence of his brother, the Grand Vizier. Among them all, the only official who can be looked upon as, relatively, a *parvenu*, is Si el-Medhi el-Menehbi. Yet his father and brother were Kaïds of the unimportant tribe of the Menahba, as he was too, in his turn, after having served as *moul el-frach* (gentleman of the bed-chamber) in the inner service of the Palace. In fact, he was the confidential *mokhazni* of Ba Ahmed, and, living in the Regent's house, was the first to bring the Sultan the news of his death. By a stroke of fortune, the young *mokhazni* entered the *beniqa* of the Allef, and became the Prince's chief favourite there.

The confusion wrought in the Makhzen by the impetuosity of Moulay Abdelaziz and his favourite, the opportunity given to the Viziers of becoming, no longer the instruments, but the moving force in the Shereefian policy, have relegated to the second rank the erstwhile predominant personality of the Grand Vizier, and promoted to the first the Ministers of War and Foreign Affairs, Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi and Si Abdelkerim ben Sliman, who have become, though in different senses, the representatives of the new tendencies of the Makhzen.

Si Feddoul was not the man to assert his personality in

the shock of incidents and ideas that has marked these last years. He is a little old man of seventy, already paralysed on one side, who has grown old in the petty Makhzen intrigues—an intriguer, a sceptic, and a wit. He had obtained the highest office in the State through the influence of Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, who wished to free himself from his predecessor's reproaches, and replace him by a man retiring and discreet enough not to oppose a favourite's actions before the Sultan. Si Feddoul meekly assumed this hardly flattering rôle. Despite the nominal grandeur of his position, his *beniqa* is unoccupied, his house empty of any following, and he only asserts himself from time to time by timid and harmless criticisms.

None the less, it is impossible to visit him and fail to recognise the real charm of his person. He has a delicate face, framed in a very carefully trimmed white beard. His clothes are of delicate tissue and dazzlingly white, and the very long *rezza* allowed him by his high position is rolled most precisely. He is one of those delicate and refined old men, who expand in stories of the past, all the more fluently that they are well aware of the charm of their own wit. Although he has never left his own country, he guesses enough about Europe to be able to present Moroccan affairs under the aspect that best suits foreign visitors. Si Feddoul belongs to the school of charming, cultured statesmen, indifferent and resigned, the natural growth of the period of decadence of the Mussulman States, the last of whom our own generation has known at Constantinople and at Cairo.

Younger spirits and characters of a sterner mould were required to take the helm of the Makhzen, at a time when European influence had made an unwontedly vigorous attack upon it, and found an unexpected ally in Moulay Abdelaziz. At this critical time, Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi and Si Abdelkerim ben Sliman incarnated, each according to his age and temperament, the two tendencies which divided the Makhzen between them—one aiming at the swift and absolute transformation of the ancient Morocco,

whilst the other, though not utterly opposed to the things of Europe, had in view a discerning use of them, and discriminate reform.

The occupation of the Touat by French troops seemed to have made the crisis inevitable. We had been led to consider it as a natural phase in the necessary development of our Algerian policy, and as in no way affecting the integrity of Morocco, since the oases lie at the extremity of the *Blad es-Siba*, and the Kaïds of the Makhzen exercised no real authority there. But these are political reasons, and carry no great weight in the Maghreb. The possession of the Touat had, indeed, little effect on the real balance of the Empire. But our action was regarded as an encroachment on the soil of Islam, a blow aimed at the heritage of the Mussulmans, and the menace of what was yet to come. No more was needed to upset the Moroccan conscience, excite it to a Sacred War, and strain to breaking-point the fragile tie between the tribes and the Sultan, who thus proved himself powerless to defend the religious interests of his country against the infidels, and so unfit for the task which the Shereefian dynasties had been called to the throne to fulfil.

The shock was so great, and the members of the Makhzen became so painfully convinced of the weakness of the State, that they were unanimously agreed on the necessity of a new system, and the urgency of necessary reforms that might serve to save the situation. In order to seek for advice and means of action, the two protagonists of the Makhzen, Si el-Medhi el-Menehbi and Si Abdelkerim ben Sliman, were despatched in June of 1901 as ambassadors to London and Paris. From that event, the political career of these two Viziers was determined by the consequences of their journey.

Si el-Mehdi is only thirty-three years old. He had reached the highest ranks of the State before attaining his thirtieth year. Head of the army in virtue of his position of Allef, virtual head of the administration thanks to the Sultan's favour, surrounded by retainers and by flatterers,

with riches and power at his command, and of haughty address, Si el-Mehdi had known naught of Fortune save her smiles. Confident in his youth and in his star, he was not disposed to foresee difficulties, so that young Sultan and young favourite alike were equally ready to listen to the most audacious suggestions. On the other hand, the comparatively low birth and the rapid rise of Si el-Mehdi had caused some scandal among the Makhzen, who treated him as a *parvenu;* and such a man must have found it very pleasant, free as he was of all family traditions, to carry a scheme of reform which was calculated to reduce the pride of the privileged class. At London, Si el-Mehdi was plied with seductive suggestions, which proposed the federation of the Shereefian Empire, by the growth of the Makhzen, the calling in of European wisdom and European capital—in a word, by the formation of a Mussulman State, united beneath the international ægis, and forming an impassable barrier to French ambitions. On his return, the Allef set to work with the eager assistance of his master. European influences held high carnival at the Dar el-Makhzen, which was crammed with adventurers and full of talk of loans and railways. With inconceivable levity, Si el-Medhi set himself to stage this phantasmagoria. He was of an amiable nature, and anxious to please. People were naturally attracted by this Arab, with his tall, but weak and sickly frame, his easy and rather feminine address—this Arab whose youth was falling a victim to the bane of absolute power. He advertised his taste for things European, talked of the indelible memories his single journey had impressed upon him, and of his regret at knowing neither French nor English. His table was well served, and his house—though a little too new and a little too fine—was a marvellous collection of brick, mosaic, plaster reliefs, and painted wainscotting. But Morocco was far from ripe for such an intoxication of reform. If little had been done, much had been said, and the summons brought about the rise of Bou Hamara in the Berber Mountains. Brought back, thus, to reality and the stern duties of a Minister of War,

Si el-Mehdi faced the reckoning courageously. He showed both courage and energy, and dragged his unwilling forces across the Djebel; but his former luck had deserted him, his fortunes fell to ruins with his prolonged lack of success.[1]

Si Abdelkerim ben Sliman is more than fifty years of age. His age, his post, and his traditions, all served to safeguard him. The result of his embassy to Paris was the conclusion of the protocol of the 20th of July 1901, supplemented by the agreements of the 20th of April and the 7th of May 1902, which finally fixed the frontier between Morocco and Algeria. In the clauses of these acts France saw, and rightly, a first step towards Franco-Moroccan co-operation, and the initiation of a new policy of pacific penetration in Morocco. On his side, Si Abdelkerim no doubt hoped that he had set up an effectual buffer, by the aid of which Morocco might escape from the too rapid transformation advocated by English diplomacy, and proceed, in its own strength and in accordance with its own traditions, on the road towards necessary reform. From Paris, Si Abdelkerim seems to have brought back a real sympathy for our country and our ideas. He even asserts that his short stay in France has instilled into him the principles of the Revolution, so far as was compatible with his double character of Mussulman and Moroccan. The idea of equality has made him, it would seem, the most ardent supporter of the Tertib, which sought to unify Morocco by the abolition of immemorial privileges, and he has always been the first to support the little humane reforms sometimes suggested to Moulay Abdelaziz.

[1] When, at the end of last October, the Makhzen, checked for several months before the mountains of the Tsoul, had dismally to wend its way back to Fez, there was an outburst of indignation among the Viziers against Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, who was made the scapegoat of all the embarrassments of the State. The Sultan himself abandoned his favourite, who, in his despondency, asked to be authorised to undertake a pilgrimage to Mecca—the least severe form of disgrace in Morocco. He left Tangier in the second fortnight of December, traversing the whole of the Mediterranean to reach the sacred cities of Arabia. It is stated that he has just been recalled to Morocco by the Shereefian command.

Si Abdelkerim is a rather dark mulatto, whose beard is turning grey, but his somewhat coarse features are still youthful, and he has not yet grown stout. He greets one with an amiable smile, dresses carefully, though not foppishly, and lives in a large house, not over-encumbered with decoration. He gives one the impression of a serious and useful person, stubborn in his views, slippery in argument, but loyal in action, and filled with the sense of his responsibility. His language is full of religious allusions, and he is inclined to finish his discourse with the formula of resignation to the Divine will: "There is no force nor might save in God alone." He is so strict in his observances that he does not hesitate to leave his hosts to say his prayers at the prescribed hours. He likes to surround himself with Shorfa and Oulemas, and inside his house there are affixed to the walls, as a special mark of devotion, the long tapers of brown wax which it is the Mussulman custom to lay on the tombs of the Marabouts. Compelled to play second fiddle, his work on the Algerian frontier criticised, Si Abdelkerim had to chafe whilst he assisted, without saying a word, in the triumph of Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, and in the development of a policy which he considered disastrous for the Makhzen. The appearance of Bou Hamara permitted the Minister for Foreign Affairs to enter the stage once more, and the progress of the agitator gave more authority to his advice.[1]

[1] The absence of Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi marked the triumph of Si Abdelkerim, who took advantage of it to introduce into the Makhzen two of his most faithful friends. Si Mohammed el-Guebbas was recalled from Algeria, where he had held the post of Commissioner of Morocco, entrusted with the execution of the agreements, and became Minister of War. Si el-Hadj Mohammed el-Moqri entered the *beniqa* of the Amin of the Expenditure, rendered vacant by the prolonged absence of Si Ahmed er-Reqina at Oudjda. But the triumph of Si Abdelkerim was short-lived. Freed from the immediate menace of the Rogui, the Sultan resumed his old ways. He recalled the band of Europeans to Fez, and took as his favourite el-Hadj Omar et-Tazi, whose brother, Sheikh Tazi, was in a fair way to control the Makhzen.

CHAPTER XII

THE ADMINISTRATION OF MOROCCO

Special Character of the Makhzen Staff—The Life of Members of the Makhzen: their Discipline—Makhzen Costume and Usages—The Literary Style of the Makhzen—The Great Families and Political Traditions of the Makhzen—The Empire of Morocco—Relations of the Makhzen with the Tribes: the Kaïds—Fiscal System: the Body of the Oumana—Military System: *Askar* and *Nouaïb*—The Reforms of Moulay Abdelaziz: the *Tertib*—How these Reforms Conflict with the Fundamental Principles of the Makhzen.

FEZ.

ALTHOUGH Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi seems to have been working in the English interest, and Si Abdelkerim ben Sliman in that of France, one must be on one's guard against any illusion on the subject of their real feelings towards Europe. As good Mussulmans and pure Moroccans, they are, above all, bound by the firm tie that unites all the officials of the Makhzen. It is, indeed, curious how strong is the imprint of the Makhzen on all who are attached, closely or remotely, to the Government of Morocco. The fact of belonging to this dominant congeries influences the most different of its elements. *Mokhaznis*, secretaries, Oumana, and negro slaves, permanent or temporary, whether they date from yesterday or have a long heredity behind, all alike bear the stamp of its influence.

The better to impose its authority on the country from which it has sprung, the Makhzen staff has adopted usages, ways of thinking, prejudices, attitudes, traditions, a policy, down to a costume and a literary style, which serve to differentiate it from ordinary people, and emphasise the separation between it and the masses it governs. The result is that the privileged class is the only disciplined body in

the midst of Moroccan anarchy, and thus it acquires a cohesion which secures its authority.

The very life that the greater part of the members of the Makhzen must lead, uproots them and cuts them off from any contact with their tribe or their native town, and attaches them, to the exclusion of all other ties, to the institution on which they are dependent. The bulk of the Makhzen, which is formed by the Court, the Government, and the Army, centres round the Sultan, and becomes nomadic like him. Their life is passed under canvas, or else, at unequal intervals, in one of the imperial cities—constant change, in fact, and no ties anywhere. The horizon narrows, everything outside disappears, and the members of the Makhzen have no eyes for anything but this powerful mechanism, mistress of their lives and their fortune. Indolence and resignation facilitate this loss of individuality. They are relieved from all worries about their upkeep, about their food and their lodging,[1] and are supported on the assumption that they belong body and soul to the Makhzen, and are incapable of escaping from its formidable power. It is a relentless machine that seizes on the youth of the Makhzen from the opening of their career. They have no chance of rising, save by the patronage of some of the great people, so that their chief aim is to enter, then to find favour in the *beniqa* or before the gate of some influential personage. Freed as they are from material cares, the Makhzen rank and file can view, without very great envy, the pride of the great. They console themselves by thinking that these splendours are precarious, and that the caprice of the master weighs equally on high and low.

The Makhzen's greed makes silent preparations for the

[1] To lodge all its people in the different imperial cities, following the movements of the Court, the Makhzen has much house property, looked after by the local governors. In the Sultan's absence these dwellings are let, but it is specified that the lessee must give them up at first notice. Sometimes, too, the Makhzen fixes its choice on the houses of rich inhabitants, which it rents arbitrarily for the lodging of its distinguished members, but the greater number are scattered about in the wretched ruins that fill Fez el-Djedid and the Kasbah of Marrakech.

ruin of such of the Kaïds and Oumana as are reckoned too rich or too powerful. The Shereefian displeasure entails the arrest of the most illustrious, their deportation to Larache, Rabat, Mogador, above all to Tetouan, the confiscation of their goods, the dispersion of their household, and the sale of their slaves. For ten years one of the Djamaï has been shut up in the prison of Tetouan. The predecessor of the present Grand Vizier, Si el-Hadj Moktar, was relegated to Mekinez. There he was presented with a little school, and lives in a mosque in the city on the proceeds of his lessons. Si el-Abbes ben Daoud, who was Governor of Marrakech, follows painfully at the Makhzen's heels, begging a return of favour. The situation of any individual of the Makhzen who is unoccupied or abandoned, must be extremely painful. He is destitute of all resources, and although his movements are free, must present himself at the least summons. Governors and Kaïds, out of office, are considered too important to be left to themselves. To keep an eye on them, they are introduced into one of the employments of the Palace. At death, even those who had been successful, during their life, in maintaining their position in the highest ranks of the State, are unable to escape the rigours of the Makhzen *régime*. Their goods are sequestrated, and the arbitrary sovereign decides on the portion of the inheritance that is to be assigned to their children. At Fez and at Marrakech there are several magnificent gardens which have been abandoned, and palaces which threaten ruin. They are the spoils of the dead or the disgraced, of Ba Ahmed, the Djamaï, of Ben Daoud, which, now become the Makhzen's prey, bear witness, by their decay, to the hollowness of Moroccan splendour.[1]

[1] As a matter of fact, the great functionaries do not generally suffer very sudden changes of fortune. The majority remain long in office, and changes in the governing staff are somewhat rare. This stability is due to the force of the conservative ideas which have so long dominated the Makhzen. If some imprudent person disturbs the calm by his tendencies, an attempt is often made to give him time for reflection, by making him undertake a timely pilgrimage to Mecca.

Despite the harshness of such a system, those who form part of it are extremely proud of belonging to the Makhzen. They feel themselves members of a privileged body, and the consciousness of this great advantage enables them to forget their misery. The lowest *mokhazni* is as pompous as an Effendi of the Porte or a clerk in the Vatican. The result is a characteristic state of mind, peculiar to the Makhzen world. The associates of power, they readily assume a haughty demeanour. They are so impressed by the superiority of their institution that they are unable to doubt its omnipotence. Present events have shown us a governmental class which never loses confidence in itself, and whose invincible optimism is proof against the gravest of checks. Imbued as they are with the same ideas, all the members of the Makhzen are ready to look at things in the same light, and an almost incredible sameness of opinion prevails among them. From the daily *makhzeniya* emanates a Makhzen point of view, a way of presenting the news, and envisaging its consequences, which has a tendency to affect the opinion of the country. This opinion is at once so imperious and so unanimous, that it needed the lie so strikingly given it by the successes of Bou Hamara, to make the people of Morocco doubt the Makhzen word. All the deliverances of the members of the Makhzen breathe the same faith and the same imperturbable assurance, and malcontents allow themselves no more than a few discreet criticisms in private.

There is a Makhzen costume, a kaftan with wide sleeves and a *faradjiya*—that is, a sort of shirt of fine linen, buttoned up to the neck, through which the cloth of the kaftan can be seen. In the old days, members of the Makhzen refrained from shaving two great tufts of hair beneath their ears, which gave them a ferocious look, but this custom is now given over to the rank and file of the *mokhaznis*.[1]

[1] The *djellaba* is not *de rigueur* for the members of the Makhzen, but the *burnous* is looked upon as indispensable. The custom of the portfolio for the secretaries, and the poniard for the *mokhaznis*, is general. The *haïk* is authorised in the case of Viziers and secretaries. An old tradition made

The rules of the religious life also afford the members of the Makhzen an opportunity of emphasising their aloofness, and they may not belong to the same fraternities as ordinary mortals. There are hardly any Taibiyin among them, and only a very few Derqaoua or Tidjaniya. Following the example of Ba Ahmed, who judged it useful to his policy to conciliate the Sahara, the majority are affiliated to the fraternity of the Shereef Ma el-Aïnin, whose headquarters are Shenguit, between the Draa and the Seguiet el-Hamra. It is said that Moulay Abdelaziz is a member of this fraternity—which has very few adherents outside the Makhzen—on the borders of the Atlas. At the present time a *zaouïa* has been constructed for it at Fez.

Owing to the constant removals caused by the shifting of the Court, the Makhzen staff—with the exception of the Viziers, who have fine houses, and are compelled by their station to keep up a certain style—is obliged to live a very simple life. There is more luxury and refinement in the Moorish society than among the Makhzen, and the two societies never mix. Since the privileged tribes were the starting-point of the institution, Bedouin customs have naturally prevailed in the Makhzen. The Makhzen women wear a kerchief on their heads, and not the *hantouz* of the women of Fez. They talk, not the pure Arab of the *hadhariya* cities, but a country dialect, which delights the Moors, who are always inclined to opposition, and very ready to compare their own culture with the coarseness of the Makhzen.

If the purity of the language spoken is not beyond question, the style of the official correspondence is extremely correct, and instinct with the most literary Arabic. Even at the period when the majority of the officials came from the Makhzen tribes, great care was taken in choosing

an exception in the case of the Hagib, the Minister of War, and the Kaïd el-Mechouar, who were not authorised to wear this garment within the precincts of the Dar el-Makhzen. Indeed, the heads of the Makhzen dress in a most elaborate way. The majority wear fine textures, with a *djellaba* of cream-coloured cloth, which is most becoming.

a lettered man as Grand Vizier. More recently the introduction of the Moorish element has ensured a supply of secretaries of a delicate and refined culture. In this way has grown up a Makhzen style, slightly condescending in its form, as becomes so majestic an institution, with particular terms of phrase, forms of debate, and even a special vocabulary, which, failing appropriate Arab words, borrows largely from the Spanish language.[1]

When a Vizier writes to some diplomatic agent, the

[1] The letters that emanate from the Makhzen always possess the same external appearance. They are enclosed in a sheet of paper, the ends of which are closed by a wax seal with a decorative design. Quite at the top, and across the breadth, the address is written. The envelope once opened and the letter unfolded, it is evident that it has been written according to a traditional formula. Folds made beforehand in the paper have marked out a margin, and divided the sheet into four transversal slips. The second from the top is itself divided into two equal parts. It is in this prescribed setting that the Makhzen despatch must be evolved, with certain modifications, according to the rank of the signatory and that of the consignee. Letters despatched to Kaïds, Oumana, and, speaking generally, all officials in Morocco, and treating of important matters, are signed by the Sultan himself, and the Viziers sign only in matters of unimportant detail. Again, it is the Sultan who writes to the heads of foreign States: he delegates the task to his Viziers, when it is a question of the agents of the Powers at Tangier, or European merchants on the coast. The ordinary type, then, is a Shereefian letter.

On the first line is inscribed the customary formula, which was initiated under the Almodads: "Elhamdou lillahi ouahdahou!" (Praise to God alone!) To which is added, at pleasure, one of the three following invocations: "Nought is durable save his Empire!"—"There is no strength nor power save in God alone!"—"May God pour out his benediction upon our lord Mahomet, upon his family, and his companions: may he grant them Salvation!" Immediately below is the Imperial Seal, of two sizes, according to the document to which it is affixed: "Abdelaziz ben el-Hassan" (God is his protector and his lord). The line which cuts the second strip contains the address: "To our devoted servant" (for a Kaïd or an Amin); "To our secretary" (for a Vizier); "To our slave" (for an official who has risen from the Palace slaves, like the deceased Grand Vizier (Ba Ahmed). The name of the consignee follows, with the formula: "Salvation rest upon thee," or "God direct thee." At the centre line, the letter proper begins, and ends with the word, "Ouassalam" (Salvation!) followed by the date.

address is apt to be somewhat flowery: "To the intelligent friend and wise councillor, who works for the welfare of the two glorious and friendly Governments, the distinguished ——, representative of an illustrious and honoured Government." But the flowers of Makhzen style in nowise obscure the force of the reasoning, and it is always a surprise for newcomers in Morocco to remark the precise phrasing and the close train of thought that characterise the letters drawn up in the Governmental *beniqas*. The form taken by the Shereefian letters may be quite charming. Here are some examples. The Sultan announces the appointment of a new Governor: "We bid you listen to his words, and obey him in the exercise of his duties. May God make you blessed through him, and him blessed in you." An order to the Minister of Finance to contract a loan: "In our present letter (God increase his power, and make his glorious sun and his moon glitter in the firmament of his felicity) we have authorised our incorruptible servant, the Amin, the Taleb ——, to contract, in the name and in the behoof of the Treasury (Heaven fill it) a loan of ——."

But it is not only the correspondence of the Makhzen that is subjected to stern regulations. There is not a single detail of life that escapes the *qaïda*, and this protocol, the slightest violation of which entails a scandal, has done much to maintain the severe discipline of the Makhzen staff, whilst it lends its more important members a real appearance of authority in the eyes of Moroccans as well as strangers. The intercourse between members of the Makhzen is regulated by a minute system of usages. Every one knows beforehand the calls he must make, the presents he must give or receive, the congratulations he must offer at family festivals, circumcisions, or marriages, and the polite formulas and courteous observances he must employ in his language and his letters. In approaching the great ones of this world, the proper way of kissing their hand or shoulder is carefully observed, and one must be on one's guard not to address a Vizier without using his title of *feqih*, which

means doctor or scholar. Their lofty station compels the Viziers to keep very much to themselves. They receive the visitors whom they are pleased to admit, but cannot return their visit.

From the moment of their arrival at Court, European agents who come there on a mission are caught in the grip of ceremonial, and are compelled, willy-nilly, to curb their eagerness before it. These exercises in adaptation explain the extraordinary veneration shown for the Makhzen by the little group of strangers who are brought into constant contact with it. It is necessary to wait three full days before the Sultan consents to receive his guests, and then to pay leisurely visits to the heads of the Makhzen in a determinate order. The interviews last long enough to allow time to exercise its calming influence on European claims. If it is a question of State affairs, the Viziers receive in a little room or in a small undecorated court, as becomes the gravity of the meeting. One is not familiarised with the splendour of their dwellings till one is invited, in turn, to a meal of Arab dishes served on a European table. The dinner is excellent; the only objection is that one must let *sirops* or fresh water take the place of wine, to avoid outraging the Mohammedan prejudices of the statesman who is one's host. At the house of the Minister for Foreign Affairs the first secretary, who is the political director of the *beniqa*, remains respectfully seated at the entrance of the room to keep an eye on the service.

The despatch of a mission to the Shereefian Court seems the only effectual way of seeing that questions are settled. If they are treated by correspondence, or by the mediation of the Sultan's delegate at Tangier, they have to undergo, for several years sometimes, the test of dilatory methods and lengthy discussions and inquiries. They would end in being stifled under this mass of procedure, if it was not possible to bring them directly before the Makhzen, when a Minister comes on an embassy to present his credentials to the Sultan, or thinks it advisable to make a journey to the Court. All the questions that have accumulated are

then submitted to a final inquiry, and the demands of the claimants are, in most cases, admitted, though with considerable reductions. It is rare that the Minister for Foreign Affairs meets the demands of a European agent with a final refusal of an audience. Above all, he seeks to find the least costly arrangement possible, and does his best to leave the impression that the concessions are purely personal, that he has consented to them solely in his anxiety to gain your friendship, and leave you a pleasant memory of your visit to the Makhzen. Negotiations once over, the Moroccan Minister inscribes the points agreed upon in a document which is intended as evidence of the agreement. With it is a bundle of letters, calling upon the competent officials, Kaïds, or Oumana, to carry out the terms of each agreement that has been concluded, and these letters will have to be transmitted by the legation to each of the consignees. If the question is a political one, the understanding is marked by an exchange of letters between the Moroccan Minister and the legation concerned. Ambassadors and missions make it their aim, sometimes their chief aim, to exercise a salutary influence on the Makhzen, to turn its steps from the measures suggested by rival diplomats, and direct them in the paths desired by the Government whose emissaries they are.

Despite its continual change of place, the Makhzen has established a permanent system in the two capitals of the Empire. When the Sultan quits Fez or Marrakech, he leaves a son, a brother, or an uncle as his Khalifa there. A *mchaouri* (guardsman) performs the duties of Kaïd el-Mechouar. A specially chosen secretary keeps up the form of the *makhzeniya*, whilst several *fraiguïa* (men of the tent), and a small fraction of the different palace functionaries, form a diminutive Court. The Khalifa is the Sovereign's representative, and keeps the tribes tranquil. In the Tafilelt, the cradle of the Alaouitic family, a Khalifa is also to be found, chosen by the Sultan from his near relations; but the position is a humble one, and he is merely the representative of the crowned Shereef.

The bulk of the Makhzen follows the Court. In this wandering congeries time has brought about the rise of a certain number of great Makhzen families who, for generations, have never left the Court, and have, by a sort of hereditary right, supplied candidates for the highest offices there. Certain of these families are particularly distinguished. The ancestors of the present Pasha of the Sheraga have figured in the first rank of this Makhzen tribe ever since a maiden of their family married Moulay Abdallah, and became the mother of the Sultan Sidi Mohammed. The Governor of Fez, Si Abderrahman ben Abdessadok, is a Riffian of the *guich*, of Tangier, whose ancestors came down from the mountain to take command in the Sacred War against the English, then in possession of the city. After the recapture of Tangier, at the end of the seventeenth century, the Abdessadok became the most important family in the north of the country. Several generations of Ben Daoud have supplied the city of Marrakech with Governors. There are several important families among the Bouakhar. The Knichech have been, from father to son, Pashas of Mekinez. The Ben Yaïch succeed each other as Kaïds el-Mechouar, whilst the negro slaves have been made illustrious by the name of Ba Ahmed. The control of Ehl-Sus has, since its reconstruction, been in the hands of the Faradji, and it is an Ould Faradji who is at present Governor of Fez el-Djedid. The Djamaï, the Kerdoudi, the Mesfioui, the Gharnit, the Ben Driss, the Bouhacherin, and the Ben Sliman, have distinguished themselves among the Makhzen secretaries, and have supplied the chief Viziers since the reign of Moulay Abderrahman.

These great families preserve, with the utmost jealousy, the political traditions and constitutional procedure that have maintained the authority of the Makhzen up to the present day; for the Makhzen policy is too delicate and too complicated to be the work of a large number. In reality, the Moroccan Empire is a vague federation, embracing a large number of tribes and clans, sometimes quite minute. Each of these organisations possesses a con-

stitution of its own, and each, jealous above all of its independence, desires to maintain a state of anarchy calculated to secure the independence it cherishes. There are only two ties capable of uniting these scattered atoms into an organic whole, and, by their union, forming a State: one, a religious tie, born of Mussulman prejudices peculiar to the Maghreb, which induces the tribes to submit to the influence of the *zaouïas*, the collective action of the Shorfa, the Marabouts, and the Oulemas, and, last of all, the supreme authority of the Shereef on the throne; the other, a political tie, created by the historical development of the Makhzen, which superimposes a central power upon the scattered local groups.

The discreet exploitation of this double tie makes the Government of Morocco possible. Still the centrifugal force is so strong that the Government has to confine itself to what is essential to its power, avoid all direct intervention in the affairs of the tribes, and make its administration a veritable diplomacy. If the tribes had any sense of cohesion, and could arrive at a mutual understanding, that very fact would be the death-knell of the Makhzen. The fundamental principle of Makhzen policy consists, then, in keeping them apart, in perpetuating their hereditary feuds, and in exercising, in each of them, as much authority as the circumstances allow. The Makhzen crushes the weak unmercifully, maintains certain relations with such as are capable of resistance, and wisely passes over the strong. The cities and plains, exposed as they are to the blows of the central power, are compelled to furnish it with the military and monetary resources that are to be employed in keeping the inaccessible mountain in check. The double fact of paying the tax and furnishing a contingent differentiates, then, the *Blad el-Makhzen* from the *Blad es-Siba*, which keeps both its men and its money. Certain tribes are always submissive, whilst others live in a state of perpetual revolt. There are, too, a considerable number, on the first slopes of the mountains, who occupy an intermediate position, offering or with-

holding their submission, according to the circumstances and the strength of the Makhzen. It is in these vacillating regions that the Sultan is able, from time to time, to despatch some lucrative expeditions, and, thanks to his army, to exercise an intermittent influence. The extension of the *Blad el-Makhzen* to its farthest possible limits, the reduction, so far as possible, of the *Blad es-Siba*, has always been the aim of Makhzen policy, and the greatest sovereigns of Morocco have been those who have been able to exact the tax from the greatest number of tribes.

Beyond the tax and the contingent, the Makhzen does not make excessive demands. It merely expects that the tribes shall guarantee the security of the passage through their territory, and lets them govern themselves as they please. They have no roads to keep up, no public works to execute. The principle of collective responsibility guarantees them a sufficiently effective police. Among their officials, the Makhzen confines itself to nominating the Kadis, the Governors of the towns, and the Kaïds of the tribes. As the city population is the most docile, it is often a matter of indifference what Governor is assigned them. It is the same with the small tribes, whose convenience it is not important to consult, or the tribes which have just been degraded, and must be rigorously repressed. In the majority of the submissive tribes of the plain, the Kaïds are chosen from the members of the tribe—sometimes some old *mchaouri* of their number, whose sojourn at Court has inoculated him with the ideas of the Makhzen, more often a big landowner, whose family has held the office for several generations. The choice, however, cannot be quite arbitrary, and the Makhzen has to discover the feelings of the tribe beforehand. Otherwise, the Kasbah of the new Kaïd would run the risk of being sacked by his subjects, and then a deputation would hasten to Court to take refuge in some shrine, and request another choice. The Kaïd, once he has been nominated by the Makhzen, and accepted by his fellow-tribesmen, becomes a potentate in his tribe, where he exercises the same absolute power as

the Sultan in his Empire. It is he who nominates the Sheikhs, determines the incidence of the tax, and recruits the contingent. He is the only person recognised by the Makhzen in their claims on the tribe, and with him all correspondence is carried on, and all responsibility rests.

This correspondence and responsibility in connection with the tribes is in the hands of the Makhzen bureaucracy, which composes the different *beniqas*. For even in the most distant parts of the *Blad es-Siba*, there is no tribe which is not in communication with the Makhzen. Although resolved to free themselves from its authority, all of them are careful, none the less, to keep up some connection with it, and not to sever themselves completely from a Mussulman power which upholds, in the eyes of infidel foreigners, the standard of Imperial unity. This desire has never been more clearly displayed than in the course of the present agitation, in which not a single rebel tribe has broken off negotiations with the Makhzen, although in the field against it. The responsibility is, naturally, more limited, for it is only submissive tribes that can be held responsible.

The fiscal obligations of these tribes are entered in a register, which was compiled after the reorganisation of the tax by the Saadians. It contains the list of heads of families who possess land—that is, the number of taxable units, calculated by tents, by hearths, by rifles, or by standards. The Almohad prince, Yacoub el-Mansour, was the first to levy the two Koranical taxes, the *achour* and the *zekkat*. As for the *naïba*, that is, theoretically, a supplementary tax, designed to meet the extraordinary expenses of war, which the Almohads and the Merinids had already begun to impose. When the first Saadian undertook the struggle against the Portuguese, he demanded a contribution from the people of the Sus, and each of them had to bring a *dirham*. Strengthened by these precedents, after the constitution of the Makhzen in its present form, it was the *naïba* which had to supply the permanent fund for military expenses. It then received its name and its definite form. Imposed at first on all, first in kind, and then in specie, it was soon

withdrawn from the privileged groups. Immunity from taxation, which the Shorfa already enjoyed under the Merinids by registered *dahirs*, was extended to the Makhzen tribes, and the different *zaouïas* obtained the same privileges successively. The *naïba* continued to be imposed at will on the masses of the unprivileged tribes. It has become an exceedingly arbitrary tax in its collection, and the Makhzen levies it at its convenience, demanding it from all the tribes, it may be, for a Shereefian expedition, or imposing it on an isolated tribe as a punishment for some misdeed. The *naïba* is paid in kind or in specie, and its registered unit may be doubled as the State requires. The *daïra* is the money contribution, the *koulfa* is the supply of beasts of burden, of straw, barley, and cattle for the manufacture of tinned meat. The *naïba* is intermittent, and must be paid in addition to the *achour* and the *zekkat*, which are annual taxes. Besides the fiscal register, the Makhzen keeps a register of the military obligations. The idea is due to Moulay Sliman, who set out to reorganise his army, after the dispersion of the Bouakhar. Its present form was given it by Moulay Abderrahman and his successors. It contains the list of the submissive tribes, and the contingent which each of them has to supply in foot-soldiers and cavalry. The foot-soldiers are intended to provide recruits for the standing army, and there are several tribes which still escape this obligation. On the other hand, all send horsemen, which form the *nouaïb* called for, in the case of the *harka* alone, by a Shereefian mandate.

Each Kaïd receives a copy of the fiscal and military registers, so far as they concern the obligations of his tribe, for the fulfilment of which he is responsible to the Makhzen. It is a principle of the Makhzen policy that the Kaïds' reckoning should be on the debit side both in money and men. It is thought that a hold may thus be gained, by a continued threat to settle up the deficit. The Kaïd follows the same train of argument, and adopts a similar system with the members of his tribe. Further, it is arranged that the tribes shall have as little money as possible, for fear of

their using it in the purchase of horses and arms, ror, in Morocco, prosperity is wont to be followed by revolt.

If, however, a Kaïd were to be too much behindhand in fulfilling his obligations, or should assume an air of independence, the Makhzen would end by taking umbrage. It is not customary for heads of tribes to keep representatives at the seat of the central power. Except when they are summoned to Court—either in the case of a *harka*, when each one has to hasten there at the head of his *nouaïb*, or on a separate summons—the Makhzen deals with them by correspondence. If the question is unimportant, the letter is brought from the capital by one of the *msakhrin* (Imperial Guard). The despatch of a *mchaouri* (bodyguard) means that the missive is a more important one; whilst a serious case might even require the services of one of the *moualin el-mekhala* (men of the gun), who rank as officers of the Crown in the Sultan's suite. If an attempt at conciliation is to be made, the Grand Vizier despatches a secretary from his *beniqa*. If, on the other hand, it is a question of a final warning, a Kaïd er-Raha is despatched with several soldiers, who install themselves like veritable bailiffs. All the envoys of the Makhzen are the bearers of an official document containing the reasons of their despatch, and the amount of the commission, *sokhra*, which the tribe concerned will have to pay. If matters become complicated, if the Kaïd's power becomes too dangerous or his resistance too open, the Makhzen has no choice but to employ drastic measures. In submissive country, it stimulates rivalry among the fellow tribesmen of the guilty person, portions out his territory among several Kaïds, and dismisses or imprisons him. In the case of tribes who are on the verge of revolt, it has to take its time, and await a favourable opportunity before risking a military expedition, which, after having inflicted exemplary punishment on the refractory group, will obtain the payment of the taxes in arrear.

If there is no Government whose organisation appears more simple than that of Morocco, there is certainly none whose working is more complicated. It is simply a loose

aggregation of little autonomous States, and the Makhzen has to proceed by the methods appropriate to each one among them. To succeed in its task, it must gain, by the concession of certain privileges, the support of the chief influences—the military support of the Makhzen tribes, the administrative support of the Kaïds, the religious support of the Shorfa and *zaouïas*, and, all the time, it must be continually occupied in keeping its privileged associates in check, lest it find itself, some day, at their mercy. If the Makhzen calls on the tribes to fulfil several restricted obligations, it is only in order to preserve its existence, and its ambitions go no further than the development of a military and fiscal system within the Empire.

In spite of its extent, its population, and its natural wealth, it is impossible to conceive a state more financially weak than Morocco. In deference to local usages the Makhzen is compelled to accept a certain proportion of the taxes in kind, so that, whilst it has superabundant supplies to draw upon for gifts or for the *mouna*, it may easily run short of cash. Besides, save for the *naïba*, which is historically the consequence of the conquest of the country by the dominant class, and constitutes an extraordinary payment to meet the extraordinary expenses of military expeditions, it is not lawful for the Makhzen to institute new taxes as it pleases. The submissive territory pays without demur the two Koranic taxes, since they arise from a religious duty. The feudal sentiment reconciles them to the *hediya*, or token of homage, in specie or in kind, brought to the Sovereign Lord by his vassals, on the occasion of the three great religious festivals. The superstitions of the Maghreb legitimise the *ziaras*, too, which are brought by the Kaïds to the crowned Shereef, when they visit the Court, and which find their way, not to the public Treasury, but to the private purse of the Sovereign. Further, the Makhzen, like any other landed proprietor, can enjoy the income from its house property, and exact customs duties, because they affect foreign commerce without weighing directly on the Mussulmans, but there end the legitimate receipts of the

State and its right to tax its subjects. The *mostafad*, or indirect contributions, which now include the gate and market dues, the monopolies of sulphur, kif, and snuff, are of late date, and the people do not readily acquiesce in them. When Sidi Mohammed ben Abdallah attempted, for the first time, in the eighteenth century, to levy the *meks* (the word for all non-Koranic taxation) by taxing the butter and oil scales in the markets of Fez—a very slight tax, since its monthly return could not exceed 3000 mitkals—the Fasis raised the cry of heresy, and the Sultan had to consult the Oulemas of the city as to the legality of the tax. They returned a *fetoua*, in which they recognised the right of the Sovereign to impose additional taxes, if he had not at his disposal sufficient resources for the maintenance of his army. It is on the strength of this favourable *fetoua* that a timid attempt to establish monopolies and indirect taxes has been possible.

The Department of Finance, modest though it be, is very carefully organised. It is entrusted to a body of Oumana which was constituted in the reign of Moulay Sliman, when the Makhzen renounced the monopoly of external commerce, and decided to establish custom-houses in the open ports. At the first, these Oumana were exclusively recruited from the merchants of Tetouan, Salay, and Rabat. At the end of the reign of Moulay Abderrahman, recourse was had to the people of Fez, who rapidly acquired the predominance among the fiscal agents of the Makhzen. Each year a list is drawn up by the Minister of Finance, containing the names of merchants in business in the four favoured cities, who are eligible for the position of Amin. In accordance with this list, the different posts are provided for as vacancies occur. It is not customary for an Amin to hold his position for more than two or three years.

With the increasing complication of the accounts and the duties, it has been found necessary to institute a number of different Oumana. The Oumana of the customs, in the open ports, collect the export and import dues. As they

have in their hands the greater part of the specie collected by the Treasury, the Makhzen makes them its bankers, draws on them for its payments, and calls on them for funds in case of need. The Oumana el-Mostafad have been placed in all the cities to receive the indirect contributions, since taxation was developed and widened by Sidi Mohammed ben Abderrahman after the war of 1860 with Spain. The valuations (*tekhris*) for the *achour* are made by the Oumana el-Khers, who are generally great proprietors,[1] exercising their functions from father to son, and controlling very extensive districts. Their agents scour the country at the time of the harvest, and proceed to estimate the value of the crops throughout the tribes. This done, each Kaïd becomes responsible for the amount due from those under his control, which, according to the custom of the tribe or the requirements of the Makhzen, must be paid in money or brought in kind to the nearest *mers*, containing the State *silos*. The *zekkat* is paid in kind, in proportion to the live stock possessed by each tribe.

In the ports, the custom-house forms a public treasury for the funds of the State. In the interior, the Treasury possesses at Fez, Mekinez, and Marrakech, three *bits el-mal*, situated in the Kasbah under the guardianship of the military governor. To each of them is attached an Amin es-Sayer, who has to make payments, except at Fez, where this office is entrusted to a board of three Oumana, who form the Dar Addeyel. The taxes, that are part in kind, come into the general stores of the Makhzen, which are situated in the three aforesaid cities under the control of Oumana el-Mers.

Each Amin, whatever his duties, has to send the Makhzen, in duplicate, a weekly statement of his receipts and a monthly balance-sheet. Within the seven days

[1] All the tribes of the north of Morocco are dependent on the family of the Ouled ed-Daouya, settled in the Gharb, between Larache and the Sebou, which has held this office of general collector since the reign of Sidi Mohammed ben Abderrahman.

following the end of the month, the Amin must have drawn up and despatched to the Court the accounts of the past month in detail. A copy of the statement thus furnished is submitted to the Sultan, and passed on by him to the register of the special *beniqa*, which does duty as Revenue Office. The other is kept by the Minister of Finance, who gets it entered in a large book, kept always up to date, thus accurately checking the position of the Treasury in its income and expenditure. It is obvious that the Oumana have brought to the accounts of the State the regular habits they learned in the commercial houses from which they were drawn, but they have never attempted to formulate rules applicable to public finance. They do not draw up any budget, and are not guided by any computation of future expenditure. The financial system of the Makhzen was an excellent one, so long as the State was administered with the traditional econony that distributed liberally the natural products brought in by the tax, but reserved the specie for possible needs. When the costly reforms and caprices of Moulay Abdelaziz supervened, at one blow they upset all the accounts of the State. To pay the salaries of officials and carry out the orders of the Sultan, a great deal of ready money was required, and it is impossible to procure sufficiently large amounts, with revenues that do not appear to exceed twenty million pesetas, half of which is derived from the Customs.

Present events have shown that the military system was no more fitted than the financial to support the shocks given by the young Sultan to the policy of the Makhzen, and that, although it was sufficient to suppress merely local disturbances, it was unable to deal with an extensive agitation, provoked by the folly of the Sovereign. The *guich* alone showed itself efficient. By supplying the Imperial Guard and the garrison of the Makhzen cities, it guaranteed the existence of the Moroccan Government, and preserved it against the aggression of the tribes, who know that they are powerless before artillery and fortifications. However universal the agitation may

become, though it spread through the whole country and transform it into *Blad es-Siba*, yet, so long as the *guich* survives, there will be a Sultan and a Makhzen, impregnable in the shelter of the Imperial cities, or the enclosure of the Shereefian camp.

But if the Makhzen can defend itself against recalcitrant subjects, it is not so well able to strike a blow. Offensive operations are entrusted to the standing army and the *nouaïb* contingents. The majority of the tribes of the Makhzen country, including the privileged tribes, consent to keep a certain number of men under arms. So that each tribe possesses a *tabor* bearing its name, and composed of *askar* (infantry), who are chosen for service among the tribesmen. The tribes of the South and the Diara of the Atlas furnish in this way their *tabor* to the Shereefian army. As to the tribes of the North, some of them still refuse to acquiesce in this exaction. Besides the *tabors* of the tribes, there are also several volunteer *tabors*, mostly from the Sus, which are recruited by famous Kaïds, and take the name of their leader. The best known of these *tabors* is that of the Harraba, a model battalion of about 2500 men, formed by Kaïd Sir Harry Maclean.

Each *tabor* is commanded by a Kaïd er-Raha, who has under him Kaïds el-Mia acting as subalterns, and *moqaddems* as non-commissioned officers : a special Amin is paymaster to the regiment. The effective force of each *tabor* varies enormously. That of the volunteer *tabors* can be kept up almost to their full numbers by continual recruiting. It is very different with the *tabors* of those tribes, in whose case the Makhzen does not risk a demand for recruits for fear of causing friction. The result is that the *tabors* of the tribe are very strong in numbers when a new contingent arrives, but gradually desertions make increasing gaps in them, and they end with a few *askar*, if they do not disappear altogether.

The Moroccan soldier is a born deserter. His love of independence keeps him from the standards, and he is tacitly encouraged in it by his own officers, who prefer to keep the

pay of their men for themselves. The *askar* wear a uniform of wide blue calico trousers and a red tunic, and their head-dress is a simple *chechiya* (skull-cap of red cloth). They are armed with Gras and Martini rifles. Of course, as soon as they need money they lose no time in turning their arms and equipment to account.

All these *tabors*, which form the bulk of the Shereefian army, and represent a nominal 20,000 men, make up the infantry. The more important are supported by a little squadron of cavalry, or by a machine-gun section. We must add several artillery batteries, managed by 100 artillerymen (*tubjiya*), recruited from the four Makhzen tribes, along with a certain number of volunteers trained by the French Military Mission. The cannon used are of all sorts of makes; but the greater proportion have been rendered useless by the carelessness of the Moroccans. For a year, Moulay Abdelaziz has been trying to form a cavalry force of Chaouiya, Abda, Doukkala, and volunteers,—700 or 800 men in all—whose training has been handed over to the French Military Mission, and an English major specially engaged for the task.

These forces of infantry, artillery, and cavalry have to remain in the vicinity of the Makhzen. Some detachments, however, are distributed as garrisons in different parts of the country—in Mekinez, Tangier, and Quazzan. A *tabor* is stationed in the Tafilelt; another at Tiznit, in the Sus. In normal times the garrison at Oudjda is connected with Fez by a series of stations, occupying the Kasbahs of Miknasa, Messoun, and Ayoun Sidi Mellouk. These stations have naturally been taken by the rebels since the beginning of the present disturbance. The ports are garrisoned by local *tabors*, supported by a few artillerymen.

The Makhzen has this army at its disposal to launch against recalcitrant tribes, and exact the payment of taxes which have fallen in arrears. The *askar* descend on the appointed tribe, lay hands on its poultry and live stock, burn the villages, cut off a few heads, and retire, after the Makhzen has obtained satisfaction through the mediation

of the local Shorfa. When the expedition is more important, and serious resistance is expected, the Makhzen summons a *harka*, and reinforces its permanent infantry by the cavalry of the *nouaïb*—a contingent of which each tribe has to furnish. Although they have never been drilled by European instructors, the *nouaïb* passes for the only reliable force which the Makhzen can dispose of in the field; and they are not quite so inclined as the *askar*, it would seem, to turn tail at the first shot. *Askar* and *nouaïb* had sufficed, up to the present, to fulfil their task, and to secure, more or less, the working of the Moroccan Government. The events of the past year have proved that they could not repress a general insurrection among the tribes, and were only competent to deal with local disturbances.

Besides, one must recognise that the rapid reforms undertaken by Moulay Abdelaziz were calculated to discourage the zeal of the ordinary supporters of the Makhzen; and these last stages have been marked by an extraordinary phenomenon, that of the Makhzen staff—Viziers and head Kaïds—employed in defending the Makhzen, since their own existence is bound up with it, but, at the bottom of their hearts, praying for the prolonged success of Bou Hamara, and blessing heaven for having raised up so opportune an adversary. The European fancies and the wastefulness of the young Sultan have contributed, in a great degree, to this movement of disaffection; but it was excited, above all, by the project of fiscal reform, which, making a clean sweep of the past, aimed at abolishing all the privileged classes at a single blow. In September 1901, a circular announced that "our Master (God exalt him) had received from God the joy of being able to turn his attentions to the necessary measures for the amelioration of the lot of the subjects he watched over, and for the destruction of the sources of injustice and arbitrary power. . . ." These measures comprised the *tertib*[1]—that is, fiscal reform,—which suppressed the ancient Koranic

[1] *Tertib* (ordinance). Fiscal reform. Connected with *rateb* (pay fixed by ordinance).

taxes, and replaced them by a tax on arable land, fruit trees and live stock. The tax was to be fixed and extend to all, according to a scale attached to the scheme. Oumana and Adoul were nominated to go through the whole country and value the taxable goods, and afterwards to look after the collection and payment of the tax. As to the Kaïds, they were to receive in the future a Makhzen salary, from 2 to 10 douros a day, according to their rank. They were no longer authorised to exact from the subjects of his Shereefian Majesty "the least clipping of a nail," and their duties were to be confined to backing up the fiscal agents with force when required.

This unlucky project, so simple in appearance, which was to supplement the resources of the Treasury and introduce the reign of justice in Morocco, showed a prodigious lack of experience. It contained in itself the ruin of the Makhzen and the germs of the present agitation. In fact, there was not a Moroccan that it did not wound in his conscience or in his purse. The majority of the submissive tribes, who might have gained some relief from it, saw in it, above anything else, a blow struck at their religious convictions by the suppression of the Koranic taxes, and distrusted so strange a suggestion. That was sufficient to set the mountains in a ferment, and fill them with preachers of a Sacred War against the reprobate Sultan. In the plain, the tribes felt themselves much freer with regard to their Kaïds, whose fiscal jurisdiction had before constituted the main source both of their revenue and their authority. So the Kaïds, thus reduced to a mere competency, saw themselves deprived of the authority which they had used to pillage those under them and, at the same time, to support the Makhzen.

The privileged classes waxed indignant. What good would it be, henceforward, to belong to a Makhzen tribe, if one had to pay taxes like a simple *naïba* tribe? The Shorfa, who were subjected to the tax, like ordinary mortals, regarded the scheme as an insult to the blood of the Prophet, and took less trouble to conciliate the tribes in the

interest of so ill-bred a Government. All the officials, Kaïds and Oumana, Viziers even, looked with repugnance on a *régime* which assigned them wretched salaries and deprived them of their ancient sources of wealth. Moreover, the resources of the Treasury were too weak to assure suitable salaries for all the Makhzen employés. The financial difficulty was still more aggravated by the fact, that, the ancient system having been abrogated before the new had taken its definite form, the tribes had for two years ceased to pay any tax at all. The immediate result of the *tertib* had thus been to make the ordinary resources of the Makhzen bankrupt, destroy its financial system, and provoke a disturbance that showed the insufficiency of its military system.

This grave crisis had to be met by a Makhzen, which had been in a state of transformation for many years, and which had been particularly enfeebled by the character of the reigning Sultan. However, thanks to its prestige and the strength of its traditions, it has managed to survive, and it is probable that it has a long lease of life still to run. By clinging to his Makhzen, Moulay Abdelaziz has succeeded in retaining his power in face of the reprobation of his whole people. It cannot be denied that the Makhzen asserts its authority but feebly, and that Moroccan anarchy has made many a breach in its fabric. But, if its activity is limited, its existence is assured by the involuntary consideration shown it by the tribes, and the idea of its value which, unconsciously, they entertain. With due regard to proportion, the Makhzen may be reckoned in the number of these venerable institutions, like the Papacy, the Porte, or the House of Hapsburg, which, strong in their past and in their policy, feel themselves necessary and irreplaceable, support with serenity the most dangerous convulsions, and surmount with ease the most terrible of shocks. Present events are well calculated to demonstrate once more the solidity of the Makhzen fabric, and, till the new order comes, it is impossible to conceive the government of Morocco without it.

CHAPTER XIII

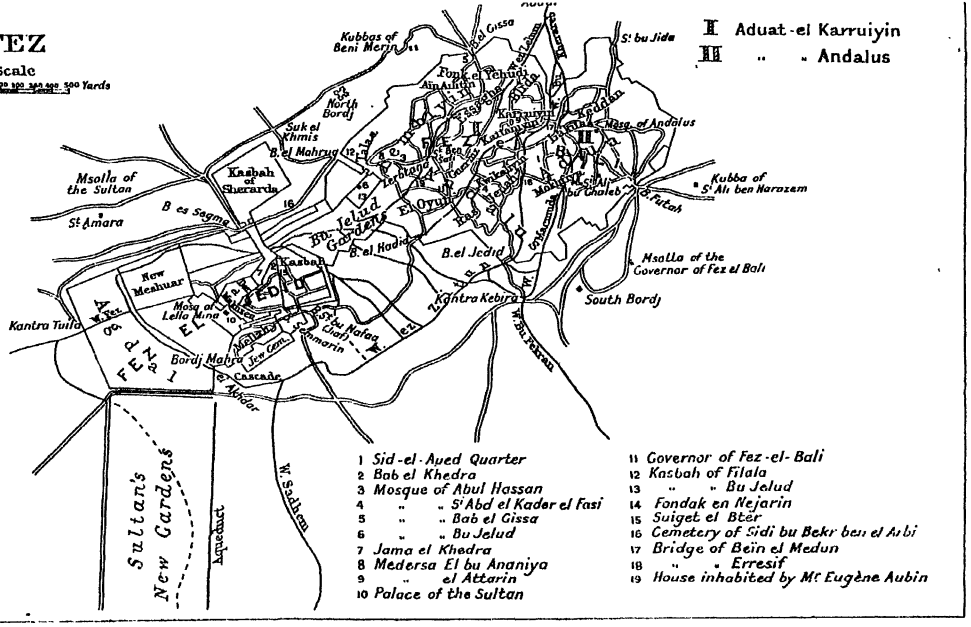
FEZ

The Religious Life—Our Stay at Fez—The Hospitality of the Makhzen—The Panorama of the City: its Foundation and its History—Fez el-Djedid, the quarter of Bou Jeloud; Fez el-Bali—The Population and Administration of Old Fez—Mussulman Character of Fez el-Bali—Mosques and Habous—Organisation of Justice—Pious Foundations: Poor Relief—Instruction: *nsids* and *medersas*—The University of Karaouiyin—The Students' Life: the Sultan of the *Tolba*—The Festival of the Achoura—The Sanctuary of Moulay Edriss: the *Zaouïa*, places of asylum.

FEZ.

WE are at Fez, guests of the Makhzen. We have had assigned to us, in the street called Zerbtana, in the el-Oyoun quarter, a large garden planted with orange and rose trees: little streams from the river Fez cut it at all angles, and right in the centre is a mill with an enclosure. Our horses and mules are put up in a court, where the tent for the kitchen has been pitched as well. As for our servants, they have made themselves as comfortable as they can in all sorts of corners, but mostly in a little *manzah*, a pavilion which stands at the foot of the garden. When we arrived, the orange trees were covered with fruit; later they began to flower, and from morning till evening their branches resounded with the trill of blackbirds, that abound in the orange groves of Fez.

We live in a house, which looks very large, but contains only two bedrooms, and a small dining-room. It has the inestimable advantage of being furnished in the European style: some big pieces of furniture, beds, tables, chairs, and above all, excellent easy-chairs; refinements very rare in



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the city, and reserved for visitors by the thoughtfulness of the Makhzen. From the high terrace one has a magnificent view of the whole of Fez el-Bali, and the line of the neighbouring mountains. The steward of the house, el-Hadj Boubeker Guessous, a most obliging man, looks to our comfort with the best grace in the world, and supplies us with a daily *mouna* (of barley, straw, coal, sheep, chickens, vegetables, packets of lights, sugar-loaves, sometimes dates and local delicacies as well). We have learnt indirectly that our entertainment costs the Makhzen a monthly sum of 500 douros, and sometimes even more. The expenses of entertainment must be very high at this moment. All the Kaïds of the submissive tribes who are at Fez, are, like us, supplied by the Government with lodgings and the *mouna*. Our next-door neighbour, in a garden next our own, is the Kaïd of the Rahamna, Si el-Mehdi ben el-Madani, nephew of the late Kaïd, and the very man, who, last autumn, got his cousin assassinated so opportunely to clear the way for his own advancement.

If the Kasbah and the markets on the routes have a deplorable influence on the good discipline of a caravan in a Moroccan country, that exercised by a prolonged stay in an Imperial City as the guests of his Shereefian Majesty is no less deplorable. Our men know that they are living on the Makhzen, and do their best to make a permanent *nzaha* at its expense. No power in the world can prevent them from impudently selling what is left over of the *mouna*, and procuring with the gains a whole colony of girls and even little boys, who swarm in all the corners of our garden. Neither curses nor threats can put an end to this orgy. One hears the thin reedy music of the *guembri*[1] half the night. When it is not our garden, it is the one beside us that is performing, and our sole excuse is that the conduct of our party is neither more nor less scandalous than what is going on at Rahmani's next door.

In the outskirts of the city are two elevated points, from

[1] The *guembri* is a little guitar with two cords, which is in general use in Morocco.

which one has a particularly good view of the long line formed by the medley of buildings which constitutes Fez. There are the *msalla* of the Governor of Fez on the south, and on the north the hill of the Mirmid tombs. The city was built at the favoured spot where the river Fez, after flowing through the wide plain of the Saïs, and before its junction with the Sebou, breaks into numbers of cascades in the depths of a narrow valley, and the houses cover the slopes of the river bank. On the west is the mighty Kasbah of Fez el-Djedid, the residence of the Makhzen, with its little annexe, the blue-tinted mellah, where the Jewish community huddles. The plain ends with the State property of Bou Jeloud, which serves to unite the old and the new city. Then the ground descends rapidly in a steep slope, taken up by the gardens of the el-Oyoun quarter, and the torrent of houses of the Talaa. In the hollow of the valley, in a setting of green, rises, surrounded by its girdle of walls, the greyish mass of Fez el-Bali, in whose centre the glory of the city, the square green-tiled roof and the minaret of Moulay Edriss point to heaven. The channels that are distributed on the slopes and in the hollows surround the whole city with abundant vegetation —fruit gardens hedged in by reeds, market gardens in the midst of mulberry trees, poplars, and elms. With the exception of Cairo, I know of no city in all northern Africa better situated or more attractive than Fez, nor one more fortunate in the picturesque unevenness of its site, in its waters, and in its verdure.

The man who was fortunate enough to choose such a site was a Minister of the Second of the Edrissites,[1] Omair ben Mossab el-Azdy. An ineffectual rising, made

[1] The following works furnish information on the city of Fez, and on all Moroccan history in general:—

The *Roudh-el-Qartas* ("garden of leaves"), written in 1326 by a Moor of Granada, the Imam Abd el-Halim. It contains the annals of Fez up to the ninth Merinid Sovereign.

The *Nozhet el-Hadi* ("the recreation of the camel-driver") of Mohammed el-Oufrani—the history of the Saadian dynasty.

The *Ettordieman Elmo arib* ("the interpreter who gives a clear account

at Mecca, by the descendants of Ali, had brought the Edrissites to Morocco. The first Edriss, who came from Egypt, crossed the whole of North Africa, and reached Oualily, in the Zerhoun, in 788, in the centre of the Berber tribes, who accorded a great welcome to the fugitive Shereef. In this representative of the most illustrious Mussulman family they saw incarnated their love of independence and revolt, and by flocking to his banner in ever-increasing numbers they made it possible for the exile to found an Empire separate from the Abbasid Khalifate.

The second Edriss, finding Oualily too small for a monarch of his importance, began to look for a new capital, and entrusted the choice of the site to his Minister Omaïr. One day he came to the spring which ever since has borne his name, whose waters rushed down through the verdure to join the river Fez. A little lower some sixty springs, at different points on the hill, fell into the river in a succession of little waterfalls. The spot was occupied by two clans of the Berber tribe of the Zenata, from whom the ground had to be purchased. In 808 the second Edriss first enclosed it with walls, and then divided it up between the tribes which were of his following. The river Fez divided the new city into two quarters, which became the Adouat[1] el-Karaouiyin on the left bank, and the Adouat el-Andalous on the right. In the first were settled emigrants from the Ifrikiyah, in the second, eight thousand Moors that had been expelled from

of the dynasties of the East and the West) of Abdel Qasem Ezzayani, which ends with 1812.

The *Istiqsa* ("historical researches on the dynasties of the Maghreb), which brings us up to our own days.

The *Selouet el-Anfas* ("consolation of souls"), by the Sheikh Sidi Mohammed el-Kettani, professor at Karaouiyin, given up to the biographies of Saints, Oulemas, and Feqihs, buried in Fez or its environs.

[1] *Adoua* (bank), formerly used of the two shores of the Straits of Gibraltar.

Cordova. From the first the Jews gained the right to live in Fez, and the name of a quarter, Fondak el-Yehoudi, still marks the part of the city where they settled in greatest numbers.

The second Edriss was buried at Fez in the mosque of the Shorfa, which he founded, and which has become the sanctuary of Moulay Edriss. His father lies in the Zerhoun, the site of the early capital, where his Koubba is still worshipped. In 859, under the reign of the fifth Edrissite, the two daughters of a rich widow, who had migrated from Kairouan, founded the two greatest mosques of the city, which took the names of their respective quarters, el-Karouiyin and el-Andalous. These famous mosques soon dethroned the more modest ones founded by Edriss himself, and after the tenth century the Friday prayer was transferred to them.

The successive Moroccan dynasties did not all reside at Fez. The Almoravids and the Ahmohads preferred Marrakech, which they had founded. But all of them were indefatigable in extending its walls, building gates in them, embellishing the great mosques and constructing new ones, and in increasing the number of irrigation canals which distributed the water of the Fez throughout the houses and gardens. In early days, the two quarters formed two distinct cities, each with its separate enclosure. In the internal feuds, which form the guiding-thread of Moroccan history, these two halves of Fez were often enemies, and fought against each other. In the eleventh century, under the Zenata, two brothers made them their rival capitals, and carried on a merciless war upon one another. The Almohads razed the inner walls, and united Karaouiyin and the Andalous in a single city. But it was only under the Merinids that Fez became capital. As the city was already over-populated, the Emir Yacoub ben Abdelhaq founded Fez el-Djedid—the new Fez—in 1274, to settle his own tribe, the Beni-Meryn, in it. The ancient city was called, in contradistinction, Fez el-Bali—the old Fez. Two years later, the same monarch instituted the Mellah, where the

Jewish population found a shelter from persecution. Fez then became the true capital of the Maghreb. It attained its present dimensions, was adorned with the greater part of its monuments, baths, mosques, and *fondaks*,[1] and could compete with Cordova and Kairouan as the centre of scientific life. The Saadian Shorfa neglected it. However, they built the two outer bastions, for, in 1554, the city had to defend itself against the Turks, who succeeded in taking possession of it for an instant, on behalf of the decaying Merinid dynasty. The Alaouitic Shorfa returned to Fez, which has remained, since then, the chief capital of the reigning dynasty.

To-day, Fez el-Djedid is the seat of the Government—the Makhzen city. It is there that the Sultan resides when he visits his northern capital. In his absence he leaves a Khalifa there, to represent the permanent authority of his Shereefian Majesty in the Gharb.

From the outside, Fez el-Djedid bears the appearance of a fortress designed to dominate the country—nothing but lines of battlemented walls with massive towers—whilst the threatening enclosure of the Dar el-Makhzen forms a great central block with its lofty walls. The houses, which are very low, are barely visible in the network of fortifications, which are surmounted only by the minarets of the mosques, and the green-tiled pavilions of the Imperial Palace. The new Fez is traversed, throughout its entire breadth, by a great artery. Beginning at Bab es-Segma, where the road from the sea ends, this street passes through a whole series of courts and passages, united by fortified gates. It ends at Bab es-Semmarin, and in it the whole activity of Fez el-Djedid is centred.

The people of the *guich* and the servants of the Palace form the population of Fez el-Djedid. All the Makhzen tribes are there represented in the vicinity of the Sultan, but it is the Sheraga, the closest neighbours to Fez, that furnish the most numerous contingent. At the fort of

[1] *Fondak:* caravansary for men, and animals' market.

the bastion of Sidi Bou Nafaa is the quarter of Ehl-Sus, inhabited by the *guich* of that name. Fez el-Djedid is administered by a Pasha whose territorial jurisdiction extends over all the new city. Besides him there is the Governor of the Sheraga, who exercises a personal jurisdiction over his numerous fellow-tribesmen who reside there. Each afternoon the two Governors take up their position under the opposite gates of the old *mechouar*, to administer justice to those under their control. In the old days the tribunal of the Chraa was constituted by a representative of the Kaïds of Fez el-Bali, but for the last ten years there has been a regular Kadi, assisted by special Adoul, who sits in a *meqsoura*[1] adjoining the great mosque.

The buildings in this purely military city, occupied by a fluctuating garrison, are exceedingly primitive. They comprise merely a *fondak* for grain, and another for oil; a single mill grinds the corn, and there are three Moorish baths for the soldiers. For most other necessities of life, Fez el-Djedid is dependent on Fez el-Bali. There are little *souks* (markets) everywhere, in which are sold the indispensable commodities, and which, towards the evening, are the scene of the *Souiqet el-Bter* ("the little market of the poor"), where old arms and cast-off things —clothes or uniforms, poniards or rifles—are put up for auction.

On the north side of Fez el-Djedid, but separate from the Makhzen city, rises a great square fortress, with projecting towers. It is reached from the Saïs by a pretty gateway, decorated with reliefs in brick. Another gate, like it, but walled, forms its counterpart on the other side of the fortress. The interior, which is full of tumble-down buildings, has the appearance of a poor village. It is the Kasbah of the Sherarda, which was constructed to give asylum to the troops whose duty it was to secure the approaches

[1] *Meqsoura* (part cut off): part of a mosque cut off by a wooden partition for the use of the Sultan, sometimes for women.

of Fez.[1] The inhabitants of the Kasbah receive lands to cultivate in the neigbourhood. They live, with their households and their live stock, in a veritable fortified village.

The Kasbah of the Sherarda is separated from Fez el-Djedid by a narrow passage, which contains a little *souk*. Beyond it spreads the cemetery of Sidi Boubekr ben el-Arbi, a learned Imam, a native of Seville, who came to Fez in the eleventh century, and whose great Koubba adorns the cemetery. There the forgotten grave of one of our compatriots, M. de Saulty, is to be found. He was an officer in the Engineers, in garrison in Algeria, in the first days of the conquest. As the result of some love-affair, he deserted and came over to Morocco, became a Mohammedan, and entered their service. The majority of the bridges round about Fez were built or repaired by him.

Fez el-Djedid is connected with Fez el-Bali by the quarter of Bou Jeloud, which contains a mosque and a little Kasbah, by the side of a Palace and Imperial gardens. The communications between the old and the new city consist of a succession of esplanades and fortified passages, occupied by straggling camps, an army of beggars, and the stalls of druggists or quack doctors.

Fez el-Bali is really the true Fez, the centre of Morocco. Coming from the coast one reaches it by Bab el-Mahrouq (Gate of the Burning), an arched and massive portal, on whose battlements are hung the heads that have been collected, as visible signs of victory, by the Shereefian expeditions. To its origin Bab el-Mahrouq owes this gory privilege. On the very day in which it was completed, in the beginning of the thirteenth century, the corpse of a rebel chief, captured in the mountains, was brought to Fez. The body was burned, the head hung from the battlements

[1] It belonged, in the first instance, to the Sheraga, but afterwards came into the possession of the Oudaïa, who were dispossessed after their great revolt against Moulay Abderrahman. From that time it has belonged to the Sherarda.

of the gate, and the tradition perpetuated. Immediately beyond Bab el-Mahrouq is the little fortress, Kasbet en-Nouar, which was the residence of the Moroccan dynasties, before the construction of Fez el-Djedid. Leaving the extensive garden quarter on the right, two parallel streets, containing the charming minarets and the carved wood canopies of the Medersa of el-Bou Ananiya, and the mosque of Abou el-Hassan, descend sharply to the lower city.

Fez el-Bali occupies all the hollow of the valley of the river Fez, which, issuing from the glen of the river ez-Zitoun, enters the city under the battlemented arch of Bab el-Djedid, all overhung with green. The lofty houses, huddled one against the other, ascend the slopes of the two banks till they touch the walled enclosures. From the garden quarter, which is situated on the height, runs a detached hill, built over with grey houses, which are crowned by the mosque of Sidi Ahmed ech-Chaoui, and look down from above on the quarter of el-Karaouiyin. Below, all along the river, are situated the *souks* and the most celebrated mosques. On the right bank are Moulay Edriss, el-Karaouiyin, Erresif, and on the left the monumental canopy which covers the principal gate of the mosque of the Andalous. The quarters on the left bank end at the foot of a cemetery, which rises in a steep gradient to the eviscerated shrines of the Merinids. At Bab Fetouh, where those of the right bank end, is another cemetery, the largest in the city, which covers the neighbouring hills and even penetrates within the walls. There, beneath simple stones or splendid Koubba with green tiles, are interred the Saints, the Oulemas, and Feqihs of Fez. Sidi Ali ben Harazem, whose solitary mausoleum was constructed a little outside Bab Fetouh, and Sidi Ali bou Ghaleb, who lies within the city walls, were illustrious men of learning. They flourished in the twelfth century, at the time when Fez was the shining light of learning in all Western Islam. In popular veneration they are little behind Moulay Edriss, who, as founder of the city, remains its most revered patron.

Fez must contain some hundred thousand inhabitants. The population of Fez el-Bali, as diverse as could be in its origins, is unified by the refinement of Moorish civilisation, which has invested all these different elements, and formed the present type of the Fasi. Fez does, in fact, pride itself on its *hadhariya* life—that is, its citizen life—with its refined manners and fastidious tastes. It is thus termed in contra-distinction to the *badiya*, the Bedouin cities filled with nomads, and the *aroubiya*, the Arab camps under canvas. In Morocco, the privileged title of "citizen city" belongs only to Fez, Tetouan, and Rabat, and, in a degree, to Tangier and Marrakech. "The inhabitants of Fez are always of a more subtle and acute intelligence than the other peoples of the Maghreb," was said by the *Roudh el-Qartas* long ago. In fact, Fez is the citizen city *par excellence*. A real luxury characterises the dwellings, the clothes, and the table of the Fasis. Speech is purer than anywhere else, and letters more held in honour. The Fasis claim, with justice, to represent the chief oasis of culture in the Empire, among savage Berbers of the mountain, and the boorish Arab or Arabised peoples of the plain. The man of Fez is a Fasi before he is a Moroccan, and it is seldom that he loses a chance of displaying his scorn for his less civilised compatriots.

None the less, the first Fasis were Berbers, who swamped the Arab emigrants from the Ifrikiyah, the Moors from Cordova, and the original Jewish settlers. Almoravids, Almohads, and Merinids brought a new influx of Berbers into the city. The *Roudh el-Qartas* tells us of a preacher who was dismissed by the Almohads from the mosque of Karaouiyin for the simple reason that he did not know Berber. In the twelfth century, the Jews of Fez became so powerful that they held the whole centre of the city, and one of them was actually nominated Governor. A rising broke out against this too fortunate community. The Emir Yacoub ben Abdelhaq, to save them from the violence of the populace, was compelled to establish them in a separate quarter, which became the first Mellah in Morocco. But

they were forbidden, for the future, to possess freehold property in the city. Besides, there were many Jews who became Mohammedans, and were lost in the mass of the Fasis.

After the capture of Granada, and the wars of the Moors in Spain, which lasted up to the seventeenth century, Moorish families from Andalusia came to settle in Fez. Lastly, a general emigration from Tlemcen and the province of Oran, resulted from the Turkish, and still more from the French, conquest in Algeria. Of course Fez contains a great number of people from all points of Morocco as well. Its Medersas are filled with students from the provinces, and artisans have flocked from all sides to find employment in the city. But the Fasi has nothing to do with these birds of passage. He is the result of fortunate cross breeding, in which the different Berber tribes, the successive influxes of Andalusian Moors, the Arab immigrations from Algeria and Tunis, and an appreciable admixture of Jews who have become Mohammedans, have played their part.

The principal authority of Fez el-Bali is the Governor. He goes down every day into the lower part of the city, to the Dar Bou Ali, where he dispenses justice in all matters that do not enter the province of religious law. The present Governor is a magnificent Riffian, a native of Tangier, and belonging to a very old Makhzen family. Si Abderrahman ben Abdessakok is very popular at Fez, where his rule is extremely mild. He has had a hard task, during the recent disturbance, to keep the Fasis in order, for, by temperament, they are always malcontents. The criticisms against the Sultan that had been rife in Fez el-Bali had disturbed the Makhzen, which complained of them to the Governor. The latter had to make up his mind to forbid the meetings in the street and the endless meetings in private houses. So he called the principal men together, and bewailed his fate in being caught between the anvil of Fez el-Bali and the hammer of the Makhzen. He begged them to keep their tongues a little quieter, for, if

they did not, he would have no choice but to take refuge in the mosque of Moulay Edriss, and ask to be relieved of his duties. Out of consideration for their Governor, the Fasis passed a self-denying ordinance of three days' silence. Of course, after this short respite accorded Si Abderrahman, the gossip burst out again more violently than ever.

The *Roudh el-Qartas* recounts that, at the moment when he laid the first foundations of the city of Fez, Moulay Edriss addressed the following invocation to the heavens: "Grant, oh my God, that this place may be the abode of science and of wisdom, that thy book may be honoured therein, and thy laws observed. Grant that its people may remain faithful to the Sonna and the prayer, as long as the city I am about to build shall exist." Judging by appearances, the prayers of Moulay Edriss have been amply granted. It is impossible to stay even for a short time at Fez without noticing how completely religion dominates the whole life of the city.

The division of time into the hours of the day and the night is of little importance to the Fasis, who prefer to follow the hours of prayer. At dawn, *fedjr*, towards half-past one, *dohr*, between three and four o'clock, *aser*, at sunset, *maghreb*, and after dark, *acha*, a mighty wave of sound spreads over the whole city. From the top of the minarets, the muezzins call to the believers—the morning prayer, *sobh*, alone is not proclaimed by them. At the same time, from a wooden beam fixed to the top of each minaret, is hung out, at night, a lantern, during the day, a white flag. "Allah Akbar! Allah Akbar!" God is great! There is no God save God, and Mohammed is his prophet. Come to the prayer! Come to do good! "Allah Akbar!" There is no God save God.[1]

During the last five hours of the night, according to a custom peculiar to Fez, these cries succeed each other from

[1] For the morning prayer, the Muezzins, before pronouncing the formula common to all the other prayers, cry out: "The night is gone with its darkness, and the day appears with its glorious light."

the top of the minaret of Karaouiyin. A rich Fasi, called Ben Hayoun, was impressed, during an illness, by the silence and solitude of the nights. He resolved, in consequence, to make a pious bequest. He founded the "companions of the sick." These companions are muezzins, ten in number, whose duties are hereditary. Each night every half-hour, they succeed each other in the recitation of prayers, and the last of them, at the end of his half-hour, hoists the signal of the dawn. The names of these muezzins are known to all the Fasis. Their voices are familiar to all, and those who wake up during the night are able to distinguish them, and recognise the exact hour immediately, from the voice of the pious singer. The mosques of Moulay Edriss, Erresif, and the Andalous employ muezzins of the same sort, for the three last half-hours before the dawn.

A blue flag which is hoisted above the mosques in the morning announces Friday, the sacred day. At ten o'clock it is replaced by a white flag, which remains there until the hour of prayer. Among the numerous mosques and oratories of Fez, there are only sixteen Khotba mosques, where the Friday prayer may be celebrated. It is celebrated at different hours in each, between *ouli* and *aser*. At noon, prayer is said in the great mosque of Fez el-Djedid, where the Sultan is present, at those of Moulay Edriss and the Andalous; at half-past one at the Karaouiyin; and about three o'clock at the mosque of Bab el-Guissa. In all the mosques, the necessary duties are performed by an Imam, who says the daily prayers, by *hazzaba*, who read the Koran, and by muezzins. The Khotba mosques have also a Khatib or preacher, who alone is qualified to pronounce the Friday prayer. According to very ancient usage, the Khatibs of Fez are all chosen by the Makhzen, from the descendants of a great sage, Sidi Abdelkader el-Fasi, who lived in the seventeenth century, and whose Koubba is shut in by the houses of the el-Qalqaliyin quarter. The members of this family live in houses that centre round the tomb of their ancestor.

Apart from the oratories, which are simply rooms of prayer, the mosques of Fez are all constructed on the same pattern—an inner court, with a fountain in the centre; on the sides, massive whitewashed arcades, forming a series of naves. The doors are adorned with canopies in carved wood, with plaster sculpturing, and sometimes with an outer portico which covers the whole breadth of the narrow street. The minarets alone vary in their structure and their decoration. The oldest are very ugly. They are heavy white towers, quite bare, and surmounted by a hideous cupola. They disfigure the most famous mosques of the city, el-Karaouiyin and the Andalous. The minarets of the Merinids are the glory of Fez. They are slender and lofty; their sides are covered with brick reliefs and pottery mosaics; they are crowned with a light tower, which ends in golden balls. Of this type are the minarets of the great mosque of Fez el-Djedid, of the Medersa of El-bou-Ananiya, and the mosque of Abou el-Hassan, at Fez el-Bali. The modern minarets have the same fine lines, but can be recognised by the greenish tiles which cover them, and are, artistically, very much inferior. One can see them at Moulay Edriss, in the mosques of Erresif and Sidi Ahmed ech-Chaouin, as well as in the mosques of the Dar el-Makhzen.

It is the Habous' funds that maintain almost all the city services. Their revenues support the public worship, the justice of the Chraa, higher education, the public works and magistrates. Certain pious foundations have been created for a definite end. A special Habou is concerned with the distribution of bread in the prisons, a second, with the prayer and the recitation of the Koran in the outer bastions of the city, a third, with the housing of the Adoul, whose duty it is to calculate the lunar months. There are also Habous for the cleaning of sewers and the lighting of Fez el-Bali. A quaint Habou maintains an employé, who has to collect rats and dead animals, for which he is paid so much a head.

Some curious old Habous have fallen into abeyance. There was once a marriage department in the hands of an

old Adoul, whose shop was transformed into a matrimonial agency; nay, more, to give humble *ménages* a pleasant impression at the beginning of their married life, they were lodged for a week, gratis, in a very comfortable house, now in ruins. A band of musicians had to visit the lunatic asylum every day, to distract the inmates, and the progress of the case was judged by the effect the music produced.

The possessions of the Habous at Fez can hardly be reckoned. One may say that almost all the real property put to public use belongs to them. Their *souks*, *fondaks*, markets, Moorish baths, ovens, mills, and slaughter-houses, are let to merchants or tenants. These houses are let on very long leases, granted to private individuals who can buy their key. For a fixed sum, and the payment of a trifling rent, they can become practically the owners. All the Habous, with the exception of the funds belonging to the *zaouïa* of Moulay Edriss, are dependent on two distinct boards. Those of all the mosques and Koubbas of the city are administered by two *nadirs*, who control the funds of the mosque of Karaouiyin. The public service devolves on a special *nadir*, who administers the funds of the indigent or the funds of Sidi Fradj.

Since the remuneration of the city services depends strictly on the Habous, it follows, naturally, that the chief authority of Fez el-Bali is vested, in actual fact, not so much in the Governor, the direct representative of the Makhzen, as in the religious officials, the Kadis, who are the true heads of the body of Oulemas. In the old days, the single Kadi of Fez bore the title of "Kadi of Kadis," and himself appointed all functionaries connected with religion; but, for the last fifty years, his powers have been reduced by the Makhzen, which reserves to itself the right of election, and the office has even been duplicated. There are now two Kadis at Fez el-Bali, the first and the second Kadi. They constitute the tribunal of the Chraa, and themselves nominate their substitutes, if they are absent or unable to attend. The plaintiff may choose whichever of the two Kadis he prefers, but once the suit has begun, he is not

allowed to change. There is no established court of appeal. The defeated party may appeal to the Oulemas, who are learned jurisconsults. He collects their opinions in the form of *fetouas*,[1] and presents them to the judge. If these *fetouas* seem to carry sufficient weight, and if the opposing party is not in a position to reply with more conclusive *fetouas*, the Kadi may make up his mind to modify his original verdict.

The actions and the procedure are drawn up by Adoul, whose little booths crowd round the Karaouiyin, and who receive their fees from their clients. The two Kadis usually sit in the *meqsouras*—chambers adjoining the mosque. The first takes his seat at Karaouiyin, the second at Erresif. Generally their sessions are held from *ouli* (noon) to the prayer of *dohr* (about 1.30 P.M.); sometimes, if needed, from *aser* (between 3 and 4 P.M.) to *maghreb* (at sunset) as well. But when the case is an urgent one, sent up by the Makhzen, the Kadis do not hesitate to decide it on the spot, in their own house. The two present Kadis at Fez, Si Abdallah ben Khadia, and Si Homaid Bennani, pass for upright men. They are the powerful officials who control the administration of the Habous, and recommend for election, to the Makhzen, the clergy of the mosques, the professors of Karaouiyin, and the Kadis for all the Makhzen territory.

The benevolent institutions, kept up by the Habous of Sidi Fradj, succour the poor of the city, supply them with food and clothing, and provide for their burial. There is no special institution for waifs and strays, or for the sick. Interest is shown in the blind alone, for whom two hospitals have been founded. The administrative centre and principal establishment are in the *moristan* (hospital and asylum) of Sidi Fradj. Its ground floor is an asylum, and there is a women's prison on the first floor. Below, a number of cooks prepare the food to be given to the poor who visit the establishment each day. In the

[1] *Fetoua:* decision on a legal or theological question given by some important personage—cadi, imam, or savant, or by several of those personages in consultation.

morning soup is distributed, meat at midday, and *couscous* in the evening. On the occasion of the festivals the poor receive alms in money, and assistance is given to the needy Shorfa who have had the bad fortune not to be pensioned by the Makhzen.

The duty of providing for public instruction rests with the administration of the Habous. The Koran is taught in numbers of district schools (*msids*), generally little recesses on the ground floor, shut in by screens of carved wood, from behind which issues the monotonous hum of children drawling out the verses of the sacred book. The Habou provides the room and the necessary materials, but the *feqih* (lawyer) in charge of the school is chosen by the people of the district, and remunerated by his pupils. Boys begin going to school at the age of five years. There they learn to read, write, and repeat the Koran. They repeat it three, four, or five times, according to their memory, and then leave school between the ages of twelve and eighteen, and their education is at an end. It is customary for the pupil to bring his master a small fee every Wednesday at the end of each month, and on the occasion of the vacations for the great festivals. When a child has succeeded in reading one of the chapters of the Koran the *feqih* makes a mark on his slate, and the parents, thus apprised of the fact, send a *douceur*, which may attain a considerable figure when the scholar has reached the last chapter.

There are fifteen schools for girls at Fez, which are real private classes held by educated women. But the children do not attend them very regularly, and they leave as soon as they are thirteen or fourteen. There are, besides, technical schools, which work in the same way, for sewing and embroidery. There is, as yet, no technical school for boys. If they wish to learn a trade they must be apprenticed after they have left the primary school. If, on the other hand, they desire a higher education, they must take the private courses of professors in the mosques or the Koubbas, or have recourse to the official instruction given in the mosque of Karaouiyin.

The mosque of Karaouiyin is the largest in Fez. The students and the faithful enter the court by three gates. Their folding-doors are always open, and allow Christians outside to admire two magnificent fountains. They are connected with the lateral naves by little pavilions in carved stone, and in every way resemble the famous pavilion in the Lions Court in the Alhambra. In the background stretches, dark and mysterious, the long series of arcades embellished by the piety of successive generations, whose dimensions, we are informed by the *Roud el-Qartas*, are such that twenty-two thousand people can take part in the prayer under the arches of two hundred and seventy columns. Karaouiyin is the only seat of learning in the Maghreb. Instruction is given morning and evening. The morning, from dawn to *ouli*, is occupied by three successive lectures on law; the afternoon, from *dohr* to *aser*, by courses in grammar, syntax, prosody, logic, elocution, and rhetoric. Professors of lesser importance give instruction in astronomy and mathematics. As for history, that the students are supposed to learn from their text-books.[1]

There still exists a once celebrated library at Karaouiyin. In 1285 the Merinid Emir deposited in it a collection of books which formed part of the booty won from the Christian King of Seville. Later on it was abandoned, and is no longer of any importance. The students, to whom the books were lent, often neglected to return them. All the valuable books that remained were taken by Moulay el-Hassan in virtue of his royal prerogative, and distributed in the Dars el-Makhzen of the four Imperial cites, where the best collections of books in Morocco are to be found. There still remain about a thousand volumes contained in a single room. Warned by past experience, the librarian lends no more books. He merely reads aloud

[1] Certain traditional works form the basis of the instruction of Karaouiyin. Sidi Klalil, the great jurist of Malekite law, supplies, with his commentators, the foundation of law studies. Literary studies are based chiefly on two works, the Adjroumiya and the Alfiya.

occasionally text-books to the students who want to copy them.

The majority of the *feqihs* possess some books, but one hears of few great private libraries. The most famous in Fez is that of a Shereef, Moulay Edriss ben Abdelhadi, an uncle of the Sultan. Despite the poor market for books, there is considerable literary activity. Scholars write readily on history, law, jurisprudence, and, above all, on religion, for religious books are sure of a wider public than books of science. These works are printed by the three printing-offices in the city, or even in Cairo. Merchants of Fez, who have connections with Egypt, buy the work from the author, and become publishers for the occasion. There is no Arabic printing-office in Morocco, outside Fez. The book trade is carried on in eight booksellers' stalls in the Shatriyin, behind the Karaouiyin. Beside them are about the same number of bookbinders' shops, where very pretty bindings are done in leather. They lack, however, the artistic finish one finds in certain parts of the East. Every Friday, after the Khotba, there is a sale of books, in which the students' old books are sold by auction.

The courses are held in some corner of the mosque, where the *tolba* gather round their professors. These professors are elected by public vote. A *taleb* gets a following of several students. If he becomes popular, his audience increases, his reputation gains him the title of *feqih*, and, in the end, he succeeds in obtaining from the Kadis his nomination as professor of the fifth class. From that time he is an official in the service of the Habous, and receives, at the time of the festivals, a *sila* from the Makhzen—that is, a sum of money and a suit of clothes—along with a *mouna* of grain and meat. The professor passes through his five successive classes, his salary and his *sila* increasing the while. But he is really only an assistant professor till he reaches the first class, which alone gives the right to sit on the fourth step of the platform, from the top of which one looks down upon one's audience. The number of professorial chairs in Karaouiyin varies between fifteen and

twenty. Some of them have been founded by special Habous, which prescribe the hours of the course and the nature of the instruction. At present there are seventeen professors of the first class.

The *tolba*, who are natives of Fez, live with their families. Those who come from all parts of the Empire settle in one of the Medersas in the city, for the duration of their studies. There used to be nine Medersas at Fez, but four have been disendowed. The five still occupied, and containing five hundred and fourteen rooms, are: El-Mesbahiya, El-Attarin, Ech-Sherratin, Es-Seffarin, Bab el-Guissa. All of them belong to the Habous. As a rule, the students, as soon as they arrive, buy the key of a room, for which they pay from twenty to two hundred douros. They retain the use of it while their studies last, and give it or sell it back when they leave. The poorer students come to some arrangement with a more fortunate friend or fellow-tribesman.

Each Medersa is looked after by a *moqaddem*, who is not a student, but must be chosen by the students. He sees to the cleaning and lighting, and the daily distribution of bread furnished by the Habous. In the mosques of the Medersas a *taleb* celebrates the prayer, and recites the Koran, unless an imam not of the university is present. It is customary for the majority of the *tolba* who come from the same place to take rooms in the same Medersa. Students from the Haouz reside in El-Mesbahiya. Those from the Tafilelt, from the East, even from Algeria, with a few Djebala, go to Ech-Sherratin. Bab el-Guissa gets the bulk of the Djebala; Es-Seffarin the students from the Sus; whilst the students from the cities—Rabat, Casablanca, Tetouan—flock to El-Attarin. The *tolba*, as a rule, form little sets and take their meals together. For everything beyond the daily commons of bread which is supplied by the Habous, the *tolba* count on the generosity of private individuals, who usually provide for their subsistence. The students know the fine houses in which they are certain to meet with the *harira* and the *couscous*. Some of them know enough of these invaluable

addresses to be able to make something out of the sale of the victuals they receive there.

In the old days, the *tolba* might remain ten years in the Medersa, and it was only in the eleventh year that they had the daily commons of bread cut off, and were forced to vacate their rooms. This custom has now been abolished. At the end of three years the *taleb*, who has been attending Karaouiyin, is compelled to give proof of knowledge. If he does so, his name begins to get known, and that takes the place of a diploma, in the absence of all examinations. The career of the *tolba*, once they have gone out into the world, is very uncertain. They may remain simple men of letters, or humble Adoul, all their life; or they may become Imams and Khatibs in the great mosques, Kadis in the tribes or in the cities, even professors at Karaouiyin or secretaries of the Makhzen.

Whilst awaiting the uncertainties of the future, the *tolba* live tranquilly and cheerfully on public charity. For one week in the year their gaiety is given free rein in the city, and they choose a sultan of the *tolba*. It is a very ancient custom, dating from the reign of Moulay er-Rechid, the son of the founder of the Alaouitic dynasty. In 1665, this prince, who had won over the Eastern tribes to his cause, rose against his brother, Moulay Mohammed, and sought to open up his way to Fez. Now the pass of Taza was at the time in the hands of a rich Jew, named Ben Mechaal, who had gained considerable influence in all the Djebel. To crush him, Moulay er-Rechid, whose resources were but feeble, had recourse, it is said, to the assistance of the *tolba* of Angad. The story goes that forty of them consented to enter as many cases, which were sent as presents to Ben Mechaal. He, suspecting nothing, brought the cases into his house. As soon as the night came, the *tolba* came out of their boxes, killed Ben Mechaal, and took possession of the city in the interests of Moulay er-Rechid. This *coup de main* soon gained him the assistance of the Djebala as well. As a reward for the service rendered him, Moulay er-Rechid declared that each year there should be a sultan

of the *tolba*. From that time the students of Fez and Marrakech set up, on the first days of April, this ephemeral sovereignty.

As the festival approaches, the *tolba* ask the Sultan's permission to celebrate it. Then they band themselves together by Medersas, and prepare to put the sultanate up to auction. The bidding is begun on a Wednesday at Karaouiyin with the help of the crier, who sells the books. The two first days, it is merely a joke, and it is an understood thing that the offers shall not be serious. All sorts of jests are permitted *à propos* of the crown put up to auction. The real auction does not take place till Friday, after the prayer of *aser*. This year the crown was purchased for 120 douros (£24), in the presence of 416 students, by a *taleb* of the Sus, Si Abderrahman ben Othman, belonging to the Medersa ech-Sherratin. The sultan of the *tolba* has the right to claim some favour for himself or his family—the liberation of an imprisoned relative, exemption for life from all taxes, &c. As soon as the sultan of the *tolba* has been proclaimed, he nominates Oumana, who have to collect subscriptions from the principal inhabitants of Fez. The money collected is intended to provide the whole body of *tolba* with a colossal *nzaha* of several days. His Shereefian Majesty is apprised of the event, and sends all the insignia of sovereignty to his colleague of a day—an escort of soldiers, a *mchaouri*, a saddled horse, a costume, lance-bearers, and men to disperse the flies. As for the Viziers and the great Kaïds, their generosity is solicited by the sultan of the *tolba* in the following traditional terms: "To our devoted servant (here follow the names and titles), I inform you that our Sovereign Lord (God give him the victory!) has authorised us to celebrate the customary feast, as it has been celebrated under his ancestors. All dispositions have been made for a worthy celebration of the said feasts, and mighty vessels have been made ready for the preparation of the viands. So we desire of you to lose no time in paying the subscription that has always been given by your forefathers a thousand years before the creation of

Adam. If you conform with our request, all will be well; but if you do not, we will send out against you our victorious armies of fleas and bugs, which will keep you from eating at your table or sleeping in your bed. Pay up speedily: if you are in want of baggage animals to carry your money to us, we will send 'Asses of Djeddah'[1] to seek for it."

One week having sufficed to make the preparations for the *nzaha*, the sultan of the *tolba* leaves his Medersa in great pomp on the Friday following his election. He goes to celebrate the prayer at the mosque of the Andalous, and then visits the Koubba of Sidi Ali ben Harazem. This great scholar, who came from Andalusia to study at Fez, is the patron of the students. The procession of the *tolba* takes advantage of the circumstances to sell dates and oranges to the public, which are bought at a very high price by the people of Fez, who are anxious to gain the *baraka* of the *tolba*. On the following day, Saturday, after the prayer of *dohr*, the sultan leaves the city of Bab el-Mahrouq. Passing between Fez el-Djedid and the Kasbah, he reaches the banks of the river Fez, where the tents of the camp have been pitched. There he appears in all his glory. He is preceded by a band of Djebala, armed with flint-locks, whose reports disturb the wood-pigeons that are nestling in the old walls of the city. The *mchaouri* performs the duties of Kaïd el-Mechouar. The lance-bearers precede him, and the fly-chasers wave their flimsy handkerchiefs. The master is sheltered by a parasol, and protected by his soldiers against the enthusiasm of the crowd. Then, for seven days, high revelry is kept in the camp, with an amount of music and cups of tea. Generally a good number of Fasis come and pitch their tents on the plain near at hand, so as to enjoy both the gaiety of the *tolba* and the first fragrant breezes of spring.

On the seventh day it is the Sultan's custom to send the *hediya* to the crowned *taleb*. To form its escort, he chooses several of his sons or brothers, who come in great pomp,

[1] The name given in Morocco to a certain insect.

accompanied by Viziers, to bestow the traditional gifts—500 *metkals*[1] in money, 30 sheep, 30 sugar-loaves, jars of butter, tea, wax-lights, bread and sacks of semolina for the *couscous*. The camp of the *tolba* remains usually for more than a week on the banks of the Fez, and the *nzaha* is kept up several days longer.

A little before the camp breaks up, it is the custom for the real Sultan to make a short tour on horseback in the Saïs. On his return he makes a movement in the direction of the students' camp, and the *tolba*, with their sultan at their head, go out immediately to meet his Majesty. Then a jesting dialogue takes place between the Sovereign and the *mchaouri* of the sultan of the *tolba*, who makes a pretence of assuming a very haughty air with the intruder. But the jest is soon brought to an end. The sultan of the *tolba* throws himself off his horse, kisses the stirrup of the prince, and hands him a petition in which are enumerated the favours he solicits. The granting of these favours brings the students' feast to an end. The day after the meeting of the two sultans, the sultan of the *tolba* flees from the camp at break of day, and regains his Medersa as soon as he can. If he happened to be surprised by his comrades, they would be eager to play him some trick to show him the hollowness of his lost authority.

The masquerade of the sultan of the *tolba* is not the only holiday-time allowed the students. Work at Karaouiyin is suspended for ten days before, and seven days after, the three great religious festivals—the Aïd es-Seghir, the Aïd el-Kebir, and the Mouloud, which are kept as holidays throughout the whole country. They have also a vacation for the festival of the Achoura.[2] I am sure that there is no other country in Islam which invests the Achoura with so much solemnity as the Maghreb. It

[1] A *metkal* is worth about fourpence.

[2] *Achoura* (ancient fast-day): instituted by Mahomet in imitation of the Jewish Yom Kippour; the fast of Achoura was later replaced by the fast of Ramadan. In Morocco the Achoura has become a festival at which ancient local festivities reappear.

is the tenth day of the month of Moharrem, which is the first of the Mohammedan year. On this date the proprietors must, after making an inventory, give the poor a fourth of the tithe of their revenues. Tradition has it, too, that the sacred water of the well Zem-Zem, in Mecca, miraculously flows in all the springs on this day, and bathing becomes particularly health-giving, for the Prophet has said: "He who washes on the morning of the Achoura, will not fall ill the whole of the year." Many people keep the day sacred by fasting, and the Shorfa then begin a twenty days' period of mourning, in commemoration of the death of the sons of Ali.

For the mass of the people, however, the Achoura is solely a time of rejoicing. It is the carnival of Morocco. On the evening before, bonfires are lit in the streets and on the terraces. Children receive toys, and women clothes. For several days nothing is to be heard throughout the whole city but the sound of tambourines and bagpipes. The *fraja* (show) is a specialty of the *askar* of the Haouz. It is a series of scenes, a sort of review, in which a certain number of types figure in the midst of a flood of obscenities—disgusting Jews, howling *derqaoua*, Kadis of Fez, fortune-tellers, popular Sheikhs, little boys trained for a lascivious dance, doctors from Mecca, *gnaoua* with charms for the sick, the Sultan's fanfare, midwives assisting Moorish, Berber, and Jewish women in turn, sometimes even some foreign *bachadour*, who prefers to stammer out some wretched Arabic, in order to escape the despotism of the dragoman. This year the whole procession, with its tinsel costumes, invaded the garden of the Governor of Fez el-Bali, where the representation was given. It filled it with shouts and light, for the actors of the *fraja* usually accompany their comical scenes with the exhibition of the *bsat*, which is composed of little houses cut in cardboard, mounted on light wooden frames, and lighted up inside. This year's *bsat* had actually a steamboat, fully illuminated, which served as a natural introduction to the appearance of the ambassador.

The revenues of the Habous of the mosque of Moulay Edriss are applied solely to the repair and upkeep of the sanctuary. The Edrissite Shorfa, successive generations of whom have been enriching themselves by the sanctity of their ancestor, are content with gifts in money, and numbers of offerings brought by the pious public. Moulay Edriss and his son, Sidi Mohammed, were at first interred in a humble mosque, but the veneration paid to their tombs having grown with the growth of the years, Moulay Ismaïl resolved to erect the present mosque by the side of their Koubba. Moulay Edriss now reposes in a square pavilion, decorated with green tiles, visible from all points of the city, with its very slender minaret, where the brick reliefs stand out from a green glazed background. A great mosque adjoins the Koubba of the saintly founder of Fez, preceded by a court with a central fountain. All the surroundings of Moulay Edriss, which contain the houses and the *souks*, are looked upon as *horm*,[1] that is, as sanctified by the vicinity of the sacred tomb. A transversal bar closes the entrance to beasts of burden, to Christians, and to Jews.

The tomb, situated in a square Koubba, is covered with draperies and standards, and surrounded in the night-time by a circle of oil-lamps. The son of Moulay Edriss and numbers of Shorfa are buried close by. A coffer has been placed at the gate of the mosque, and two others, the most lucrative of all, at the two extremities of the tomb. Finally, passers-by throw pieces of money on to the Koubba by a window from outside. Pilgrims come, too, with their offerings of tapers, and people who have a favour to ask from Moulay Edriss send him cattle, and sheep for the sacrifice.

Every Monday the *moqaddem* of Moulay Edriss has to collect the money in the coffers, the tapers, and the offerings of live stock. Subject to the control of the principal beneficiaries, he divides the gains among the hundred and twenty Edris-

[1] *Horm* (prohibition), which forbids the entrance of an infidel into certain places; *haram* (forbidden), whence harem.

site Shorfa, men and women, who dwell at Fez, and have a hereditary right to share in this prodigious windfall. There are, however, fifteen days during which the Shorfa are deprived of the products of the coffers. At the period of the Mouloud (birth of the Prophet) their cousins from the *zaouïa* of Moulay Abdesselam, who live in the Djebel between Tetouan and el-Ksar, enter the capital, and have the right to settle in the mosque and appropriate the offerings. To compensate the loss caused by this incursion of the raiding Djebala, all of whose caprices must be humoured, the Makhzen pays the legitimate usufructuaries a yearly indemnity of a hundred douros.

The *moqaddem* of Moulay Edriss has thus a very important duty to fulfil. Tradition demands that he should be chosen alternately from the two Andalusian families of the Ouled-er-Rami and the Ouled-el-Goumi. He is nominated by the Makhzen, which elects the best qualified person in one of the two families. But when the official *moqaddem* is furnished by the one family, the unofficial one is elected from the other, and both preside over the operations of the community. It is, however, the Ouled-el-Goumi who possess the hereditary guardianship of the keys, and the custom is for one of them to live in a little room near the Koubba to open the sanctuary, for a monetary consideration, to people who wish to make a pilgrimage to it by night.

The sanctuary of Moulay Edriss is really the centre of the life of Fez. When the Sultan enters Fez, his first visit is to the patron of the city, and all visitors follow this example. All the vows of the Fasis, all the perplexities of the Makhzen, manifest themselves in sacrifices at the sacred tomb. Families seek the blessing of the saint for a new-born child or newly married couple. It is in the mosque that all the circumcisions take place, and all the beggars of the city implore alms in the name of Moulay Edriss. Nay, more, the *zaouïa* is the most famous place of sanctuary in all Morocco. In this way the formidable shade of Moulay Edriss plays a part in all the public life of

the Empire. When a criminal has committed some outrage, when a debtor is insolvent, when an official has squandered the funds of the Makhzen, or when a Kaïd finds himself on the eve of some terrible disgrace, they hasten towards this place of refuge.

The sanctuary has remained inviolate up to the present day, and that by universal consent. The great of to-day never know if they will not be the outcasts of to-morrow. There are a number of saints at Fez, whose tombs may serve as places of refuge. The most frequented are Sidi Ahmed ech-Chaoui, Sidi Abdelkader el-Fasi, Sidi Ahmed et-Tidjani, and Sidi Ali bou Ghaleb. But those who are not too closely pressed prefer to take their time, and go as far as Moulay Edriss. In that case the Makhzen or the creditors of the refugee are compelled to negotiate with him with a view to some compromise. This procedure is so definitely recognised that, in a house connected with the mosque—the Dar el-Guitoun (house of the tent), so called because Moulay Edriss is said to have erected his tent on the spot after his arrival at Fez—the ground floor is assigned to women refugees. The men put up, as best they can, in the mosque or in the Koubba; but they will soon find a suitable lodging in a house which is at the moment being built by the Makhzen's orders. When some one takes sanctuary, the *moqaddem* must immediately apprise the Makhzen or the persons concerned of the fact. If it is worth while, negotiations are entered upon. If the refugee has to leave sanctuary in order to facilitate discussion, he takes with him, as safe-conduct, a small morsel of wood on which some verses of the Koran are engraved, and which, so it is said, was used by Moulay Edriss in his studies.

CHAPTER XIV

FEZ: THE INSTITUTIONS OF THE CITY

The Commerce of Fez: *Souks*, *Kaïsariyas* and *Fondaks*—Commercial Relations with the Different Countries of Africa and Europe—Local Industry: Organisation of Trades—The Markets—Municipal Finance—The Function of the Mohtaseb—Administrative Divisions of Fez el-Bali: the Quarters and Streets of the City—The Police and Highway Commissioners—Distribution of the Waters of the River Fez—The Houses: The Building Industry: Decoration and Furnishing—The Gardens.

FEZ.

THE mosque of Moulay Edriss is situated in the centre of the great bazaar in which the commerce of Fez centres. In each quarter there are little *souks*, where the neighbours can obtain the necessaries of life, but it is only in the great bazaar that there is a collection of all kinds of wares. Further, the retail of stuffs, cloths, and silks takes place only in the covered galleries of the *kaïsariya*, which is an *annexe* of the great bazaar, along with the *souk essobat*, which is reserved for the sellers of *babouches*. The shops of the *souks* are, for the most part, Habous property, and it is only a few that belong to private individuals. The merchants are grouped, as in the East, according to the nature of their merchandise. In these narrow streets, covered in with trellises of reeds, row succeeds row of little tightly packed shops.

Each of the *souks* bears the name of the product that is sold in it, and the merchants form a corporate body under an Amin, who is chosen by his fellows and approved by the Makhzen. And, further, the Makhzen chooses each year three or four experts from the corporation, to whom

all disputes between merchants must be referred, if the parties have not been able to agree upon an arbitrator. As for the policing of the *souk*, that each corporation undertakes to secure by means of officials chosen from its own body. The merchants have no licence to pay, but it is the custom for each *souk* to send a present to the Dar el-Makhzen on the arrival of the Sultan at Fez, or the occasion of any ceremony in the Imperial household. The Oumana, besides, have to see that a *hediya* is forthcoming at the time of the three great religious festivals.

Trade is entirely free, except in the case of the grocers (*bakkal*), who, being, as they are, almost all strangers to the city—the majority are from the Sus—and making their purchases on credit, have to pay caution money before setting up business. Transactions pay no tax except the market due, which is farmed by the *souk*. In each *souk* a *dellal*[1] proceeds to the sales by auction and exacts so much per cent. on the prices as fees. Certain corners in the bazaar are reserved for *bric-à-brac*. Old *babouches* gravitate towards one of the two "Terrafin" occupied by the cobblers. One of them is situated on the bridge of the mosque of Erresif, and the double line of cobblers, sitting patching up old shoes, forms one of the picturesque sights of the city.

The wholesale merchants are established in the *fondaks* round about the bazaars. These *fondaks* are large courts, with rooms opening on them on the ground floor and the first storey. In the oldest and most famous of them, the Fondak en-Nejjarin ("the *fondak* of the carpenters"), whose gate is surmounted by a prettily carved canopy, Jews are permitted to rent chambers.[2] The wholesale dealers

[1] The *dellal* is a sort of auctioneer and appraiser chosen by the Amin of the *souk*, to whom he gives security. Sales by auction take place, as a rule, at the end of the day, between *aser* and *maghreb*.

[2] There are ten *fondaks* at Fez, belonging to the Habous. An eleventh is just being built by the Minister of Finance, Sheikh Tazi. The largest is the Fondak el-Qattanin (*fondak* of the cotton merchants). There are, besides, the Fondak et-Tattaouiyin, where the merchants of Tetouan used to reside, and the Fondak el-Jeld ("*fondak* of hides"), where untanned

sell to the small retailers, on a graduated scale of payment, but without interest, in conformity with the religious law. They deal, too, with the brokers, who travel in the neighbouring tribes.

The transport service is in the hands of the camel-drivers and muleteers, who put up, with their beasts, in the numerous *fondaks* scattered throughout the city, and set apart for this purpose. The court is crowded with camels, mules, horses, and asses. The men live in the rooms on the first floor. A camel pays 0.20 p. a day, a horse or mule 0.12 p., an ass 0.06 p., a man from 0.20 p. to 0.30 p. There the caravans are formed. They must pay beforehand the exit-dues at the Fondak en-Nejjarin, where a board has been established by the Makhzen. As the *Blad es-Siba* almost touches the gates of Fez, and several of the Berber tribes, adjoining the capital, obstinately refuse to pay the tax, the idea is to exact it indirectly by means of this tax on the products sent them. No convoy can pass the city gates without producing a *nefoula*, to indicate that the dues have been paid. The dues vary with the nature of the goods.

The merchants of Fez have very wide connections, and they swarm in all the principal cities of the country. They have established branches all round the Mediterranean, and even as far as England. They are excellent men of business, and at Fez Commerce is held in almost as high honour as Science and Religion. So much so, that the Moors are more than a match for the Jews. In exchange for the products of Europe, they export wool by the ports of Larache and Tangier, goat-skins, dates from the Tafilelt and millet, but, mainly, the products of Fez: their *haïks*, *djellabas*, *babouches*, costumes, kerchiefs, belts, and silk cords are sent to all the Arab countries of North Africa, and as far as Senegal. The red leather of the Tafilelt is exported

hides are sold in the morning and tanned hides in the evening. The few European merchants who have erected warehouses at Fez, have a *dar esselaa* (house of merchandise), the whole of which they occupy themselves.

to Europe. The yellow leather of Fez (*ziouani*) finds no market outside Morocco, but it is found throughout the whole of the Gharb, in Tangier, el-Ksar, and Rabat. The violet-coloured leather (*bouqqami*) is sent to Sfrou and Mekinez, thence to the Berber tribes, to be used for the *babouches* of the women.

Mekinez carries on business with the exterior on its own account, without the intervention of Fez. But the merchants of the capital are, as a rule, connected with those of Sfrou, Taza, and the Tafilelt. Sfrou and Taza supply the neighbouring Berber tribes, whilst Taza does some business with the Djebala as well. The Riff gets its supplies from Melilla. In ordinary times, a single monthly caravan is sufficient for the traffic between the Tafilelt and Fez, but, in the date season, as many as eight caravans a month are required. Under the reign of Moulay el-Hassan numbers of caravans passed to and fro between Fez and Oudjda, for the Algerian trade; but for several years, owing to the ill-will of the Government, traffic between the two slackened considerably. The road had become less safe, and muleteers would hardly venture, except with Makhzen convoys, which set out every three months, carrying the *mouna* for the garrisons of intermediate Kasbahs. The rising of Bou Hamara has made the route impassable. Taza itself, transformed into a sort of insurgent capital, is depending on its own resources, and has broken off all relations with Fez. Now, all the products of Fez that are destined for abroad, must take the route of Tangier or Larache, where they are sent on by small brokers, called *qabbals*. Goods for Algeria are landed at Melilla, where the duties to be paid are less heavy than at Oran and Nemours, and then reach the frontier by Oudjda. The rest makes for Marseilles or Gibraltar, to be sent on to Egypt or Senegal.

The merchants of Fez have not waited for Europe to come to them. The most important have direct connections with the great European houses, and have even set up counting-houses at Marseilles and Genoa. They have a

dozen offices at Manchester for the purchase of calico. In the same way the firms at Fez have sought to get into touch with their customers. They have more than thirty offices in Senegal, at Dakar, and along the railway to Saint Louis. Some merchants have even sought to become naturalised Frenchmen, in order to carry on business beyond Kayes. In Algeria, the province of Oran is flooded with Moroccan shops, and they are to be found as far as Algiers. In Egypt a little band of Moroccans lives under the authority of a sort of unofficial consul, who is called Oukil el-Mgharba (the Moroccan representative).

The manufacturers themselves, with the exception of the weavers, who have a good many shops in the Kaïsariya, do not sell their own goods. They are content to supply their wares to the chief merchants or get them sold by auction. All the trades are organised in guilds, which choose an Amin and get their choice ratified by the Makhzen. This magistrate is the natural arbitrator in disputes between members. Litigation with outsiders, arising about the quality of the goods sold, comes within the province of two experts, called *chioukh ennedhar*, who are nominated by the Makhzen itself. Labour is absolutely free. Failing technical schools, apprenticeship may begin at the age of seven or eight, and, in the case of artisans, the Koranic School is generally succeeded by the employers' workshop.

As is only natural, the chief guilds are those which manufacture the specialties of Fez. About fifteen years ago the silk manufacturers found the necessary silk in the country itself. To-day silk still comes from the Djebel, but the greater part is imported from Marseilles or Genoa. The weavers produce *burnouses* and *haïks* on old-fashioned looms. They use English cotton threads, and wool threads, the finest of which come from France. The coarser threads are prepared at Sfrou or in the Djebel. Spun silk, cotton, and wool, are coloured by the dyers in the city. The leather of Fez is prepared by four tanneries, and is then made into *babouches*, fashioned of goat-skin, lined with sheep-

skin, on a cow-hide sole. A whole company of guilds lives on the potter's earth, found in the valley of the river Zitoun. Here the brick-makers have their kilns, and the potters, ten in number, fashion the somewhat coarse but pretty earthenware with blue patterns, which is used for all domestic purposes in the houses of Fez. We have still to mention the guilds of the plasterers, the workers in mosaic, the carpenters, and, lastly, the painters and the masons, and we have completed the list of the artisans who are employed in the building industry.

The finer trades are almost all in the hands of Fasis, but there are several Tlemcanis who are weavers and *babouche* makers. The common trades are left to the foreigners who flock to the capital to gain a livelihood. Most of the grocers come from the Sus, the masons from Figuig, and the cobblers from the Tafilelt. The gardeners are Djebala, the porters Ouled el-Hadj, from the Moulouya, or Beni-Hayoun—a little Berber tribe, living at about three days' distance from Fez, between the Ait-Youssi and the Beni-Ouaraïn. The caretakers and porters of the *fondaks* are taken from the people of the Touat. A very important guild is that of the millers. A line of mills stretches all through the city, along the branches and tributaries of the river Fez. The consumers usually make the dough at home, and send it to be baked at the nearest bakery. There are forty-four bakeries set apart for this task, four only being reserved for the bakers, whilst the other oven is reserved for the cooking of sheeps' heads, which are looked upon as a very appetising dish in all Arab countries.

The Habous are the proprietors of twenty-one Moorish baths in the city. These baths, which are let to tenants, admit men in the morning and women in the afternoon. In the evening the whole building may be hired by a family, who are anxious to indulge in a little debauch of cleanliness, for the modest sum of two pesetas. At Fez people are not much concerned with the fate of strangers. If they have no friendly houses to put up in, the wealthier may rent several rooms in the *fondaks* of the merchants, whilst the

others have to live in the caravanserais set apart for the baggage animals. A few restaurant-keepers sell tripe and odd bits of boiled mutton, and there are kitchens, set up in the open air in some *souks*, which cook *kefta*, or balls of mincemeat, on an iron spit. Water-sellers (*guerraba*) sell in the streets water from a flask of goats'-leather, and attract the attention of passers-by by the incessant clang of a bell. Foreigners have no amusements but the cafés and the Moorish baths.

There are special markets for country produce. Four corn-markets are situated at the four extremities of the city. The sites have been given by the Habous to the Oulemas of Fez, who exact the rents on their own behalf. The tenant receives so much per cent. in kind on the corn sold, the toll paid by each beast of burden that passes the gate, and purchases at a low price the small amount that remains unsold at the end of the day. One of these markets, the Souk el-Gh'zal, is put to all sorts of uses. In the morning, the women of the neighbourhood come to sell spun wool. Between eleven o'clock and noon, wheat is auctioned by samples. An Adel notes the rise and fall in prices with the greatest care, and it is in this way that the corn-exchange is regulated. From *aser* to *maghreb* it is no longer wool or corn that is sold. It is the turn of the slaves. In a corner, a shop belonging to the Makhzen sells sulphur, which is a Government monopoly.

Oils have a market of their own, the Qaat-ezzit. The lessee exacts a toll for each baggage animal, Adoul register the transactions, and porters, who are men from the Touat, carry the oil to the house of the purchasers. The Makhzen has a right to claim ten per cent. in kind on the sales. It is only the Djebel oil that is brought to the market. The olives, gathered from the olive-groves round about Fez which belong to the Fasis, are pressed in forty presses within the city itself, and the oil thus made is immediately purchased by the grocers. To prevent the public Treasury being cheated, the proprietor must, before pressing his olives, receive a licence to do so, and obtain a valuation of the dues to be paid.

Butter, honey, and soap are all sold in the same market, whose lessee is authorised to exact a due of 0.40 p. for each quintal sold. The soap is supplied by fifteen manufactories, established in the city. Preserved meat, too (*khalia*), is brought to this market. It consists of strips of dried beef, cooked in oil and fat, and is the staple food of the poor population during the winter. The charcoal, which the country people bring each day on their little asses, goes to the Fondak el-Fakher, which is rented by the Touatis, who work it in the triple capacity of contractors, porters, and purchasers of the market-dues. The lessee of the Fondak ech-Shemain, where dried fruits are sold (raisins, walnuts, nuts, dates, preserved olives), has also the right to the *meks*. The first floor of his buildings is let to *babouche* makers. Fuller's earth (*ghassoul*) goes to the Fondak el-Attarin; wood for building operations and furniture to the Tribet el-Khecheb, near Bab el-Guissa, where the basement is occupied by silos, containing the corn of the Fasis. There is a *souk*, where henna from the Haouz is sold, and *khol*. The vegetables and fruit from the gardens of Fez and the Djebel have a *fondak* of their own. The latter alone have taxes to pay. The market is held only during five months in the year, from the time of the spring beans to the melons and water-melons of autumn. Grapes, pomegranates, lemons, and oranges are sold all the year round, at the *Rahbat ezzebib*. Eggs, fowls, pigeons, cooked *couscous*, pastry, and semolina are brought by the country people to a market, *essagha*, which is held from morning to evening. The same is the case with the market (*el-houtiya*) where fresh and salted fish are sold—mullet and shad caught in the Sebou or the Innaouen. Tambourine players and pipers hang about this market on the lookout for an engagement.

Each quarter has its butchers' stalls. The butchers purchase cattle at the Thursday market, outside Bab el-Mehrouq. Cattle and sheep are slaughtered in the different slaughter-houses let out by the Habous to lessees. The waste pieces are left them in return for their services. A slaughter-house tax (*guerdjouma*), recently established, the

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Butter, honey, and soap are all sold in the same market, whose lessee is authorised to exact a due of 0.40 p. for each quintal sold. The soap is supplied by fifteen manufactories, established in the city. Preserved meat, too (*khalia*), is brought to this market. It consists of strips of dried beef, cooked in oil and fat, and is the staple food of the poor population during the winter. The charcoal, which the country people bring each day on their little asses, goes to the Fondak el-Fakher, which is rented by the Touatis, who work it in the triple capacity of contractors, porters, and purchasers of the market-dues. The lessee of the Fondak ech-Shemain, where dried fruits are sold (raisins, walnuts, nuts, dates, preserved olives), has also the right to the *meks*. The first floor of his buildings is let to *babouche* makers. Fuller's earth (*ghassoul*) goes to the Fondak el-Attarin; wood for building operations and furniture to the Tribet el-Khecheb, near Bab el-Guissa, where the basement is occupied by silos, containing the corn of the Fasis. There is a *souk*, where henna from the Haouz is sold, and *khol*. The vegetables and fruit from the gardens of Fez and the Djebel have a *fondak* of their own. The latter alone have taxes to pay. The market is held only during five months in the year, from the time of the spring beans to the melons and water-melons of autumn. Grapes, pomegranates, lemons, and oranges are sold all the year round, at the *Rahbat ezzebib*. Eggs, fowls, pigeons, cooked *couscous*, pastry, and semolina are brought by the country people to a market, *essagha*, which is held from morning to evening. The same is the case with the market (*el-houtiya*) where fresh and salted fish are sold—mullet and shad caught in the Sebou or the Innaouen. Tambourine players and pipers hang about this market on the lookout for an engagement.

Each quarter has its butchers' stalls. The butchers purchase cattle at the Thursday market, outside Bab el-Mehrouq. Cattle and sheep are slaughtered in the different slaughter-houses let out by the Habous to lessees. The waste pieces are left them in return for their services. A slaughter-house tax (*guerdjouma*), recently established, the

revenue from which is devoted to the service of scavengers, is paid by the butchers into the hands of a special Amin. It is a first attempt of the Makhzen to gain resources of its own at Fez. The collector of the slaughter-house tax pays in its revenue to the Amin el-Mostafad, head of the financial boards of all Moroccan cities, and the receiver of indirect contributions. This office is almost a sinecure, for the Amin is simply receiving agent for the gate dues, which are farmed, and the market tax, which is, in most cases, farmed too, and the exit dues, which are levied at the Fondak en-Nijjarin. The present Amin el-Mostafad, Hadj Omar et-Tazi, is the full brother of the Minister of Finance. He is high in the Sultan's favour, whose friend and flatterer he is. His chief duty is to finance the building operations of the Makhzen from the revenues in his cash-box. Fez has also a special institution which is charged with the payment of the expenses of the State. The Dar Adeyyel presents monthly statements, and obtains the necessary funds from the Treasury. The board is formed of three Oumana, two of whom are Fasis, and the third from Tetouan.

The whole economic life of Fez, like that of the other Moroccan cities, is under the control of a special functionary, the Mohtaseb, who is the most important official after the Governor and the Kadis. He alone shares with the high authorities the right to imprison those under his administration. He is a strange personage, with very elastic functions. Popular nomenclature terms him *el-fdouli* (the intruder), for he can interfere in everything as he pleases; and as he does not receive any fixed salary, it is most desirable for the safe-guarding of transactions, that he should be a man of absolute integrity. From the depths of his *beniqa* in the henna market, this potentate fixes the marketable value of the principal commodities, corn and oil, taking as his basis the rise or fall of the auction prices. Sometimes these prices remain fixed for a considerable period, and, again, they may change twice in a day. The Mohtaseb also fixes the price of flour, butter, soap, honey, meat, coal, milk, and even local delicacies. He superintends

the Moorish baths, takes a part in the administration of the guilds, supervises the quality of the merchandise, and his superior jurisdiction carries weight in all commercial disputes, which he refers to the judgment of the experts, chosen by the different *souks*. One can easily see what influences might sway the caprices of this Protean official, if only he acquired a taste for speculation and extortion. The present Mohtaseb is called Si Driss ben Zakour.

For administrative purposes the city of Fez is divided into three distinct parts (*qesma* or *ferqa*), which correspond exactly to the branches of the river Fez, which traverse Fez el-Bali. They are, the Adoua on the right bank of the river, the Andalous and the Lemtiyin on the left bank. This division is of importance only for the apportionment of the garrison service, which each of the *qesmas* must provide for the outer north and south bastions and the bastion by the side of the Kasbah of Bou Jeloud. For practical purposes, Fez is divided into eighteen quarters (*homa*), six for each *qesma*. The most thickly populated quarters, which form the centre of the city, are all on the left bank of the Fez. They are, El-Qalqaliyin, Guerniz, and Qattanin, where the bazaars, the large stores, the main *fondaks*, and the tombs of the most famous saints are all to be found. Above lie the two quarters of El-Oyoun and Ras el-Djenan, with all the gardens of the city.

All the quarters of Fez are traversed by very narrow streets,[1] with lofty projecting houses. As the ground is hilly, most of the streets are on a slope. In their centre a track has been worn by the hoofs of the mules. Seeing that there are no pavements, they are transformed into

[1] The Fasis have not put themselves to any great expenditure of imagination in the nomenclature of the streets of their city. They have been content with a proper name, or with some irrelevant title. One meets with Aqba-ezzerqa ("the blue ascent"), Sebaa louyat ("the seven turnings"), Aqbel el-firan ("the ascent of the mice"). It is only the names of a very few streets that commemorate historical events, such as Derb-Erroum ("the street of the Roumis"), where the captive Christians used to reside.

veritable swamps in rainy weather, and the inhabitants, in order to be able to walk, attach boards of wood on supports to their *babouches*. Alleys, where only foot passengers can penetrate, branch off from all the streets.

The eighteen quarters of Fez el-Bali are administered by as many *moqaddems-el-homa*. They are elected by the inhabitants from their own number, and their election approved by the Makhzen. The *moqaddems* and their substitutes are generally people of little importance, and poorly remunerated for the numerous duties they have to perform, as police and maintainers of order, justices of the peace, and water commissioners. They must see that the inner gates, which bar all the ways of access, are closed during the night. As a matter of fact, the gates are closed by the most notorious night-bird, and opened by the earliest risers in the quarter. It is only when some proprietor in the vicinity of a gate takes the duty upon himself that one can be sure that they will be closed. The *moqaddem* possesses, moreover, the control of women of ill fame, who supply him, whether they like or not, with his most secure income. Lastly, on the occasion of a *harka*,[1] it is he who, advised by the Makhzen, and assisted by four prominent personages, presides over the collection of the tax and the raising of recruits. As a reward for all these burdensome tasks, the *moqaddems* possess the privilege of lunching every Friday in the great mosque of Fez, after being present at the Royal prayer.

Two Oumana, who are nominated by the Makhzen, perform the duties of highway commissioners. They have a service of scavengers under them for the sweeping and cleansing of the streets. The water service is peculiar, and not the least interesting institution in Fez. Water is the life and charm of the city. The waterfalls of the Fez send it flowing on every side, through houses and

[1] It is the duty of the *moqaddems* to arrest all robbers throughout their district. These robbers, once arrested, are incarcerated in one of the two great prisons which face each other in the centre of the city, and whose guardianship is the hereditary trust of a member of the Ouled-el-Ouali family.

gardens. There is not a single orange grove which is not scored with rivulets, nor a single *patio* that has not its fountain or jet of water. Public fountains meet one at every turn in the street, and in each quarter there are openings made on the canals for the sewage from the houses, which is always being carried off by the river. After having given life and purity to the city, the river Fez degenerates into a common sewer, and its dirty waters are distributed over the gardens outside the city, which they water and fertilise.[1]

[1] The river Fez enters Fez el-Djedid unbroken, then sends off a number of branches to the right, which fall in cascades into the valley of the ez-Zitoun, only to enter the city again beneath the arcade of Bab el-Djedid under the name of the river el-Kebir. Thence, an artificial canal, the Masmouda canal, drains off a large stream of water, which supplies the Andalous bank and the gardens in which it is prolonged. At its exit from Fez el-Djedid, the Fez divides into two arms, that of the Andalous on the right, and, on the left, that of the Lemtiyin. Each of its arms, falling in a cascade, breaks up into more and more numerous ramifications, and disappears beneath dwellings and mills to distribute its water in all the buildings and lands on the Karaouiyin bank. The water flows everywhere, brought by the pipes set apart for pure water, and carried away by others reserved for the dirty water, thus effecting, with the aid of the river, a complete sewage system, which has existed for centuries. After having supplied part of the city, the offshoots of the Andalous branch, swollen by neighbouring springs, unite, and pour their now dirty waters into the river el-Kebir, which, after it has thus become the main sewer of the town, takes the name of Bou el-Khrareb. At this spot stands the bridge of Bin el-Medoun—the bridge between the cities. From it one has an exceedingly picturesque view of the different torrents uniting in the city, before descending towards the Sebou. The offshoots of the Lemtiyin branch unite, in their turn, in the city itself, to form the Ezzihoun, which leaves the walls, to enter the Bou el-Khrareb, a little below, at a point called Addour. The dirty waters, thus thrown out by the city, are distributed in the gardens that border the walled enclosure. Fez thus possesses a wonderful water system, which supplies almost the whole city, except a little part of the quarter of El-Blida, where it has not been possible to raise the channels.

Such a system is always calling for repairs, and lends itself to frequent disputes between neighbours. Repairs are effected, at the cost of the persons concerned, by the two bodies of pipe-layers, *qouadsiya*, and sewer-

This abundance of water is one of the charms of Fez. From the outside the houses present a deplorable aspect, with their bare stiff walls, often tumble-down, and without the smallest window. The entrance is closed by a wooden door with iron bolts. Then the visitor follows a corridor into a *patio*, on to which the rooms open on the ground floor, and the first storey. Among the poorer people the court is very small, and shut in at the top by a grating, on which a protecting cloth can be spread on very sunny days, and the rooms are very tiny. Among the rich the court is protected from the great heat by a colonnade which runs round it, from which awnings hang, or else by a very pronounced projection of the roof. Beautiful baths are fitted up in a corner of the house. The rooms are very large, and isolated *mesriyas*[1] form little separate apartments for the sons or the guests of the house. When the proprietor is a business man, his family dwelling is flanked by a smaller house (*douiriya*) which has its own entrance, and serves as an office or chambers. Be the house rich or poor, its decoration only varies in the richness of its details. There are always the same painted woodwork, the same designs in plaster, the same paving in earthenware mosaic. On one side of the *patio* is the tiled fountain, which is always playing, and often there is a water-jet in the centre of the court, giving a constant sensation of moisture and coolness.

men (*moualin el-affara*), who look after the canals of pure and dirty water. If a pipe is damaged, it is for the proprietor to summon the special workmen. If he neglects to do so, the mischief is promptly pointed out, in one way or other, to one of the two *mokhaznis*, who patrol the city unceasingly, and whose duty it is to inform the *moqaddems el-homa* of any defective points in the public services. The *moqaddem* soon obliges the recalcitrant owner to pay up. In the case of litigation between neighbours on these delicate subjects, the dispute is settled by two experts who are found in each corporation. Since there is no written law, these officials try the case, to the general satisfaction, in accordance with traditional usages and customs.

[1] *Mesriya*, small room on the first floor, looking out upon the road, and communicating by a staircase with the road or sometimes the hall.

All the building industries are divided between six corporations—masons, mosaic-workers, designers in brick, plasterers, carpenters, and painters. The plan is drawn up and carried out by the masons; then the designers in mosaic cut and arrange on the ground, the fountains, and half-way up the walls, the glazed and many-coloured bricks (*zellig*) supplied them by the mosaic-workers. Above, decorations in coloured plaster support the ceiling, which is sometimes flat, sometimes arched and niched. In the great doors of the chambers, fine panelling is coloured by painters, who have belonged to the Ouled-el-Qabbadj family for several generations. All the designs are executed on old models, popularised by cuttings in paper, and it is rare for the artists to make any innovations.

The walls of the room are hung with embroidered *haïtis*. Scattered over the floor are mattresses and carpets, and cushions in Lyons silk, or embroideries, peculiar to Fez, of silk thread on a ground of white cloth. The doors are covered with yellow curtains, with hues in all shades of colour (*khamiya*), also manufactured at Fez. A strange custom demands that, in the great houses, at the extremities of each chamber, there should be two beds of gilded iron with a canopy and surmounted by a crown. These distressing products of English industry are imported from Birmingham.

In the centre of Fez-el-Bali the houses are too closely packed to have gardens. The outlying quarters, on the other hand—El-Oyoun and Ras-el-Djenan in the upper city, El-Keddan on the right bank of the Fez, and, on the left bank, Zqaq Erromman—are masses of verdure. The dwellings and the pavilions are connected by stone alleys, where the rivulets flow beneath the poplars and the elms, among rose-trees, yellow jasmine, and fruit-trees—orange-trees, lemon-trees, pomegranates, apricots, mulberry-bushes, almond- and fig-trees. The almond-trees begin to flower in February, then the other trees follow till the middle of July, when the red flowers of the pomegranate

can still be seen. The apricots, plums, and figs are ripe by June. These gardens were once uncultivated, and served as the recreation-ground of the Fasis. To-day many of the inhabitants have transferred their houses there to enjoy the verdure, the running water, and the magnificent view of Fez and its surroundings. These gardens are enclosed in very thick and lofty walls, which run in uncompromising lines throughout these districts, which are, none the less, the most attractive in the city.

CHAPTER XV

THE FAMILY AND SOCIETY

Family Life—Feminine Amusements and Superstitions—Costume—Polygamy and Slavery—Religious Feeling: Affiliation to Brotherhoods; Worship paid to Marabouts—The Practice of Medicine—Family Festivals: Marriages, Births, Baptisms, and Circumcisions—The Burial of the Dead—Social Life: the *Nzaha*—Hospitality of the Fasis: Sport—Constitution of Moorish Society—The Shereefian Families: their Position and Privileges—Patronymics—Meals—Music: *ala* and *griha*—The Andalusian Ballads of the Haïk—The Poetry of the People: Poets, Sheikhs and Sheikhas—The European Colony—The People of Tlemcen—Resistance of the Fasis to Foreign Influences.

FEZ.

THE Moors of Fez spend a life of monotony and refinement in their houses and gardens. There, from his birth to his death, the days of the Fasi glide gently on, in joy or in sorrow, as the Divine will prescribes. The families are numerous, and centre round their head. The sons of the family introduce their young wives to the paternal hearth, and the grandchildren grow up by the side of their grandmothers. Men and women live together. The Fasis know nothing of the harem, and it is the custom, before paying a visit, to wait a moment to give the women time to leave the court. As far as it is possible, each member of the family has his own room. Ablution takes place in the court by the fountain, and in the indispensable bath which the Koran prescribes after relations with women. In the morning the men rise early for the morning prayer, and soon after take the early breakfast, termed *harira*. At *dohr* (1.30 P.M.) the principal meal of the day is served. In the evening tea is taken with a very

light meal. In the great families the men eat together with the women and the servants at their side. In the poorer household the whole family sits down together. With all, the evening tea unites the whole family, and it is the only moment of true family life in a Moorish interior. For the rest of the day the men are occupied outside with their business or their pleasures, and the women remain in the house alone.

It would appear that the Moorish women have still very little culture. Only a few of them know how to read and write. A large proportion refrain from the prayers from sheer ignorance. Their chief duty is to look after the household, unless they are rich enough to keep a negress. Their amusements consist in futile embroideries or a casual sort of music, games at cards, and long hours spent on the terraces which are reserved for the women. They ascend there about *maghreb* (sunset), establish themselves in little *manzahs* (summer-houses), chat with their neighbours, and exchange the gossip of the day. Very few visits are exchanged, especially among the higher classes. Any love-affair is rendered extremely difficult by the seclusion in which they live. Family festivals, marriages, births, baptisms, and circumcisions alone bring a little gaiety into their lives, thanks to the singing-women and the reunion of relations and friends. The rest of their time they remain listless and alone, awaiting, without any impatience, the evening which brings their husbands' return.

Full of superstitution, they are always eager to receive the benediction of the smallest Marabout. Sidi Abdeddaïm makes their husbands manageable. Sidi Hanin Elfasi quietens the cries of the infant they are weaning. Sidi el-Mehdi corrects wilful children. Sidi el-Bassi refines their intellect, and Lella Yeddouna gives them a taste for work. To reassure themselves about an invalid or an absent one, to learn the future lot of a young girl in quest of a husband, or of a newly married woman, they have recourse to the wisdom of a *taleb* or to some fortune-teller, sometimes, also, to the *achat-el-fal* (dinner of fate). Thursday

is the day set apart for this sort of experiment. One of the youngest women in the family smears the left side of her face with rouge and *khol*, then prepares an enormous plate of *couscous* with her left hand. That done, she pays successive visits throughout the city to seven baths, seven bakeries, seven mills, and the bank of seven springs, to invite the genii to supper. About midnight the whole feminine contingent of the household awaits the arrival of the genii that have been invited. The lights are extinguished, and, at the gate, the women who gave the invitations shower the formulæ of welcome on the invisible guests. Then, when a reasonable time has been given for the meal, every one ascends the terrace. Fires are lit, and the assistants throw into them pellets of different drugs which represent the persons on whose behalf the oracle is being interrogated. The shapes and crackling of the flames reveal the destiny that is in store.

The Jewish and Mohammedan peddler-women who frequent houses to offer jewels and toilet articles to the women, find customers who are very easy to entice, for the Moorish woman is a coquette, and takes great pleasure in fine clothes. Their usual costume consists of a kaftan of cloth or silk which reaches to the feet, and is bodice and skirt in one; above is a *mansouriya* in very fine cloth, letting the colour of the kaftan appear through it. This very becoming costume is fastened to the figure by a tight belt of leather or a wide sash of gold-embroidered silk. On the bare feet they wear *babouches* with tassels and trimmings. On their head is a bright-coloured kerchief, from which hang two plaits with woollen thread round them. The kerchief usually covers a sort of cardboard tiara, the *hantouz*, which is the principal ornament on days of festival. Several rows of pearls and precious stones are fastened to it, and two silk handkerchiefs hang down from it on the hair behind, as well as two black silk ribbons, in which are fastened medals stamped in gold-foil. The women of Fez are weighed down with heavy earrings, bracelets on their hands, anklets on their feet, and strings of pearls coming

down over the breast. They are quite ready to lengthen their eyebrows with *khol*, put rouge on their lips and their cheeks, sometimes a slight patch, but they avoid the tattooing that the Bedouin women love.

The men are no less elegant in their costume, and Fez fashions have a name throughout the whole of Morocco. Above the coloured kaftan, whose sleeves cling tight to the arm, and above the garment of fine texture that covers it, they wear a *djellaba* (sack-shaped garment with short sleeves) with the hood always thrown back. A *burnous* or else a *haïk* of fine gauze covers the head and drapes itself round the body in graceful folds. On their head, which is completely shaven, and beneath the hood, they wear a red *chechiya* (red skull-cap) which is kept in place by the many folds of the white *rezza* (bands of white muslin). They wear a fringe of beard all round their face, and only allow a very slight line to mark the presence of a moustache. The effect of these garments worn one above the other is one of dazzling whiteness, and one can see that the fine texture and the spotlessness of the materials is looked upon as the greatest luxury possible. This costume is worn by girls and boys from their earliest years, but the little boys are always spared the burden of the *burnous* and *haïk*. They wear only bright-coloured *djellabas*, whose brilliancy decreases with the years.

It would seem that in Morocco, as in the rest of Islam, polygamy tends to disappear. It is strongest in the country districts, but is dying out in the cities, where it no longer exists in the best families. Real preventive measures against divorce, which is extremely easy to obtain, are, it is said, beginning to be taken. Perhaps one should attribute these reforms, not so much to the progress of public morality, as to economy among well-to-do people, and the abuse of negresses among the rich.

In all the houses black slaves are employed as domestics, —shaven negroes with a little woolly tuft on their heads, or, better still, negresses, whose numbers and costume reveal straight away the style of the house. This black population

used to be imported from the Soudan by way of the Touat and the Tafilelt. Our establishment at Timbuctoo put a stop to this commerce, but to-day Marrakech sends negroes from the Sus, the booty of the incessant wars between the tribes of the Sahara. The slave-market is held every day at the Souk el-Ghzal. It is considered to be badly patronised. The choice products are deposited with special merchants, and sold through the medium of three well-known brokers, who receive both offers and demands. The most popular of the merchants who occasionally take a hand in this kind of trade, is a certain El-Hadj Abderrahman el-Kassi. He is an old man of refined appearance and excellent manners. He has travelled much, and on his travels learnt a little, notably a few words of French. He has visited the whole of the East on business, and Paris for pleasure. He lives in a little house near the bazaar, whose court is prettily painted. Two chambers contain stuffs and other European products, whilst a third harbours his human merchandise. It is occupied by a band of very attractive young people, just arrived from the south. The master is so jovial that the whole party is in great spirits, and it seems as though these negress servants were the true mistresses of the house. The price of negresses is very variable, from twenty to a thousand douros (£4 to £200). The simple maid-of-all-work is, naturally, of small value. The prices rise as soon as a cook or a musician is in question, and attain their maximum for a future concubine.

The Moors have, indeed, a strong liking for negresses, and the dark colour of many of them bears witness to the paternal *penchant*. The slavery of these concubines and servants is not a very terrible affair. The very fact of giving birth to a child frees them, and their children are legitimate. In most cases a Moor considers it a meritorious action to free several of his slaves when he is on his death-bed. In the daily life the negresses are much more free than the white women. They may go out as they like, and lead the most irregular life, and all that they risk on their return is a thrashing or a final decision on their master's

part, who puts them up for sale to get rid of their misconduct. Besides, any negress who has grounds for complaint can claim to be put up for sale. To compel her master to take this course, she has only to take refuge in a Koubba. The protection of the saint secures her an opportunity of making a bid for a better fortune in a new home.

The Moors have a strong religious feeling. There may be some who are indifferent from pure carelessness. There are certainly no unbelievers. Each Fasi performs his prayers with regularity in the neighbouring oratory, as a rule, and on Friday he never fails to attend the mosque. Almost all are affiliated to one of these fraternities, which furnish their members with precepts for guidance in life and formulæ of prayers. The most sought after are the purely Moroccan fraternities. All the lower classes allow themselves to be seduced by the quackeries of the Aïssaoua and the Hamadcha, whose head *zaouïas* are at Mekinez and the Zerhoun, but both of which have *zaouïas* at Fez. Educated people, and the majority of the Oulemas among them, are Derqaoua, or affiliated to the different branches of this order (Sqalliyin, Kettaniyin, &c.). The principal Derqaoui Sheikh lives in the Djebel among the Beni-Zeroual, and a single *moqaddem* ministers, or his representative, to the five *zaouïas* of Fez. The Taübiyin, who are dependent on the Shorfa of Ouazzan, also count a good number of members among the merchants and proprietors. They absorb almost the whole of the Tlemcen, Touat, and Tafilelt colonies settled in the capital, and their *zaouïas* have four *moqaddems*, round whom the members of the same stock are gathered. The Algerian fraternities have also gained numerous recruits. It seems that the people in the best positions in Fez are Tidjaniya, and their present *moqaddem* is an Algerian, Sidi el-Bachir. One can find a few members of the Yousfiyin fraternity, whose head *zaouïa* is at Milanah. There are also a few Qadriya, who are connected with the *zaouïa* founded at Baghdad, near the famous tomb of Sidi Abdelkader ed-Djilani.

The Fasis are not content with seeking admission into these different fraternities. They constitute themselves the devotees of one of the famous saints, whose numbers are one of the glories of the city. Each person brings offerings, in money or in kind, on the customary days, to lay on the tomb of the saint of his choice. These gifts are the rightful property of the descendants of the Marabout or the fraternity which he founded. Sidi bou Ghaleb and Sidi bou Djida are visited on Wednesday, Sidi Ahmed el-Chaoui and Sidi Boubekr ben el-Arbi on Thursday. Some particularly revered saints, like Moulay Edriss, Sidi Ahmed el-Tidjani, or Sidi Abdelkader el-Fasi, receive every day. Each year, above all in the autumn, the whole population of the city meets together in pilgrimages to the shrines of these illustrious patrons. Almost all must be content with a single one of these *moussems*. Moulay Edriss and Sidi Ahmed el-Bernousi alone are popular enough to obtain two.

Medicine, of course, is very closely allied with religion. Invalids betake themselves to certain *tolba*, who make a pretence of consulting their magic writings, concoct a talisman, and apply it to the suffering part. The same *tolba* lend their aid in feminine revenges, by their spells to produce impotence in some man, or prevent a marriage or the birth of a child. The Koubba of Sidi Ali bou Ghaleb is considered the best resort for invalids, who go and live there sometimes for several weeks in the two dwellings set apart for their use, one for men and one for women. The branches of a jujube tree outside the Koubba are festooned with tufts of hair. They are the gifts of women who are threatened with baldness, and implore the saint to retard the disaster. The cures of leprosy, tapeworms, and madness are a miraculous speciality of the house of Ouazzan. In such cases application is made to the Ouazzani Shorfa residing at Fez, who are noted for possessing this precious benediction. A family of Marabouts, the Ouled Sidi Amar el Qadmiri, possesses the hereditary art of applying cauteries. The descendants of the saint take up their position beneath a tent

at the Thursday market to attend to their professional duties. The cure of nervous disease is entrusted to the *gnaoua*, three corporations of negroes from the south, who are organised in fraternities with *moqaddems*. They rush into the houses with flags and tambourines, rigged out in tinsel and necklaces of shells. Their songs and dances exorcise the demons. Their blessing is often solicited by barren women: they also tell fortunes and predict the future.

The doctors from Mecca—who are generally inhabitants of Tunis and who have never seen Arabia—are in great request for their sacred remedies, dates of Mecca, water from the well Zemzem, and sand collected from around the Prophet's tomb. Higher in the medical scale, the Berber bone-setters have a certain amount of surgical practice. Fairly experienced midwives, and druggists, in their little shops in the city, or under their tents at the Kasbah of Bou Jeloud, retail the traditional medicines. There is even one of our compatriots, who came from Algeria by way of the Tafilelt, turned renegade, and now lives on the lucrative profession of bone-setter. Finally, the most cultured people in Fez are among the patients of a single Syrian doctor, who has made some study of medicine at Constantinople.

Family festivals alone bring any movement and gaiety into the life of the women, who live in the retirement of ignorance and superstition. The most solemn occasion is, naturally, a marriage, with its long and complicated ceremonies. In ordinary cases, girls marry between the ages of fifteen and sixteen, and young men between twenty and twenty-five. Up to that age, well-to-do families usually instal their sons in a little *mesriya*, and supply them with a confidential negress, to keep them from vulgar amours, offered to all comers, in every quarter of the city, by a crowd of prostitutes that have flocked to Fez from all the corners of the Empire. The parents arrange the marriages of their children, and that is why alliances between members of the same stock are so frequent. Once an agreement has been arrived at, the two fathers signalise

the end of the negotiations by proceeding to the betrothal, of which they apprise the *fiancée* by sending her a present.

Some weeks later, they proceed to the contract. The document is drawn up and signed in a mosque by two Adoul. As a general rule, the girl has no dowry, but exacts a small one from her *fiancé*, which must be employed in the purchase of clothes and jewels. The young couple settle in one of the two households, almost always in that of the man. The wife can never be obliged to leave the city, and the husband must depart alone, if his business takes him to a distance. In some cases even polygamy and absence from home are forbidden him. The number of negresses who are to wait on the young wife is strictly fixed, as well as the number of visits she may receive from her mother. The drawing up of this complicated document marks the definite engagement. The *fiancé* sends a negress to the house of his betrothed with tapers, dates and milk, and henna is smeared on the girl's hands and feet, in public token of his betrothal. A few weeks more, and both sets of relations assemble their friends at Moulay Edriss to call down the blessing of the patron of Fez upon the bride and bridegroom to be. This ceremony, which is equivalent in law to the announcement of the marriage, takes place, one Friday, at the gate of the Koubba, after the prayer of *aser* (3 to 4 P.M.). The betrothed couple does not take part in it. The two fathers station themselves on the right and left of the entrance of the tomb, while their friends and kinsmen line up behind them. Then the *fiancé's* barber advances and requests the blessing of Moulay Edriss for the two young people. Those present then join their two hands, whilst they chant some prayers for the happiness of the future *ménage*.

The barber, whom we have just seen in evidence, is connected with all the family events. It is he who shaves the first hairs of the child, and later circumcises him. He continues his services gratis till the day of marriage. He calls down the blessing of Moulay Edriss upon the betrothed. He shaves the young husband on the evening of

his wedding, at the very moment when he is going to enter the nuptial chamber. From that time he receives payment for his services, which are, to shave the head of the husband, and arrange the complicated bands of his *rezza* every week.

The publication of the marriage is followed by a great feast in the home of the future bride. The young man's relations attend it, bringing a *mouna* provided by him. There are songs and dances. Then henna is applied to the young girl. For the Moorish woman it is both a sign of joy and a means of enhancing her attractions. This over, the *fiancé's* mother places a coin or gold jewel in the hand of her future daughter-in-law. Next day, it is the *fiancée's* turn to repay the hospitality shown her by sending a repast to the home of her betrothed. He eats the dishes with his friends, and sends them back empty, along with some present. Then an interval elapses, longer or shorter according to circumstances, till the *fiancé* is rich enough to keep up an establishment, pay the dowry, and defray the expenses of the marriage feasts. During the time of waiting, he sends a present to his betrothed, at each religious feast, in token of remembrance.

When everything is ready, the *fiancé* informs the parents of his future bride that he is now in a position to pay the dowry. He then invites his friends to a little feast, and delegates two or three of them to carry the sum agreed upon. Thenceforward there is no obstacle to the marriage. The preparations for the ceremony are entrusted to certain negresses (*neggafas*), whose special employment it is, and who belong to the seven or eight corporations recognised at Fez. Each of the corporations contains ten to twenty negresses. The *neggafas* take possession of the *fiancé's* house to prepare the nuptial chamber. They adorn it with *haïtis* and gold-embroidered curtains, carpets, and embroidered cushions. In a corner of the room, concealed behind a heap of mattresses, lies the *dekhchoucha*, where the first nights of the young couple will be passed. All these objects are hired for the occasion, and the price paid varies, according to the class, between ten and thirty douros (£2

and £6). Then the marriage may be celebrated on the Monday or Thursday following, the two lucky days set apart for these festivals.

Whilst the conjugal apartment is being set in order, the girl, on her side, prepares herself for the great occasion. She bathes every day, for custom requires her to take seven baths before entering the house of the bridegroom. Two days before the marriage-day inaugurates a period of festivals. Girl friends have been invited to keep the young bride company. Her feet are stained with henna. On the eve of the great day negresses carry her on their shoulders all round the house, saying, "We place you under the protection of the Prophet;" and when they place her on the ground, "Here is beauty without perfume." To render her more attractive to her husband, the "great henna" is then applied. This is a very delicate task, and is performed by women who belong to the corporation of the *hennayas*. With special henna from the Touat, pounded and mixed with lemon juice, a number of designs are traced with the brush on the hands and feet, up to the calves and the elbow. These designs do not disappear for a long time, and the Moors consider that they lend a peculiar charm to their women. The festival lasts all night, but the young bride rests during the actual marriage-day.

Late in the evening a deputation of the bridegroom's relations comes to fetch her, and the procession is formed to lead her to her new home. It is not the custom for the relatives of the girl to take part in this cortège. If the young bride is a Shereefa, all the Shorfa are invited to escort her sedan-chair. First she visits Moulay Edriss to solicit, without always entering the mosque, the blessing of the saint. The chair is surrounded by negresses, and gunshots are discharged. Brides of ordinary rank make the journey on foot, and are not supposed to arrive till a little before dawn.

At the threshold of the husband's home the bride receives, from a woman of his family, the symbols of

housekeeping—a key, a date, and a morsel of leaven. Then she is brought into the nuptial chamber, where she has her face rouged, and is dressed in her finest clothes. The husband arrives. His barber shaves him, then the *neggafas* present to him his wife, with the words, "Behold the gracious beauty, behold the tender date, behold the fine amber." Husband and wife sit down side by side. After a moment the bridegroom rises, puts his hand on the head of his bride, and pronounces some prayers, asking God to grant prosperity to the family he is going to found. Every one has already retired. Dawn has come, and the husband, after passing a few minutes with his wife, leaves her to sleep alone, for it is the custom that the husband's house should be given over to the women, and he betakes himself with his friends to an adjoining house, rented or lent, which is termed the Dar-Islan. There he spends, in feasting, music, and singing, the first seven days of his married life.

The six days that follow are days of festival. Every evening the husband leaves his guests at the hour of *acha* (nightfall), and remains the whole night in the nuptial chamber. Each day the young wife changes her costume, but she still keeps her hair plaited, and does not yet wear a girdle. On the seventh day the husband unplaits his wife's hair, and she, after being solemnly conducted to the bath, puts on the girdle and the *hantouz*, the distinctive signs of the married woman.

During the first year of the marriage it is the custom to revive for the young couple some of the enthusiasm of these first days. Once again the *neggafas* are engaged to set up the *dekhchoucha*; the *hennayat* performs the ceremony of the "great henna," and there is a three days' festival, during which the bride sits in state, in her finest attire, in the centre of her guests.

Then comes the serious business of life. When the first child is born—and the parents are accustomed to wish for a girl as a happy omen—the mother of the young matron sends a basket containing the *layette* of the infant,

along with henna, eggs, and pigeons. The baby is stained with henna from head to foot, and the little body smeared with butter and wrapped in flannels. The seventh day is the day of the baptism. At the first hour of the morning, the friends are invited to the repast of the *aqiqa*. About nine o'clock a Taleb, or better still a Shereef, sacrifices a sheep on behalf of the child, and, as she cuts the animal's throat, pronounces the sacramental words, "In the name of God, it is the baptism of such an one, son of such an one." Then the child is washed for the first time, henna is put on its hands and feet, khol under its eyes; it is clothed in its finest robes and put into its mother's bed, at the head of which lighted tapers are burning. For forty days the baby must not leave the paternal house, but at the end of that time he is taken to be presented to Moulay Edriss, to whom he brings an offering and tapers.

A year after its birth, the barber shaves the child's head, leaving boys only a few quaintly distributed locks, and the girls a single tuft on the top of their head. This tuft will gradually grow till it covers the whole head. After she is seven or eight years old, the little girl has all her hair back. Shortly after she has her hair down in two plaits knotted together, and the moment has come for her to take the veil. The boys are circumcised between the years of two and seven, as it is most convenient. The child is clothed in rich garments of silk and gold, often hired or borrowed for the occasion. The operation is performed by the barber of the family in a corner of the mosque of Moulay Edriss, and a festival follows, lasting several days. This ceremony takes place in the week of the Mouloud or else in the autumn, at the period of the *moussem* (pilgrimage) of Sidi Ali bou Ghaleb.

When the boy is big enough to attend school, the epochs when he succeeds in reading the half, then the whole of the Koran (*tekhridja*) are celebrated by great rejoicings in the families. Among well-to-do people numbers of invitations are given by the parents. The child's teacher has, on his side, invited his colleagues of

other *msids* to the feast of the *habibna*. There is feasting and music. Singers chant verses of the Koran or poems in the Prophet's honour. After the repast, a great white sheet is spread out in the court, on which is placed the board of Moulay Edriss, borrowed from the mosque, and the guests throw pieces of money, which are to constitute the teacher's benefit.

The day on which the children begin to observe the fast of Ramadan is also a family festival. The fast does not, as a matter of fact, become obligatory before the age of eighteen. At first it is not enforced in all its rigour, and it is proportioned to the physical constitution of the young people.

Finally, the family unites once again in the supreme event of death. When the agony has begun, the relatives are summoned to make their adieux to the dying, and exchange the last pardon with him. The assistants repeat the formula of the Mohammedan confession of faith—"There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet," which is the sole prayer for the dying. The burial must take place on the evening, or, at the latest, the morrow after the death. The body is washed and enveloped in a shroud. Four special fraternities—the Aïssoua, the Derqaoua, the Sadqiyin, and the Taïbiyin—come to recite the prayers that they are accustomed to repeat beside the dead, and, at the same time, *tolba* read the Koran. The guardian of vacant successions, Bou Mouaret, is the only official apprised of the death. After satisfying himself that the property of the deceased does not come within his jurisdiction, he gives a permit, to be presented to the administration of Sidi Fradj, which has the monopoly of funerals. Shorfa and wealthy people are often buried in the *zaouïas* in the centre of the city. Ordinary people go to their rest in a neighbouring cemetery. After the body has been raised, the fraternities accompany the procession reciting their prayers. The bier containing the body is taken to the mosque nearest the cemetery, at the hours of *dohr* or *aser*, there to have prayer pronounced over

it. There is hardly a family that does not possess a tomb, and the grave-digger performs his task with speed, and lays the dead man by the side of his forefathers. For strangers and people without family there is a corner reserved in each cemetery, under the management of the administration of the Habous.[1]

Like births and marriages, deaths require no registration. There is no registry office, and family registers are kept by men of letters alone. Successions are regulated by a friendly arrangement, or, if not, by the Kadi's verdict. In this manner the life of successive generations glides along, hedged in by the same rites, inherited from the glorious periods of Moorish civilisation.

The social life of the women centres entirely in the family festivals. At all events, it is very unusual for a festival to be given in the women's quarters without any precise object. It is very rarely, too, that one meets a woman of rank in the street. Sometimes a form muffled in a burnouse of fine texture passes astride a mule. It is a lady of high position who is on her way to return the visit of a friend, or amuse the leisure hours of her lord and master in some garden. The women of the people appear to be freer in their goings and their visits. They walk the streets on foot, with the lower part of the face veiled, and their head and body completely enveloped in a large white cloth, which is fastened to the figure by a green-coloured band.

The men are always moving, either on foot or on the backs of mules. The Moors prefer the mule, since its action does not derange the set of their garments nor their mental equilibrium. They scornfully leave the horse to the vulgar ranks of the Bedouin tribes. The gentle jolting of the mule is still further reduced by the red stuffed saddle (*serija*) with its pommel behind and before, which ensures the careless Fasis an easy seat. Great people are accom-

[1] A special body, that of the Sahhafa, has the duty of bearing the bodies to the cemetery. Men are buried, as they are, in the earth; women and children, in a coffin.

panied by attendants who run behind them. All, whether vigorous or weakly, cover themselves, when they go out, with a blue or white tippet (*selham*), and carry a felt carpet, four times folded, beneath their arm, to be used for sitting or kneeling upon for prayer. During the night, since the city is not lighted, their approach is notified by a lantern.

The Moors are hospitable and receive frequently. Apart from the great festivals (*oulima*) occasioned by family events, they keep open house. Many are accustomed to give luncheon parties on Thursday and Friday, which are holidays. Several houses are obliged, by an ancestral foundation, to invite the principal scholars of Fez on Fridays. As the merchants generally observe Saturday as a holiday as well, they take the opportunity of visiting in their houses and gardens.

Nzaha is the name given to the reunion of a certain number of men who meet to enjoy a quiet period of thought together, diversified by peaceful converse, a good meal, songs, and dancing. Sometimes they play a game of cards, but without money stakes, as the Chraa requires. The Mohammedans are forbidden by the religious law to play for money. The players use Spanish cards, and play the *ronda*, the *khamba*, and the *tris* alternately, corresponding closely to, but more complicated than, bezique, écarté, and ombre.

The invitations are sent out the night before or even on the same morning. The guests are not invited to dinner, but to spend the night. They arrive in the evening before the doors of the quarter are closed, sup at one or two in the morning, and return home at dawn, when the doors are opened once more.

Although Mohammedan society has a somewhat democratic appearance, since all believers are united by the same faith, yet Moorish society presents very marked distinctions, arising from birth, fortune, or office. At the head are the Shorfa, the members of the Makhzen, the principal Oulemas, and the richest proprietors and merchants. The Makhzen and the very wealthy classes are very ready to assume a

certain haughtiness of bearing towards the lower classes. The Shorfa and the Oulemas, on the other hand, owing to the religious character of their position, have more humanity, and readily mix with people lower in the social scale. Of course one finds among the great people, the Shorfa more especially, a whole following of friends, attendants, flatterers, and parasites, who are generally of inferior rank.

The Shorfa, or the descendants of the Prophet, belong to the purest Mohammedan nobility, and their illustrious descent secures for them, by a custom peculiar to the Maghreb, the most extraordinary privileges. They are grouped in bodies, according to their birth. At Fez, as in the rest of Morocco, one finds two principal groups of Shorfa, the Alaouites, who are connected with the reigning dynasty, and the Edrissites, who are descended from the first Moroccan dynasty. These groups are divided into several branches. Foreign Shorfa are also to be found at Fez, Skalli, and Iraki, who came from Sicily and Mesopotamia, and others from Tlemcen, Mascara, and Figuig.

The corporations of Shorfa have a head or provost (Mezouar), who is chosen by them and approved by the Makhzen, and who acts as their intermediary with the authorities. At Fez, the *moqaddem* of Moulay Edriss serves as Mezouar for all the Edrissite Shorfa. Thus the office is filled by one who is not Shereef, the Government having judged it wiser not to elect a descendant of Moulay Edriss in the capital. The Alaouites possess an organisation of their own, and the majority of the foreign Shorfa are united under the authority of the Shereef El-Bagraoui, who belongs to the Oudghiri branch, from Figuig. The Shorfa, of Tlemcen or Mascara origin, have likewise Mezouars of their own.

The wealth of the Edrissite Shorfa, who exploit the mosque of Moulay Edriss, is assured by the public devotion. They might, if necessary, dispense with all support from the Makhzen, which, however, is always concerned to pension a large number of them, or, at all events, supply

them with a *sila*, through their respective Mezouars. Sometimes it gives them the rights of the Koubbas which have fallen to the State, and it is in this way that the Shereefian families live on the revenue of the most popular tombs in Fez.[1] Of course the Shorfa are exempt from all taxes, and the produce of Shereefian landowners is even freed from the market dues. The religious character which attaches to their person is their sole apparent distinction, and gives them the right to the title of Moulay (master), or Sidi (lord). Otherwise, they are lost in the crowd, wear the same costume, lead the same life, and, with the exception of the Alaouitic Shorfa, who are under the Makhzen's supervision, marry as they please. They may be merchants or engage in the humblest of trades, but custom does not permit them to fill public positions, save those of Adoul or secretaries of the Makhzen. The chief men among them are employed by the Makhzen to negotiate with the tribes.

In the *hadhariya* cities the better families bear family names, which have gradually emerged from the nameless masses, which are only distinguished by their father's name. The Shorfa bear the name of their own branch. The Jews who have become Mohammedan have prospered throughout the ages, and their descendants—the Ben-Chkroun, the Barrada, the Guennoun, the Bennis, the Couhen, the Guessous—have become the wealthiest among the Fasis. Moorish immigrations from Spain have brought over some important families, whose very names occasionally reveal their Spanish origin—the Ouled-Ronda, who came from the city of that name; the Echcherfi and the Esseradj (Abeucerage) from Sevile; the Echchedid

[1] Thus Sidi Ali bou Ghaleb works in the interests of the Talbiyin Shorfa, Sidi bou Djida for the Knelbiyin, Sidi Ali ben Harazem for the Fdiliyin, whilst Sidi Ahmed ech-Chaoui, one of the most lucrative saints in the city, has been assigned to the Qadriyin. The revenues of Sidi Ahmed el-Bernousi are divided, by hereditary right, among several Edrissite branches. There is even a family of Saharan Shorfa, which is allowed to take its share in them.

from Malaga; the Ouled-el-Goumis (Gomez), the Ouled-er-Rami and the Ouled-et-Taci.

Our stay at Fez was long enough to enable us to enter Moorish society. I cannot express the pleasure I experienced in living in the midst of a civilisation which, however degenerate, was once so glorious, and still remains so impervious to European influences and so distinct from our own. I have spent the most agreeable hours in very fine houses, where I have been invited to an excellent dinner and the strangest of music. I have shared in the refined life of the Fasis. I have received information upon details of dress from men reserved and polished, whose flowing garments enhanced the dignity of their address, who enjoy the pleasures of music and good cheer without any ostentation, who are attentive and polite, leave their *babouches* at the door to avoid soiling the carpet with the mud of the street, enter quietly, exchange some polite formula with their host, or kiss him on the shoulder and enter into conversation in a low tone to avoid disturbing the general silence. And so, in one of those chambers that open upon the *patio*, a silent society lets itself enjoy the flavour of pleasant sensations in pleasant company, and takes care to avoid the slightest jar. There is never too much light. The court is lighted by several lanterns placed on the ground, and burning tapers in a room at the other end produce an effect of indefinite depth in the obscurity of the night. From a neighbouring chamber comes the sound of music softened by the distance, and mingles with the plash of the waters that fall from the fountain or bubble within the basin in the centre of the court. In the best houses the table is served by attractive and well-dressed young negresses. Everything is calculated to appeal to the senses of the guests, and afford them the greatest possible number of pleasant sensations.

In the case of ordinary invitations to lunch or dinner, the varied subtleties of the *nzaha* are dispensed with. The guests meet round a low table. The slaves are not called in, and it is a son or relative of the host who undertakes to

serve the guests. At an entertainment given by the chief men of the city, or simple well-to-do people, it is only the style maintained that changes—the costumes and the welcome are the same. There is always the same graciousness, the same refinement of manners. If it were permissible to find any fault in this ancient and civilised society, one might take objection to their loud inspirations when drinking tea, and—one must admit it—to the continual belching, in which they seem to take a certain pleasure. One may add the somewhat unattractive habit of eating with the fingers. But it is the dictum of the Hadith : "The blessing of God rests on the food taken with the fingers," and before the word of the Prophet one cannot but keep silence.

In Fez only one old house is known to be still standing. It belongs to the Bennis, one of the first families in the city. The Moors do not trouble themselves with chronology. Albeit, they calculate time by the reigns of recent sovereigns, or, if one goes further back, by the duration of the dynasties. So the Bennis are ignorant of the precise age of their family dwelling. They only know that it was repaired, about a century ago, by a certain Si Abdennebi Bennis. Anxious to keep the ancestral home intact, he took care to secure it from demolition by entailing it to his grandsons, and so preserving it by a series of entails. This wise precaution has resulted in the preservation of this unique specimen of ancient architecture. It has prevented the Bennis sacrificing it to the fashion of the day and building a new house upon the site, resembling those possessed by the rest of the Fasis. It is true that the Bennis mansion is more interesting for its visitors than its occupants, for it is sombre and depressing, and has a dank and musty odour. It is not lighted by the *zellijs* of the walls. Its lofty colonnades rise, absolutely white, in a narrow court, and its sole ornament lies in the superb panelling which forms the base and the balconies of the storeys.

As for the houses of the city, their newness is blazoned in the complicated plaster reliefs and the somewhat flaring

colour of the roofs. They are all of recent date. The Ministers of Foreign Affairs, of War, and of Finance, are most sumptuously lodged, while the Grand Vizier is content with a little garden. The finest private house in Fez belongs to el-Hadj Abdesselam el-Moqri. He is an old man, who once filled the important position of Amin of the Dar Adeyyel. He is a native of Tlemcen, from whence he came, when quite a child, with the Tlemcani emigrants who fled before the French invasion. His position and his wealth have made him the most important person among them. One of his sons lives in a house among the gardens of the el-Oyoun quarter, situated upon a hill-crest, and commanding a view which embraces the hollow of Fez el-Bali and the valley of the river ez-Zitoun. A little higher the property of el-Hadj el-Madani Bennis extends where the waters run through meshes of verdure. At one time it was employed by the Makhzen as the residence of the European missions.

The other side of the river Fez stands in a dense garden, the house of a rich Fasi merchant, el-Hadj el-Madani el-Tazi. He left Morocco thirty-three years ago, and settled first in Algeria, and then in Manchester. He has just returned, with his fortune made, and is completing his house, whose colonnade, with its wrought plaster and painted panelling, looks out over the whole Karaouiyin bank and the mountains on the north of the city. His long stay in England has given his features and complexion a somewhat British appearance. He remembers only a few words of English. He knows it well enough, however, to explain his position, and expresses his extreme satisfaction: "Before, no money; now, plenty of money." I do not wish to forget a charming man, who was at one time our compatriot, but who, since his return to Morocco several years ago, has lost the privilege of French naturalisation according to the terms of the Convention of Madrid. Moulay Ali el-Ktiri was in business in Senegal, where his long stay enabled him to become a naturalised Frenchman. He is a refined and distinguished Moor, who has a pretty

house, and keeps an excellent table. He has brought back from his travels a whole colony of cats, dogs, and parrots—a very unusual taste for a Fasi to show. They swarm in the garden along with some negresses, who do great credit to his taste.

Of course the main rallying-point of society is the dinner-table. The guests first take tea, squat down round a low table, and wash their hands. Meanwhile the servants have been laying in front of the door lines of red earthenware dishes with wicker covers. They contain the different courses that will succeed one another in turn. The dishes are excellent, but are practically restricted to mutton, chicken, and pigeons, prefaced with butter or oil, or served as stews: these courses are made more savoury with olives, almonds, preserved almonds and citron, beans, boiled potatoes, and, in the spring time, the inner part of wild artichokes, that are gathered in the country. For joint, a whole sheep, either cooked or steamed. The Fasis season their dishes with pieces of orange, carrots preserved in vinegar, or a fine chopped salad of radishes and lettuce. Then follows the *couscous*, which is sometimes taken with milk, and after it a dessert of fruit and honey-cakes. As drink, pure water scented with sandal-wood, and, at the end of the meal, a cup of coffee. Hands are washed again, this time with soap, to take away the grease left by the food. As the Moors do not smoke, they snuff a small pinch of tobacco; then each spends some time fumigating his garments over a censer in which aromatic woods are burning; and the whole party silently gives itself up to the enjoyment of the murmur of the waters in the house, of the garden with its verdure, and, in most cases, of the strains of music as well.

Music, it would seem, is the one indispensable ornament of life. No family festival, no social *nzaha* is complete without musicians and singers. This music is of two kinds —the lighter music, *griha*, composed of easy airs and popular ballads with a vague sort of instrumental accompaniment; and serious music, *ala*, in which the airs are complicated, the

songs artistic, and the performance of real musicians on difficult instruments is required. These two kinds of music are much in vogue, but it is the second that is in greater honour and greater request. The other is regarded as a frivolous pastime, suitable for foolish women or a man's debauch. Fez may be reckoned the capital of the *ala*, whilst the real centre of the *griha* is Marrakech.

In the Maghreb the artistes are at once musicians and singers. They squat down on a row of mattresses, and their monotonous and somewhat harsh music goes on indefinitely, for hours together. The *ala* must be executed by men on four instruments—the violin, rebeck, lute, and tambourine. Its original home was Andalusia. After the expulsion of the Moors, a musician called Haïq collected, as a last souvenir, the different Andalusian airs, and wrote out their music and their words. On his book, which still bears his name, is based the music of all the Moorish cities of the Maghreb. Andalusia possessed twenty-four different *noubas*, each of which developed the main theme in five successive and increasingly accentuated movements. Haïq reduced these *noubas* to eleven, and they are so long and so complicated, with their twenty-five or thirty verses to each musical phrase, that it would take the musicians seven or eight hours to execute a single series in its entirety. Each *nouba* has its own collection of poems, selected because of the correspondence of meaning and of form. Literary poetry holds a high place in the Maghreb. There are *feqihs* (men of learning) skilled in prosody, who sing the praises of Sultans and of Marabouts in learned verse, but their poems are composed only to be declaimed, and afterwards collected by the historian of the period. It is the tradition that the *ala* should be restricted to old Andalusian poems. Thus, in their hours of leisure, the Moors summon up, at the sound of some favourite piece, the past with its regrets, the memory of Andalusia—where their power and civilisation had their birth and growth—and the rancour they cherish against the Spanish conquerors. One of the pieces of the Haïq is specially famous.

YA ASAFI (REGRETS).

"How deeply I mourn for the past that has fled. God! the days of joy and pleasure, and the evenings calm and sweet! Homes of Andalusia that we have left behind us, how cruel the parting! Never shall I forget you.

"Gone are the glorious nights of Granada, city of delights. My God! 'twas there I met the fair women who taught me love's meaning. Homes of Andalusia, that we have left behind us, never shall I forget you.

"My God, I pray thee, of thy goodness, to let me see once more that fair abode! My God, restore me to the land I love, and grant me to enjoy peace therein! Homes of Andalusia, that we have left behind us, never shall I forget you.

"O thou, whom the eyes see not and who hast never deceived the longing of any, O thou, whose commands are without question, whose ways are past finding out! Homes of Andalusia, which we have left behind us, never shall I forget you."

The *griha* is performed by men or women, to whom the name of poet has been extended (Sheikhs and Sheikhas), though they confine themselves to reciting the poetry written by some other poet. The accompaniment to the men's voices is always played by the tambourines. The Sheikhas mark the time upon a little cube of very fine leather, which they hold between their fingers. Two tambourines are in unison with the voice, whilst other women accompany them clapping their hands. It is of relatively recent date that the popular songs have been set to music. About two centuries ago, a certain el-Masmoudi noted down the principal airs which the people had gradually adapted to their ballads, and so became the founder of the *griha*. His work was so highly appreciated that people sought to find in it supernatural intervention, and the legend is that Masmoudi received the inspiration in a house haunted by genii. The song, music, and words have all developed rapidly since the time of Mas-

mondi, either by variations on his own airs or the invention of new ones. But all can now be classified under three main modes—the *mchergui*, which is proper to the eastern parts of the Empire and to Algeria, the *meqsour el-djenah*, which is employed in the majority of Moroccan countries and the *mezloug*, which comes from the Sus.

The ballad (*qacida*) is composed in the vulgar tongue, and, consequently, changes with the change in dialect. It is the work of a poet, not himself a musician, who is content to hand over his compositions to the professionals, who hawk them about from house to house. They learn the new song by heart, and set it to some well-known air which seems to suit it. In the case of a religious invocation to the Prophet or to some Marabout, or a sentimental appeal to the beauties of nature, the plaintive and monotonous *mchergui* must be employed. Love songs, full of sighs and complaints are set to the *meqsour el-djenah*, and humorous ballads to the *mezloug* of the South. Any of these three modes is chosen, indifferently, for topical songs, which have arisen from some political event or a desire to please the Sultan and the Makhzen.

Since the invention of the *griha*, some poets have left a great name, and their reputation grows with years, for public taste appears to prefer the ancient songs to the new *qacidas*. At the very first a great song-writer arose in the person of Si Abdelaziz el-Maghraoui. But the reign of Moulay Sliman, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, marked the heyday of the *qacida* in the hands of Sidi Mohammed ben Ali, el-Hadj Mohammed Ennejjar, Si Mohammed ben Sliman, and Sidi Abdelouahab el-Fnari. The Sultan Sidi Mohammed had a particular taste for poetry. The most celebrated of the poets of his time, Si Touhami el-Mdaghri, was his intimate personal friend, and it is believed that many *qacidas* by the Sovereign himself appeared under the name of Si Touhami. There died at Fez, several years ago, a very famous balladist, el-Hadj Driss ben Ali, nicknamed el-Hounch (the serpent), who spent a peaceful life of song-making under the patronage of a Sheerefian Mæcenas.

Best known among living poets are, Moulay Hachem es-Saadani, Hadj Ahmed el-Gherabbli, Si Mohammed el-Qandousi (one of the Qenadsa), and Djilali el-Haqiqi (from Tlemcen). The verses of the balladists sing of love or of the incidents of everyday life. The humorous *qacidas* are, almost all of them, the work of Si el-Madani et-Tourkmani, who flourished at Marrakech in the reigns of Sidi Mohammed and Moulay el-Hassan. The majority of the religious *qacidas* were composed by Sidi Kaddour el-Alami, who celebrated in verse, during the first half of last century, the glory of the Marabouts, and whose remains are worshipped to this day at Mekinez, where they lie. Since the Moroccan poet cannot gain a livelihood from his art, such of them as are not in possession of private means must practise some trade. Among living poets, Moulay Hachem and el-Haqiqi sell *babouches*, el-Gherabbli is a weaver, and el-Qandousi a blacksmith. They obtain some small remuneration for a poem dedicated to the Sultan, or to some great man.

The songs are sung by men and women alike. There are some fifty Sheikhs at Fez who are employed in singing the popular songs from house to house. The best known among them succeed in gaining a living by their art, whilst the rest have to seek a livelihood in some form of manual labour. Two brothers, the el-Fathi Barrada, are much sought after as comic singers. They sing comic songs, and one of them makes a specialty of dancing like a woman, from time to time revealing his true identity by a rapid movement of his lifted kaftan, which pleases the audience immensely. As a rule the Sheikhs know many more songs than the Sheikhas, and, for this reason, they are preferred by true connoisseurs of music. However, the women are more generally popular. Their sex gains them an entrance into the family, and in this way they enjoy what is practically a monopoly of popular favour.

Good Sheikhas are rare at Fez. Numerous *Ghennaiats* compose a few trivial lines for family feasts, and come and sing them to the accompaniment of tambourines. But there are only four or five Sheikhas that are much

sought after. They do not, however, compose any ballads, but confine themselves to executing, with their own little companies, the compositions of the poets. A little time ago two rival Sheikhas were all the rage—Khaddoudj es-Sebtiya and Brika bent ben Allal. The former, who came of a Ceuta family, had run off to Algeria with a Moroccan merchant who had an establishment at Tiaret. During the years she spent with him, she learned a little French and a great many Algerian songs. When she made up her mind to return, she introduced them at Fez, where they were a great success. But once more, Khaddoudj tired of the artistic career, and last year she married, and began the life of sentiment once more. The Fasis wait patiently for a divorce to restore her to their applause. She left the field free to her rival, Brika, who was brought up to the profession. She is a native of the Sherarga, and came to Fez with her father, a famous Sheikh, who taught her his art. To-day she is the darling of the city, although she is very coarse, and has a grating voice. It is only just to admit that she seems a clever *diseuse*, and that her audience take the most obvious delight in her performance. Sometimes the listeners beat an accompaniment with their hands to the songs that she sings rapidly through her nose, and, when she finishes, they bow politely and thank her in the words, "Barak Allahou fik." If one shut one's eyes during several of the songs, it would need no stretch of imagination to fancy that one was listening to Spanish airs, though with a somewhat slower rhythm.

Besides the Sheikha Brika, who stands without a rival, one need hardly mention any one except the Sheikha Zineb, the accredited singer of the Dar el-Makhzen. For my own part, the singer who gave me most pleasure was an unimportant Sheikha called Hanina. She was little appreciated, because she was a Bedouin, and, as such, had her face tattooed, and spoke in a country dialect. She is a poor girl, born near Casablanca, whose father was imprisoned after a revolt, and whose family, as the custom is, established itself in the neighbourhood of the prison. The young girl

had turned out badly, but, possessing a certain amount of talent, had succeeded in making her way as a Sheikha. She is pretty and slim, rather sad-looking, and, in my opinion, sings and dances neither better nor worse than the rest.

The Sheikhas are called in for family feasts, marriage-feasts, and others, and for ordinary *nzahas*. Sometimes they remain for several days in the same house. They receive as payment a *gherama*, a collection made among the guests. The master of the house gives them five or six douros, and it is the custom for each of the guests to place a piece of money on the forehead of the Sheikha, who makes several gestures of the *danse du ventre*, and then kneels down before each in turn. A Sheikha may gain from eighty to a hundred douros on a good evening. The annual gains of the Sheikha Brika must touch three or four thousand douros. Despite this fortune, which is a large one for the country, the Sheikhas are always poor and badly dressed. They drink, squander their money, and live the most disorderly life.

Here is one of the best known Moroccan songs. It is called "El-Harres" (the guardian or husband), and is the work of Sidi Mohammed ben Ali :—

"Behold the guardian of Yamna, who, fearing my wiles, has confined my beloved in his dwelling. He hath put bolts and bars upon the gates. He hath set by her all she hath need of. He hath set in order a little garden to rejoice her eyes, and hath planted all manner of flowers therein. He hath made her a bath for the days of cold, and hath forbidden man or woman to look upon her. He hath taken all precaution to defeat all wiles, but he knows not those of which I am capable.

"I have deceived the guardian of Yamna; I have possessed the gazelle. Ye others, ye lovers, fondly did he imagine that I should never have her ——.

"For the first time, I appeared before him in the shape of a young maiden, still virgin, beautiful, and clad in beautiful garments—a glance, a form, a cheek that outshone the splendour of the moon and of the sun. 'Oh, my lover,

to thee am I come, and I offer myself to thee. I am without family, and I implore thee to receive me.' 'I have no need of thee. Go, seek a youth or one widowed who shall take thee, for a lawful spouse alone becomes thee.' 'Look upon me, then, as thy lawful spouse, and take me.' 'I have a spouse, and could not change her for thee.' 'Then take me as the servant of thy wife.' 'She hath no need of thee, nor any servant. I myself am her servant.' But I was importunate, and implored him to aid me for the love of God; but he cast a terrible glance upon me, and drove me forth, and I departed, bethinking me of some other wiles that might win me my gazelle.

"I returned to him, disguised as an aged woman, with all the marks of austerity and devotion. In my right hand I bore a chaplet, and in my left a staff. I was clothed in a robe of green, and I was careless in my bearing. 'Oh, my friend,' said I gently, 'wilt thou bring me to the presence of thy wife, that I may bless her, and one day she shall bear thee a little child, for thou knowest the power of God.' 'Go hence; I have no need of thy blessing. It is God that giveth all things. Into my house thou shalt never enter, for it is closed to all.'

"Yet a third time, I returned in the guise of an ancient Bedouin crone, who had wandered throughout all cities, and was a fortune-teller incomparable. One that heard me speak had deemed that nought was hidden from me. I possessed the power to make the infant sleep on his mother's breast, and awaken after a lengthy slumber. In such guise did I present myself to him, and told him of my powers; but he replied, 'That thou sayest hath no sense. I desire not to hear thy words, which are empty in my ears, for the wise men have said, "He who believes the words of a fortune-teller doth offend the Prophet and the emissaries of God." Go seek those of thy kind,' he said, and drove me forth, and I departed weeping, to bethink me of other schemes.

"And I came before him, for the fourth time, as a negro, having dyed my face and my hands. Those who looked on

me considered me a veritable *gnaoui*, and I spoke halting Arabic. Then I approached the guardian of Yamna, and kissed his hand, and he turned and said, 'What desirest thou of me.' 'I came to put myself at thy service, if thou hast read of me, for I am the lord of genii, and I cure many diseases.' 'In my household, black faces have brought me nought but ill, and there are no negroes within my doors.' Thereon, he turned his back upon me, and entered his dwelling.

"When I returned unto him, it was in the guise of a rich merchant, come from the Indies with store of precious merchandise, with a caravan of many camels, in the midst of servants and of porters. I had made ready a fair gift for the guardian of Yamna, and I came to him and said, 'I am a rich merchant from afar, and I have no friend within the city. Accept this gift from me, and take me as thy friend.' 'I can accept no gift, and thou hast no need of my friendship. Get thee to the *fondak*, where thy merchandise shall be safe, for provision is made for such a case as thine. As for me, in my life have I never sought a friend.'

"I came again, for the sixth time, as a brave horseman often victorious in the fight. I rode upon a young white steed, and on my thigh I bore a sabre. By my side, two negroes led in leash two greyhounds, and on my saddle-bow were two noble falcons. And when I entered his presence, I offered to him a gazelle, with greyhounds and falcons, that he might go hunting. 'I thank thee,' said he, 'but I have gazelles in mine own garden. I have no need of thy falcons and thy greyhounds, for the hunter must dwell among the fields.' Then seeing that my ruse had failed me, I said to him, 'Receive me as thy guest for three days. My days shall I spend in the chase, and my nights in thy dwelling.' 'Depart,' said he; 'methinks thou art a jester, mayhap a lover.' So he said, and entered his dwelling, shutting the door upon me. Then his wife, when she saw his trouble, said unto him, 'Why art thou troubled?' 'For these many days mine house hath been besieged by strangers—at first, three women of three different trades,

and, afterwards, three men, in different garb.' Then my beloved was aware that these were the wiles of her lover, and she made as though she were possessed of a demon, and torn by the cruellest pangs.

"Then returned I to him for the seventh time, in the guise of a *taleb*, who hath the skill to cure all maladies, and I found him by the door of his house, in great bewilderment, seeking for a doctor, who should understand the evil that oppressed his gazelle. Then went I to him and said, 'Tis I, even I, who know the malady of thy wife. 'Tis the torment that thou causest her, and the cruel treatment thou metest to her, that have made her sick. When thou didst talk to her of visitors, then did the evil break out, for thou didst recall to her her parents and her friends.' 'Of a truth,' said he, 'thou art a physician. Come, that thou mayest visit the apple of mine eyes.' Then entered I the house with him, and found my beauteous one unconscious on her bed. 'Make haste, and prepare me fire, and seek me perfumes to drive the evil spirits out.' Then he departed in haste to do as I bade him, and he returned, and lo! the house was empty. I took my gazelle and brought her to my house. I shut myself in alone with her, and we began to make merry together. Together we read poems, together we played the guitar, and we lit candles as many as the stars of heaven. Thus did I avenge me on my enemy, and taught the guardian wisdom and prudence for the future.

"O thou, who dost learn poetry by heart, and the rhythm, that thou mayest sing it, beware of those who condemn it—they are but fools. May God pardon me, but the story I have told is no reality. 'Tis but a fiction, whose value none will understand, save the poets and the wise. As for me, I am but a humble servant of the Prophet, created to sing his praises, and seek, through his intercession, the pardon of my sins. My thoughts are pure, and my hope is placed in a merciful God, who, I doubt not, will fulfil my vows. To all the poets of our time, even the youngest among them, I give respectful greeting. My

name is Mohammed, and none disputes the nobility of my birth."

The European colony of Fez is too small and of too recent a date to have had much influence on Moorish civilisation. The Europeans who live in the city, and who do not number more than a couple of dozen in all, are lost in the Fasis population. Fifteen years ago, the only Christians known by the Fasis were the English and French military officers who were in the employ of the Makhzen. Then the Italian Military Mission settled in Fez, and, a little later, the North Africa Mission established a station, and it was followed by the advent of an English Vice-Consul. In 1894 we appointed a Consul in our turn, and, in the beginning of 1902, the little Consular body at Fez was strengthened by the arrival of a German Consul. There is only one commercial firm in Fez, and that is a German one. A French establishment at Tangier has a counting-house in the city. The other houses on the coast content themselves with agents or travellers. European protection is extended to the native agents of these firms, and there are several Fasis who have carried on business at Manchester, Genoa, and even in Spain, and have returned naturalised English, French, and Spaniards. Several have come from Senegal with French papers of naturalisation.

The Italian Military Mission arrived in 1888, and founded its manufactory of arms two years later. It is a fine establishment, entrusted to an artillery colonel, assisted by two engineers. Rifles are manufactured in it, arms and cannon repaired, and the building does duty as an arsenal as well. The only drawback is that the careless Moor does not appreciate Italian energy at its true value. He is just as rebellious to the influence of Protestant missionaries. The English North African Mission was the first to arrive, and supports four women missionaries. The attempt to reinforce them by a male missionary last year did not turn out well, for the poor man was assassinated. These ladies

do not attempt to proselytise. They are content with giving practical medical help, along with some advice, and with singing devotional hymns by the bedside of their patients, and attempting to interest them in our Saviour, Sidna Aïssa. One need not say that the *toubibat* (lady-doctors) have never converted any one. But they are charitable, and looked upon with a kindly eye in Fez. During the last four years their custom has been to tell off two of their number to work in the neighbouring town of Sfrou. The English Mission was followed by the American Mission, which is supported by the Gospel Union of Kansas city. There are two households of five persons, but two of them are always absent from the city, and engaged in work at Larache or Mekinez. All of them disguise themselves as Arabs, and are much less esteemed than the English ladies. At first they adopted the trying custom of preaching in the streets, and they had to be requested to keep quiet, not to compromise the other Europeans. They then betook themselves to the country, and now tour the villages with an entire lack of success.

A strong Algerian colony from the province of Oran, mainly from Mascara and Tlemcen, has settled at Fez. Some left their country after the Turkish conquest, and have by this time disappeared in the Moroccan population. Others emigrated after the French occupation. They have adopted the Moroccan dress, but are careful to maintain their individuality. They marry among themselves, retain the dialect and customs of Tlemcen, and are proud to own it as their birthplace. When the French reached the city, the inhabitants fled in great numbers. Bands of them took refuge in Morocco, where they were plundered by the frontier tribes. Some returned home, whilst others remained where they were. The last of them pushed on to Fez. There the emigrants met with a bad reception from the populace. They were made game of, treated as *nasranis*, and confined in a *fondak* near the gate of Bab Fetouh. The defeat of the Moroccan army at Isly softened the feelings of the Fasis towards them, and they were

allowed to settle in the three quarters of el-Oyoun, Ras-el-Djenan, and el-Qalqaliyin.

It is in these quarters that they still live. They have prospered, for they number now some 2500. The older among them still remember the sad circumstances under which they quitted Tlemcen. The most brilliant career has been that of the Amin el-Moqri, to-day one of the chief men of Fez. The Tlemcani comprise a considerable number of artisans, weavers, sellers of *babouches*, and, above all, of *qahouadjis*. Some have become big merchants, carrying on business with Algeria, or landed proprietors. Since Tlemcen is a *hadhariya* city, almost all of them bear a family name, and the best known families amongst them are the Moqri, Qessi, Oudjdi, Ben Hallal, Ben Harbit, and Ben Djebbour.

Those who are Shorfa maintain themselves in a jealous seclusion, and do not mingle with the Moroccan Shorfa. In old times all the Algerian Shorfa were united under the authority of a single Mezouar, who at present belongs to the Ben Mansour family. During the last three years the Shorfa from Morocco, wishing to separate from the Tlemcen Shorfa, have obtained a Mezouar of their own. In spite of the miseries of its emigration, the Algerian colony at Fez never forgets whence it came, and, freed from the terrors that beset the older generation, is ready to admit the closeness of the tie which binds Algeria to France. Some twenty families among them possess agricultural interests in the neighbouring tribes, among the Ouled Aïssa, the Ouled el-Hadj, and the Beni Sadden, and they have claimed French protection.

The people of Fez, anxious as they are to maintain its purely Mussulman character and its Moorish civilisation, have always shown themselves suspicious towards Europeans. When first the latter settled in Fez, they were the object, it would appear, of a very trying curiosity and of constant insult. People spat in their path, and shouted out very unpleasant remarks about their ancestors and the ladies of their family. But habituation has made this hostile feeling

less strong. When the Makhzen took up its residence at Fez, in March 1902, the Governor of Fez el-Bali received stern orders to impose collective fines on the recalcitrant quarters.

But it is said that this attitude still persists, that insults are still offered, though, perhaps, in a less audible tone, and, with rare exceptions, Moorish houses remain closed to foreigners.

"Sheikh Ennsara fis sennara!
Sheikh el Yehoud fis sefoud!
Sheikna fi eljenna!
Ouhna aleh shehoud!"

"The lord of the Christians to the hook: the lord of the Jews to the spit: our lord to Paradise, and we will bear witness in his favour"—is the refrain that the children hum on the streets, and the women on the terraces, when a *roumi* passes by.

CHAPTER XVI

THE JEWS OF MOROCCO

Position of the Jews in Morocco: their Numbers and Distribution—Language, Dress, and Social Position—Extreme Tendencies of Moroccan Judaism: its close connection with the Mohammedanism peculiar to the Maghreb—Miserable State of the Jewish Population—Autonomous Organisation of the Mellahs—The Mellahs of Mogador, Marrakech, and Fez—The *Sechina*—The Jewish Passover — The Work of the Universal Jewish Alliance in Morocco.

FEZ.

MOHAMMEDANISM is so profoundly impressed on Morocco, with its purely Arab or Berber population, that the Jews, the sole racial element living outside Islamism, are compelled, by force of circumstances, to lead an entirely separate existence.

In Mohammedan law no one who is not a Mohammedan can live in the territory of Islam without paying a capitation tax, called *djeziya*. It is under this principle of common law that the Jews have lived and still live in the Maghreb. But this Mohammedan principle of the tax imposed on non-Mussulmans is complicated for them by an idea peculiar to the country, arising from the feudal system, which persists to the present day—the idea, namely, of placing the Jewish population under the rule and protection of the territorial lords.

The Sultans, who have almost succeeded in destroying the feudal system in submissive regions, have been led to substitute, in the case of the Jews of the *Blad el-Makhzen*, their sovereign protection for the ancient protection of the feudal lords. The result is that the Moroccan Jews are looked upon as placed under the *demma*—that is, the protec-

tion, the guarantee of the Sultan. They are supposed to have concluded a *demma* contract with the Sultan, in virtue of which, in exchange for certain obligations, the chief of which is the payment of the *djeziya*, they are guaranteed the enjoyment of their possessions and their liberty.

The obligations imposed on the Moroccan Jews have been added one after the other. Their centralisation in special quarters, termed Mellahs, was a measure adopted in the thirteenth century to safeguard them from the persecutions of the populace. In the sixteenth century, after the Mohammedan revival which brought the Shereefian dynasties to power, they were naturally the first to be exposed to the reaction of the religious enthusiasm excited by the progress of Portuguese and Spanish settlements. They were then subjected to a whole series of restrictive measures and vexatious regulations; notably, they were compelled to wear black clothes and black shoes, walk on foot in the streets of the city, and take off their *babouches* when they passed in front of a mosque.

The Moroccan Jew assumes, then, a double character. He is a tributary, in virtue of Mohammedan law, whilst he can, at the same time, claim protection in accordance with the feudal principles of the Maghreb. He lives in a quarter which is completely separated from the Medina, and clings to the walls of the Kasbah. In this quarter, which the popular contempt designates by the name of Mellah (Place of Salt), the houses are often the property of the Makhzen, or even of the *Habous*. In the imperial cities the Pasha of the *guich*, and not the Governor of the city, is responsible for their security. This security is complete so long as the Sultan's authority rests intact, but is at the mercy of every oscillation of the central power, so that the Mellahs are always the first to suffer in Moroccan agitations. Single Jews are often assassinated in the country, and sometimes a few Mellahs are actually sacked.

Morocco has no statistics as yet, and it is impossible to fix the numbers of the Moroccan Jews, which, however, appear to be considerable. In Arab or Arabised country,

that is, in the bulk of the Mahkzen country, the Jews are established in compact colonies, in the ports of the coast, and the cities of the interior. In the country districts one meets a few isolated Jews, either artisans in the big villages or travelling brokers in the markets. In Berber territory there are whole tracts that have no Jews; but elsewhere, and above all in the Great Atlas, they are scattered about in the smallest places, where they do manual labour, or serve as muleteers and hawkers. A pretty accurate calculation has been made in order to determine the number of Jews resident in the principal cities of Morocco.[1] At Marrakech there are 14,000, 10,000 at Mogador and Tangier, 8000 at Fez, 6500 at Tetouan, 6000 at Mekinez, 5000 at Casablanca. If one adds the communities of Larache, Rabat, Mazagan, Saffi, el-Ksar, Ouazzan, Sfrou, Taza, Sidi Rehal, Demnat, and those of other smaller cities, one gets a city population of 90,000 to 100,000 Jews. This figure should probably be doubled to include the Jews of the Great Atlas and the *Blad es-Siba*. The settlement of Jews in the Maghreb is of very ancient date. In the seventh century the victorious Arabs found numbers of Jews already settled in Morocco, and a Jewish community was authorised to inhabit Fez at the time of its foundation. In the beginning of the sixteenth century a large number of Jews, banished from Spain, poured into Africa. At that time the Jewish community in Morocco split up into two sections, which are still distinguished by several differences in ritual, and which possess separate synagogues—the autochthonous Jews and the Spanish Jews. The former occupy to-day the mountainous regions and the Haouz. The latter have invaded the Gharb, and penetrated as far as Marrakech.

Differences of origin and of religious ritual are not the sole cause of differentiation among the Jews of Morocco. They do not all speak the same language. Those of the north, as far as Casablanca on the coast and el-Ksar in the

[1] "Official Report of the Universal Jewish Alliance."

interior, speak a bastard Spanish mixed with Hebrew and Arabic. The other Jews of the Arab country employ a sort of Hebraïsed Arabic, whilst the Jews in the Berber region speak the dialects of the tribes in which they live. Their social position also differs. In the *Blad el-Makhzen* they live in the cities as freemen, under the special protection of the Shereefian authority. For them the obligation, once their safeguard, of being in a Mellah, hardly exists except in the interior. It has already disappeared at el-Ksar and in the majority of the cities of the coast. In the Berber tribes, on the other hand, the Jews are scattered throughout the whole countryside. But they are settled in little Mellahs, either near great Kasbahs or in the midst of the straggling Berber villages, and live in a position of real servitude with respect to the Sheikhs who protect them.

In Morocco the position of the Jewish population is uniformly wretched. Among the Berbers, where it is subject to the most rigorous exactions, it is reduced to the small trades and menial occupations imposed on it by the lords on whom it is dependent. In Arab territory it has had more chance of development, and, at all times, certain individuals have succeeded in raising themselves from the misery of the Mellahs, and in reaching wealth, and even power. None the less, the great mass of the Jewish population continues to live in poverty and squalor. The Mellahs are overpopulated and are devastated by constant epidemics. The majority of the Jews gain a painful living. However, the number of well-to-do merchants, the agents of firms on the coast, is increasing every day. In certain towns, such as Marrakech and Mekinez, the European post-offices are situated in the Mellah. Several large capitalists have already begun to think of entering into business relations with the Mahkzen, and there is no tribal Kaïd who does not have at the neighbouring village a Jew whom he calls his *chkara* (money-bag), who performs the various functions of banker, commissioner, and agent.

The degree of prosperity and culture in the Jewish communities of Morocco diminishes, as a rule, the further

one goes from the sea. On the coast, the Jews are largely under European protection. They are practically free from the restrictive measures of earlier days; their youth dresses in European costume, becomes more and more interested in commercial undertakings, and tends to emigrate to South America. Their relations with Europe have provoked a movement of expansion, more especially among the Jews of Tetouan, Tangier and Larache. The more important Jews in Mogador make for England. Some Fasi Jews are beginning to take the road to Senegal and Algeria, whilst the rest remain inactive. The result is that one can find distinct and widespread traces of European comfort among the Jews of the coast. In the great cities of the interior, the houses of the richest Jews contain, along with native refinements, a considerable number of European comforts. But in more distant spots, even among those who are best off, the old abject misery still prevails.

Certain common traits can always be detected in the Jewish communities of the Maghreb, otherwise so divided. In the first place, the costume in all the Arab countries is the same—for the men, a black fez as head-gear, a black *djellaba*, which sometimes, on days of festival, covers a coloured kaftan, and black *babouches*—for the women, a bodice trimmed with gold embroidery, in the case of the richest a wimple with long wings floating behind, a broad belt, and a silk handkerchief covering the hair. In the Haouz all the men of a certain age wear on their heads a blue handkerchief with white spots, which is tied under the chin. It is a strange headdress, which is worn at Fez only by the old men, and has fallen into desuetude in the Gharb. In the Berber country, the black fez, and the long curls worn by the men down over their ears—a custom which is dying out among the Jews of the plain—remain the sole distinctive signs of the race. Otherwise, men and women alike wear the white costume of the Berbers.

But Judaism in Morocco receives its unification and its special character above all from the deep imprint made upon it by close contact with the Mohammedan tendencies

peculiar to the Maghreb. It is well known that, in the North-West of Africa, the Berbers have always seen in the fiercest form of Islamism at once the symbol and the guarantee of their independence, and that they have, moreover, contaminated the purity of the Mohammedan religion by the admixture of their national superstitions.

The Moroccan Jews have abandoned themselves readily to the same tendency. Judaism is riddled with Berber usages and Berber superstitions, and has lent itself to extreme ideas, and become petrified in religious intolerance. Just as the *tolba* of Morocco draw their knowledge from the strictest commentators of the Hadith, so all Jewish instruction rests upon the Talmud. The wretched Jewish *sellahs*[1] have the same appearance as the Koranic schools, and, in the *Talmud-thoras*, the students imitate, as they spell out the Talmud, the tone and the attitudes of their Mussulman fellows. The worship of the saints, so peculiar to the Islamism of the Maghreb, has also influenced Judaism there. In the majority of the Jewish cemeteries of the interior there are Rabbis and saints whose tombs are regarded as possessed of miraculous properties. The devout Jews visit them in *ziara*, just as the Mohammedans their Koubbas, and bring their sick. One day in the year—the *lagh-laomer*, which is the thirty-third from the end of the Passover—is set apart for a general pilgrimage (a *moussem*) to the venerated tombs. The whole Mellah goes out to camp by the cemetery, and the more ardent spirits make a long journey to visit the most illustrious Jewish Marabouts, whose remains sanctify Ouazzan and the Sus. There even exists, at Taroudant in the Sus, a family of Jewish Marabouts, which maintains a regular *zaouïa*, and whose chief, looked upon as inheriting the paternal *baraka*, makes lucrative little trips to the North and the South of the great Atlas. Of course the mystical tendencies and the religious credulity so characteristic of the Maghreb have found their counterpart in the Mellahs.

[1] These little schools are called *sellahs* because they are often established in the vicinity of the synagogues.

The Mellah is as ready with its enthusiasm as its panic, and the most extraordinary rumours take shape there with excessive rapidity. It is this fact that renders the Jewish communities of Morocco ever ready for the most varied demonstrations of feeling. If Bou Hamara has taken the offensive, or the drought threatens the crops, in a moment prayer and fasting are ordained by the Rabbis on two days of the week — Monday and Thursday. The shops are closed, the whole population meet in the streets or at the gates of the Mellah, every one covers his head with his hood in sign of mourning, and a barefooted procession takes place to the tombs of the saints. If it is a question, on the other hand, of good news or some Makhzen success, the Jews are the first to utter shouts of jubilation, and to express their satisfaction at the Dar el-Makhzen.

In the Maghreb the orthodoxy of the Jews is as strict and conservative as that of the Mohammedans. Religious forms are observed with the most fanatical ardour. No Moroccan Jew would think of missing the Sabbath service, or the three prayers prescribed — the morning prayer (*chahrith*), the afternoon prayer at three o'clock (*minha*), and the evening prayer at sunset (*arvith*). The rites of the Sabbath, the festivals of the Passover and the Tabernacles— all the detailed traditions, in fact, that are the legacy of the strictest Judaism—continue to be scrupulously followed in the Mellahs. This uncompromising religious attitude makes the Moroccan Jews as suspicious of Christians as they are of the Jews of other countries. The foreigner is looked upon, in the Mellahs as in the Medinas, with no kindly eye, and is forbidden to enter the synagogue, as he is forbidden to enter the mosque.

In Morocco Jewish hospitality is willingly displayed only to the Rabbis from Palestine. One can recognise the *chalihim* by their long black cloak, by the handkerchief they wear about their neck, and by their round cap with a black silk ribbon round it. The *chalihim* are ordinary mendicants who come to beg on their own account, or, more often, collectors sent to get together funds for certain communities in

Judæa. The latter are sure of the best reception in the Mellahs, all of whose budgets contain, each year, special sums set apart for them. It is by no means rare for one of these licensed collectors to obtain as much as 1000 douros in a single trip, and their personal gains amount to 35 per cent. of their takings.

The family life of the Mellah has been also affected by the surrounding population. In Berber territory the Jews appear to have assimilated themselves to the Berbers as far as possible. In Arab country they are naturally Arabised, though not to such a degree. In the Mellahs of the interior the richest houses are decorated in the Arab style, in accordance with the local tastes of Fez or Marrakech. All the houses are constructed on the same model as those of the Medina, except that excess of population has compelled the Jews to increase the number of storeys. The dress of the women is greatly affected by surrounding fashions. All the women of Morocco, Jewish or Mohammedan, wear almost exactly the same ornaments and jewels. The coloured kerchief on the head is common to the different races in the greater portion of the country; whilst at Fez the same kerchief, knotted into a sort of tiara (*hantouz*), with a net for the hair, is as common in the Mellahs as on the terraces of Fez el-Bali. In certain towns—Mogador, for example—the Jewish women envelop themselves, when they go out, in the same white cloth as the Mohammedan. The Jewish musicians use the same instruments and play the same airs as their Arab confrères.

Family life is as precarious among the Jews as among the Arabs. Divorces are equally frequent in the two communities, and a large number of well-to-do Jews, who have too kind a heart to abandon their faded spouses, prefer the honourable polygamy of a harem. I have even seen, in a Jewish house at Mogador, a little negress from the South who was growing up to perform the same servile offices as the slaves bought by Mohammedan families.

There are, however, certain deplorable customs prevalent among the Jews of Morocco which cannot be laid at the

door of Berber or Arab influences. The most distressing is certainly that of too early marriage. The little Jewish girls are married between the ages of five and eight, and a girl who was not married after she reached this age would be looked upon with an unkindly eye by the whole community. One is constantly meeting tiny little girls, with their hands and feet stained with henna, in token of their betrothal, or their head already covered with the kerchief worn by married women, at an age when, with us, they would have no thoughts but for their dolls in their heads. In the best Jewish houses one finds wives of fourteen years who are already mothers, and who pass their lives in sluggish ignorance.

Besides the women, whose attractions must be very small, drunkenness is rampant among the men. *Mahia* is the curse of the Mellah. It is a spirit distilled on the spot from figs, dates, and different other fruits, and forms the chief distraction of their existence, in the absence of all social and intellectual life. No conditions could be more favourable to absolute carelessness. Moreover, the filth and the stench of the Mellahs make them the hotbeds of frequent epidemics. Small-pox, typhoid fever, and malaria decimate the Jewish communities, which are reeking with skin diseases and ophthalmia. In the summer of 1899 small-pox carried off 2500 children at Marrakech, and in 1901 a typhus epidemic at Fez was the cause of 3000 deaths within four months.

This debasing environment naturally produces a debased type of character. The marks of servility abound among the Jews, especially in the small towns of the Haouz, where their very existence is at the mercy of the caprice of local Kaïds. It is most distressing to see passing Jews on the highways make a profound inclination and kiss the hand of one's servants, showering *Ya sidis* (my lord) upon them, and the most obsequious formulæ. These are reasons enough for the profound contempt shown towards the Jews by the Mohammedans of Morocco, and the severe criticisms expressed by all the representatives of the Jewish Alliance,

who are unanimous in their desire to "convert" Moroccan Judaism.

Within the Mellah the Jewish community enjoys complete autonomy. It is administered by the *Maamad*, or Council of the community. This Council, whose power is absolute, usually comprises the mystic number of seven members—it may be three Rabbis, or *dayyanim*, and four laymen, chosen from the richest members of the community. At Fez, this Council, which is self-elective, imposes the authority of a tiny oligarchy on the Mellah. At Marrakech the predominance of one of its members has established a rigid autocracy; whilst on the coast, in the progress of time, the form has become more democratic. As a general rule, it is the community that elects the Council, which in turn elects its chief, the head Rabbi. In the little towns of the interior the Council reduces itself to a head of the community, who owes his position to an understanding on his part with the local authorities.

The *Maamad* administers the public funds that arise from donations or legacies. It gets in the revenues, which are furnished by a tax on meat (*kacher*). It looks after the public buildings; sees to the lighting and cleaning of the streets; and, when these expenses have been met, devotes the surplus to educational and charitable works. Formerly the head of the community had to carry the *djezia* to the Governor, in accordance with a very humiliating ceremony. This formality has fallen into disuse during the last few years. Even the tribute has ceased to be paid in a large number of cities, and the Jews, who are now free from taxes, confine themselves to offering modest presents to the Sultan on the occasion of certain appointed festivals.

The community is subject to the jurisdiction of the three *dayyanim*, who form the *beit-ed-din*, the Rabbinic tribunal, which judges in all questions, with a right of appeal to the Moroccan Governor. The judges are assisted by notaries (*sofferim*), to aid in the actions and the procedure. The police duties are in the hands of a Jew, the Sheikh el-Yehoud, who represents the authority of the Makhzen

in the Mellah, and can requisition, in case of need, the *mokhaznis* necessary for the upkeep of order. He shares with the *Maamad* the right of incarcerating individuals in the prison of the Mellah.

Rudimentary instruction is given by the Rabbis in numerous *sellahs*. The Talmudic studies are pursued in the *Talmud-thoras*, and sometimes at the houses of Rabbis who give private instruction. Any one who likes can become a Rabbi, without any diploma, provided that he has gained the position by heredity or by sufficiently influential acquaintances. A red hood is the distinctive mark of a Rabbi. A diploma (*semecha*) is also demanded from the official sacrificers (*chohetim*), and it is awarded them by the *Maamad* after examination.

Within the enclosure of the Mellah, as at Fez and Marrakech, or else in close proximity, is the Jewish cemetery, with its lines of white tombs. Members of the religious body of the *cohanim* are buried apart. So, too, the Rabbis and saints, then the men, the women, and children. Each Mellah has its funeral societies. When a learned Rabbi is buried, it is customary for the shops to be shut, and the whole community to accompany the body to the cemetery, singing psalms and blowing horns. At the moment of a death, the women of the household rush outside, uttering heartrending cries, and, when the funeral is over, the crowd centres round the nearest relative of the deceased, while he repeats, in the open street, the *kadich*, or prayer for the dead.

Saturday of course is a holiday. Business is interrupted. So severe are the restrictions, that no work of any kind is permitted. One may not write, not open a letter even, and the idle population spends its religious leisure strolling listlessly over streets and terraces.

The Mellahs of Marrakech, Mogador, and Fez are the most important in Morocco. That of Mogador is best calculated to give the impression of a human ant-hill, which is so characteristic of these unhealthy and overpopulated quarters in the cities of Morocco. The streets are particu-

larly narrow, and the crowds surprisingly dense. Commerce centres in the miserable little booths built into the walls of the houses. The central *patio* in these lofty houses is so narrow, that it hardly gives an entrance to air or light. When one enters, one sees, sometimes, as many as fifty human beings appearing on the circular balconies of the different storeys. In most cases, a family possesses no more than a single flat, sometimes a single room. I have visited, however, several better-looking houses, with real suites of rooms, and European furniture, but such an advance in civilisation is still rare in the Mellah. The Jewish merchants, as they grow rich, lose no time in leaving the Mellah to take up their quarters in the Kasbah. In this way there has grown up in the Mohammedan city a colony of Jews in exceedingly good positions, the chief of whom are MM. Jacob Afriat and Akan Corcos.

Under conditions such as these, the Mellah has a tendency to remain the dwelling-place of the poor. It is a squalid, wretched place, where one does not breathe freely except on the terraces, where a whole regiment of women and children take the air. It contains some forty synagogues, which borrow a large room in some house. Their furniture is scanty, as is that of all Moroccan synagogues—glass lamps suspended from the roof by open metal hands, intended to avert the evil eye, some benches, the rolls of the law, enclosed in a chest (*hekhal*), and in the centre of the room, a platform on which they are placed on days of ceremony. *Sellahs* or *Talmud-thoras* are held in some ten of these synagogues.

The Mellah of Marrakech, with its 14,000 inhabitants, is the most important in Morocco. It adjoins the Kasbah, and is faced by a great, circular, open space, in which the shops of the jewellers and ironmongers are to be found. The bazaar takes up the gate which forms the sole entrance to the Mellah, and is prolonged on to the adjoining streets, which are trellised with reeds. These streets are somewhat wider than at Mogador, and do not leave the same impression of misery. The dirt-heap of the Mellah (the *zebbala*)

separates the quarter from the Jewish cemetery, in the corner of which is the venerable tomb of the Rabbi Hanania Cohen, the patron and the Saint of the Mellah. The worshippers bring offerings of oil and wax-lights, the product of whose sale is devoted to the works of the community.

In Marrakech there are both native and Spanish Jews. Each sect possesses synagogues and a *Talmud-thora* of its own, and thirty-five little *sellahs*, managed by Rabbis, take the place of schools. Since there is not an appreciable number of important Mohammedan merchants in the Medina, almost the whole of the commerce of the coast is in the hands of Jews, and the representatives of the firms of the coast are to be found in their ranks. None the less, the community is a poor one. Of the six hundred houses in the Mellah, it is reckoned that only one hundred are inhabited by a single family. Each dwelling contains, on an average, from eight to ten families, say some sixty inhabitants. A family of ten persons sometimes live in the same room, at a monthly rent of one douro. Of the 14,000 Jews at Marrakech, 4000, at the most, may be looked upon as well-to-do. The others are workmen and porters who make about sevenpence-halfpenny a day. Many women work as dressmakers for the Medina, and make fivepence a day in this way. The pay being so small, every one lives in the last degree of misery, subsisting on bread and olives. In the Mellah of Marrakech, the only centres of culture are the schools of the Jewish Alliance, opened in 1901. A Jewish doctor, of German origin, but born at Jerusalem, Doctor Holzmann, who came to Morocco with the design of pursuing his studies in Arabic, devotes his services to Moroccan co-religionists.

The Marrakech community is governed by the potentate of the Mellah, M. Josua Corcos, who fulfils the functions of *gisbar*, or head of the community. He is the whole Council in himself. The lay members are his relatives or his creatures, and as for the *dayyanim*, who are nominated by the Rabbis, they are careful to confine themselves to

their judicial functions. M. Corcos owes his authority to his great wealth and the multiplicity of his business relations. In his connection with the Makhzen, he is the real Court banker, when the Court is in residence at Marrakech. He is, moreover, the agent and correspondent of all the great Kaïds of the neighbourhood. He is a badly dressed old man, who wears on his head a blue handkerchief with white spots, and on his meagre form the black garments imposed on his race. The entrance to his house has the miserable appearance of all the Moroccan residences. M. Corcos receives his guests in a *mesriya*, decorated with the plaster sculptures and painted ceilings that are the fashion in all wealthy Moroccan houses. All the dwelling-rooms, which are filled with European furniture, open on a large inner *patio*.

One Saturday at noon, I partook in M. Corcos's house of the *sechina*, which is the first meal of the Sabbath day. After the father has performed the blessing of the wine (*kiddouch*), the different members of the family come forward, in turn, to kiss the hand of the head of the family. After proceeding to the ablutions, the father of the family completes the rites with the prayer over the bread. He dips it in salt, breaks it, and distributes the pieces among the guests. The food is then served. The dishes are very simple, and all of them have been sent the night before to the bakery, before sunset, to avoid violating the prescribed hours of repose. They have remained there up till the time of the meal, so that the food is quite dry, and has lost almost all its taste. In this way is served the *harissa*, a mixture of crushed wheat, meat, and marrow, or, more frequently, the *dfina*, which is said to take its origin from the Spanish *puchero*, and consists of a somewhat unsavoury mixture of rice, chickpeas, potatoes, eggs, and meat. The wine drunk in the Mellah of Marrakech comes from the vines of the Great Atlas. It is a sweet wine, and its taste rather reminds one of Malaga. It is made in the little Jewish communities which succeed one another at the foot of the mountains, and the best known comes from Demnat.

The repast ends with a prayer of thanksgiving (*birkat-ha-mazon*). At the house of M. Josua Corcos, the women, faithful to the ancient custom, did not appear at the meal. Only his youngest daughter, educated at the school of the Jewish Alliance, and dressed in European clothes, inaugurated the new *régime* by sitting down at table.

During my visit to the Mellah of Marrakech, I met the *hakham* of the Jewish *zaouïa* of Taroudant. Rabbi Pinhas Cohen had come from the Sus to collect alms in the capital of the South, and his trip was a lucrative one, for he gained by it, I was told, more than 7000 douros. This illustrious Rabbi is still a young man, hardly forty years of age, slight, of emaciated features, timid and modest. The revenues of his *zaouïa* are devoted to charitable and hospital work, and the Mussulmans, impressed by Jewish charity, treat him, it would appear, with the greatest respect.

Notwithstanding the fact that the Mellah of Fez belongs to the most populous and the most considerable city of the Empire, it is far from being the most important in Morocco. The population of 8000 inhabitants is relatively small, and commerce is so completely in the hands of the Moors of Fez el-Bali that there is little room for Jewish competition. The Jews of Fez are thus, for the most part, small artisans, although there are several merchants among them, the agents of the firms on the coast which are interested in the import trade. There are, besides, a considerable number of Jewish usurers, who work the city and the adjoining districts in conjunction with the Kaïds. The community is fairly well off, but there are no really rich families. The brothers Aflalo, the Bensimhon, the Benchammas, who work with the Makhzen, were mentioned to me as occupying the best positions. The first-named administer the duties on kif and snuff.

The Mellah adjoins the walls of Fez el-Djedid, and its blue-coloured houses descend the slope towards the green valley of the river ez-Zitoun. It is traversed from end to end by a street of fair width, cut by side streets, which are almost completely roofed in by the projecting balconies of

the houses. In the principal street centres the Jewish life of Fez. It contains the stalls of the shopkeepers, and is filled by a leisurely crowd from morning till evening. At night it is feebly lighted by a few petroleum lamps. The windows of the houses are surrounded by a rough coating of blue paint, and their wooden frames are painted in the most vivid colours. Beside the doors is a hand, roughly traced on the wall, which is intended to keep off the evil eye. Fez certainly possesses a few attractive Jewish interiors, but the mania for vivid colours is as prevalent among the rich as among the poor, and spoils the effect of the panelling and plaster reliefs. It is natural that the terraces should form the chief pleasure-ground for a community that leaves its Mellah as seldom as possible. There, on days of festival, the gilded Jewish youth disports itself in silk kaftans of the most alluring shades, and *djellabas* in which the imagination has been given full scope.

The medical service is in the hands of two Jewish doctors of German origin, and a Spanish physician. The two schools of the Jewish Alliance, with the library and societies connected with them, form the sole elements of culture in the Mellah. Although the first school has already been twenty years in existence, ideas are still primitive, and the Rabbis reactionary. The native ritual has almost disappeared before the Spanish ritual, and the former now possesses only a single very old synagogue, where a few stubborn recalcitrants take refuge. The cemetery, with its mass of white tombs, remains the centre of superstition in the Mellah. It possesses two famous saints, the Rabbi Abner, whose sons are still alive, and a woman, Solica Hachuel, who, three-quarters of a century ago preferred, so the story goes, to die a martyr's death rather than be converted to Mohammedanism, preparatory to her entrance into the imperial harem. The tombs of these saints are honeycombed with niches, in which oils and tapers are continually kept burning by the devotion of the community. Quite close to them, in the middle of the centre, little houses have been built for the reception of

invalids, who wish to spend several days in the immediate vicinity of the saints, in the hope of securing a miraculous cure by their intercession.

I was present at the celebration of the Jewish Passover in a French house in the Mellah, one of the six or seven of its kind among the Jews of Fez. The head of the Boutbol family, now dead, had settled at Mascara in Algeria, where he acquired French naturalisation. It would appear that we have made a great acquisition in the Boutbol family. They are fine fellows, quite well-off, and very much respected in the Mellah. One of the brothers has recently completed his term of service in the 1st Zouaves, at Fort-National, and another is employed in the French post-office. The whole family assembled in the little house of the elder brother, to celebrate the Passover. In the best room stood the table of the Passover, and at the door of the chamber was the customary *mezouza*, the roll of parchment, placed under glass and containing the Jewish *Schema*, or articles of faith, which must be reverently kissed on entering or leaving the house. The feast of the Passover lasts for eight days in the Mellahs. It begins, on a certain day, after the evening prayer, and ends the following week, by a night of rejoicing (*leth Mimouna*). During the sacred week, the shops are closed, and the whole population gives itself over to the loitering that characterises days of festival. On the two first evenings the ceremony of the Passover takes place. It is called *seder*, and the same name is given to the table prepared for the repast.

This table is decorated with flowers and fruit. The whole family, including the servants, sit down at it together. The ceremony, in which the dinner is a mere episode, lasts for four or five hours. It is really a very animated scene, in which all the members of the family, great and small, play a part, under the direction of their head, while they listen to the story of the miseries of Israel in Egypt, the incidents of the Exodus, and rejoice in the joy of the deliverance.

After the wine has been blest, the head of the household

intones the words of the little traditional book,[1] containing the *haggada*, or stories relating to the Exodus, which were collected by a group of Rabbis in the first days of the Talmud. He reads first in Hebrew, then in Arabic, and each of the children also reads a passage—all this in the midst of a cross-fire of questions, the gaiety of those who assist in the rite, and even childish jests which have been handed down from generation to generation. The gaiety is kept up by four glasses of unmixed wine, which interrupt the ceremony at determinate points, and are drunk at a single draught, after a few drops of pure water (*mezigha*) have been poured into them to purify them.

The ritual itself centres round a number of symbols, which are placed on a plate, set, at the beginning of the ceremony, in front of the head of a family, beneath a covering of cloth. The plate contains several rolls of unleavened bread, of the kind that must be eaten throughout the whole week, in remembrance of the hasty flight of their Jewish ancestors from Egypt; three other unleavened loaves (*chemoura*) to be employed in the blessing of the bread; lettuces, in token of bitterness; celery, to indicate suffering; an egg, which brings good luck; a piece of meat, to recall the sacrifices of the olden days; lastly, balls (*harosseth*) made of dates, nuts, and almonds, and intended to symbolise the cement with which the Israelites built the Egyptian monuments. The unleavened loaves and these balls are made by the Rabbis, who distribute them throughout all the houses. At the moment when the real *seder* begins, the symbolic plate is passed over the heads of all the guests, whilst the head of the family pronounces the formula, "Once we were in Egypt—." Then he begins the *haggada*, displaying, meanwhile, the unleavened bread, and singing, "Behold the bread of affliction." Then follow the anecdotes, and, each time that an idea presents itself, the patriarch points towards the plate, to indicate its symbol.

[1] Almost all the Hebrew books used in the Mellahs are supplied by a large Jewish publishing-house in Vienna.

In this way he tells the story of the sufferings of Israel, and the plagues of Egypt. In turn, he divides the celery soaked in vinegar, the lettuce, and the rolls among all the guests, who must make an inclination to the side when they are eating them.

At the recital of the passage of the Red Sea, the patriarch cuts a roll in two, to indicate the miraculous division of the waves; and when Israel has escaped from the pursuit of Pharaoh, one of the boys makes a pretence of entering the room with a stick in his hand, asking, "Where is Israel?" and, in reply, the jeering children bid him go seek in all the corners the liberated people. When the stories are at an end, hands are washed, prayer is said, and the meal begins after the patriarch has blessed the unleavened loaves, as he pronounces the *Barroukh alta Adonaï*—"Blessed be God, who grants us to eat this bread."

The dinner ended, the sufferings of Israel are forgotten. The whole household is *en fête*. It sings *pizmonim*, humorous songs, like the fable of the cat Pharaoh and the mouse Israel, or laudatory poems, which exalt the splendour of the chosen people. Then the two last glasses of wine are drunk, and the whole family rises from the table, giving Jerusalem as a rendezvous for the next year.

The Universal Jewish Alliance has taken upon itself the task of introducing the first elements of European culture into these unhappy communities. It inaugurated its scholastic work by the creation, immediately after its own foundation, of a Jewish school in Tetouan. Other schools have been opened since then, and have even increased in number during the last few years. At the present moment, there are Jewish schools in existence at Tangier, Tetouan, Larache, Rabat, Casablanca, Mogador, Fez, and Marrakech, with a roll of 2503 children, of whom 1699 are boys and 804 girls.

The schools of the Alliance are directed by a staff of masters and mistresses from all the Jewish settlements in the Mediterranean, who have been educated at the Jewish

"École Normale" of Auteuil. As a rule, they leave nothing to be desired in their zeal and their behaviour. Those who find themselves the sole Europeanised Jews in the isolation of the Mellahs of the interior fulfil their *rôle* of *Kulturträger* with the utmost devotion. They steel themselves to bear patiently the intrigues of Rabbis, who are jealous of their scholastic competition, and the resistance shown by local orthodoxy to the liberal spirit they have brought from Europe. To avoid ruffling the feelings of the communities, the Alliance is careful to open schools only in the towns in which the *Maamad* has given proofs of goodwill beforehand, by engaging to provide a suitable grant. But even this precaution appears to be insufficient, for the school at Mekinez, which was opened two years ago, is now without pupils, owing to the attitude of opposition assumed by the Mellah.

In spite of everything, the efforts of the Jewish Alliance have already had appreciable results, and on the coast they are in a fair way to effect a transformation. The native Jews tend more and more to adopt European manners, a tendency which does not, perhaps, assume its most fortunate aspect in their adoption of our clothes and our fashions. This change in dress appears to be the counterpart of a change in ways of thinking, and the children, in the Mellahs of the interior, are gradually coming to dress like European children. It is only just to allow that these changes are not merely external. They bring with them better tendencies in customs, ways of life, and, to a certain extent, in character.

No Frenchman could visit the schools of the Jewish Alliance in Morocco without experiencing feelings both of pleasure and of gratitude. A great proportion of the time in these schools is devoted to the study of Hebrew, which is used as the liturgical language in the Jewish communities. They teach Spanish too, which is the mother tongue of a large proportion of the Jews of the Gharb, and which is employed by Jewish merchants in the north of the country in their business correspondence, although

in Hebraic characters. Finally, English is taught as one of the living languages, to gain the support of the Anglo-Jewish Association, a purely British branch of the Alliance, which exacts this price for its contributions to the schools of Morocco.

But French is the language of general instruction, and that is sufficient to make the schools, in reality, French schools. The maps on the walls are French, and French books, published at Constantinople for the use of the schools of the Levant, have been chosen as text-books. In all the classes, the ten commandments in French are hung from the walls in big letters, and the libraries contain practically no books but French works. It is thus our language and our ideas that the young Jew prefers to acquire in the schools of the Alliance.

Thanks to them, French is spreading, very appreciably, in all the ports of the coast, and even, to a small degree, in the interior. Under the influence of old scholars of the Alliance, who have set up as merchants, commercial correspondence is beginning to be carried on in French; so much so that the Jewish Alliance seems in a fair way to render us—failing the Catholic schools, which are Spanish, and the Franco-Arabic schools, whose work is just beginning—a service which may be considered, with a due regard to proportion, as analogous to that which we owe to the Catholic missions in the East.

CHAPTER XVII

THE ENVIRONS OF FEZ

The Insecurity—The Zalagh and the Tghat—The District of the Lemta and the Ouled-Djamaa—The Valley of the Sebou—The Gardens of the River Fez—Mtafi—The Palm-Garden of Sidi Harazem—Sfrou and the B'halil—The Tribe of the Aït-Youssi—The Plain of the Sais: the Dar Debibagh, Ras el-Ma.

FEZ, *May*, 1903.

THE chief pleasure for a European resident of Fez is to get on horseback and make one of the many charming excursions offered by the environs. As soon as one is outside the walls, one need only climb one of the slopes that border the river Fez on the north and the south to get an impression of the charm of this delightful city, which is the marvel of North-West Africa.

No people seem to have been better acquainted than the Moors with the art of choosing the site of a city, of building it on some kindly declivity, which enables each terrace to enjoy the same free air and the same landscape, the art of making their cities nestle amid the green, and display a mass of white houses that descend, one above the other, towards the valley or the sea. Situated at the meeting-place of a series of valleys which converge towards the river, and swell it, a little lower down, with its tributary the Sebou, Fez el-Bali appears, from whatever side one views it, as a grey mass, whose size varies with the distance, and which nestles in a hollow surrounded with gardens, piercing the sky with its tiled and pointed minarets.

As one rides, one sees, it may be, the whole city, or perhaps only a single corner, framed in the circle of the neighbouring hills; but the minaret and green-tiled roof of Moulay

Edriss never fail to form the centre of the picture. The tomb of the patron saint is the glory and safeguard of Fez. It is the first object that meets one's eyes, and on all the roads, as soon as travellers on their way to the capital catch sight of it, they fall into a religious reverie, bring the right hand, first to the forehead, then to the mouth, and pronounce a formula of invocation: "Chaï lillah, ya Moulay Edriss!" (Ask for me something of God, O Moulay Edriss!) Or else: "Mtaa allah lillah, ya Moulay Edriss!" (That which is God's belongeth unto God, O Moulay Edriss.)

Unfortunately, the present moment is not favourable for long excursions round Fez. In ordinary times, the Berber mountain tribes sometimes render the territory, within quite a close radius of the city, by no means secure. But the present times are particularly troubled. The presence of the elusive Bou Hamara at a short distance, and the evil rumours abroad concerning Moulay Abdelaziz, have agitated people's minds, and extended the zone of disturbance to the very gates of the capital.

During the six weeks in which the *mahalla* of Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi succeeded in penetrating to the heart of the Djebel, and thus asserting the Shereefian authority once more, one could explore the environs of Fez with the greatest freedom. But when the Aïd el-Kebir had recalled the unsuccessful troops, and the city was surrounded by masses of men, wearied by the campaign, and ripe for desertion or violence, the Makhzen warned Europeans to be careful. The gardens at the very gates of the city were invaded and stripped by the *askar*. The *nouaïb* cavalry fed their horses on the green corn and barley throughout the country side, and peasants from neighbouring *douars* were constantly being held up by armed men, when bringing their commodities on their little asses to the city. A Jew was assassinated in the Lemta, and the Zemmour contingent, which was camped under the walls of Fez el-Djedid, forced its way into the Dar el-Makhzen, obtained rifles there, pillaged several shops in

the bazaar, and poured insults on the Europeans, as they came in or went out by Bab es-Segma. One day, several excitable Berbers amused themselves by pretending to take aim at us with their rifles, when we were riding along the banks of the river Fez.

Towards the north, Fez has a background of mountainous country which rises from the plain of the Beni-Hasen, begins in the peak of the Sherarda, and follows up the left bank of the Sebou. It consists of little chains in the shape of a fan, which unite in the mountain mass of the Zerhoun, and thence connect, by a low plateau, the whole system of the Middle Atlas. The last of these chains reaches a height of 2800 feet in the Zalagh mountain, which overhangs Fez el-Bali. From the Tghat, which precedes Fez el-Djedid, to the Zalagh, stretches a deep valley with ravines, whose waters join the Fez a little below the city. If one leaves the city by Bab el-Mahrouq or Bab el-Guissa, the ground rises rapidly on the two slopes of the rocky spur on which lie the tombs of the Merinids. The slopes are covered with olive plantations, surrounded by aloe hedges. Under the scattered trees run the lines of vine-props, and spring has sown the clayey soil with a carpet of little flowers of many colours. The villages, with their thatched houses of white stone, follow each other half-way up the slope, and, right in the background, on the line of the crest of the Guebgueb mountain, the Koubba of Sidi Ahmed el-Bernousi peeps out from amid the green. Sidi Ahmed, a member of the Djebel tribe of the Branes, was a famous scholar who studied at Fez. He lived in the twelfth century, and was the pupil and comrade of Sidi Bou Medien, the celebrated patron of Tlemcen. Both of them were in the habit of praying on the mountain, and Sidi Ahmed, when his master had left him to go to Algeria, transferred his hermitage to the very spot where his miracle-working tomb is worshipped to-day.

The long rocky crest of the Zalagh, and the round summit of the Tghat, are both equally good points from which to get a view of the country round about Fez. It

takes two hours to reach either of them. As one looks down, a wonderful panorama unfolds itself. In the foreground, the grey and now indistinct mass of the city, set in the green of the gardens and the olive-trees that frame it—the great plain of the Saïs, bare and dark, with the river Fez glittering in the sunlight as it winds its way across it. In the very centre of the plain, the ancient Kasbah of Ras el-Ma shows black and massive, and the two salt ponds of Douiets appear like round white spots at the very foot of the Tghat. On the north-east the valley of the Sebou runs down, narrow and green, from the mountains, with the river following its devious course between two ranges of hills. On the other side rise the confused masses of the Djebel mountains, their gray slopes scarred with ravines, in which the tributaries of the Sebou, the Innaouen, the Leben, and the Ouargha have cut three parallel lines, and, in the far background, the still loftier wall of the Rif, behind which lies the Mediterranean.

Towards the east, a profound depression between the Djebel and the long sharp mountain of the Riata marks the pass of Taza, which separates the Djebel from the Berber tribes, and forms the natural passage towards Eastern Morocco and Algeria—then the snowy charm of the Beni Ouaraïn, and the mountain mass of the Aït-Youssi, sloping down till it joins the plain of the Saïs, whilst behind and above it appear the loftier mountains of the Beni-Mguild and the snow-capped peak of Ayan, in the very heart of the Middle Atlas. The low plateau of the Beni-M'tir sweeps round the Saïs to unite the Aït-Youssi with the crags of the Zerhoun, whose jagged ridge bars the western horizon.

Wherever one turns, the eye is met by immense masses of mountains, stretching from the coastal chain of the Rif to the beginnings of the Moulouya, and the extremities of the Middle Atlas, and thus embracing the greater portion of Northern Morocco. Save in the Sais the ground is always hilly. The tints are uniformly gray, chequered by dark shadows, which vary with the light and the contour of the soil. The greyish foliage of the olives is in com-

plete harmony with the dominant tints of the clayey countries, and, when Morocco has begun to attract tourists to its northern capital, it is probable that the summits of the Zalagh and the Tghat will be the favourite view-points in the whole of North-West Africa. The northern slopes of the Zalagh descend rapidly towards the Sebou in glades covered with dense olive plantations. It is a favoured region, where the abundance of the water produces a generous growth of flowers and herbage. Deep paths cut their way through the olive-hedges, the sweet-briars, and the hawthorn. One could imagine oneself in one of the richest and most highly cultivated regions of the south of Europe. Half-way up the slope are the white buildings of the *azib* of a Fasi merchant, Ben Chkroun. It is a charming spot to camp in. The tents are pitched on some open piece of ground among the olive-trees, and through the sparse foliage one catches sight of the rather blurred contours of the grey Djebel and the isolated mountain on which the famous *zaouïa* of Moulay Bou Cheta is situated.

The hilly country which extends to the north-west of Fez, from the Zalagh to the Ghat, bears the name of Lemta. It is not assigned to any special tribe, and is inhabited, for the most part, by Djebala and Riffians. The latter have settled in little groups of houses, sprinkled over the slopes, and are employed in the *azibs* belonging to inhabitants of Fez. In this way Lemta is attached to Fez by so many ties that the Makhzen has entrusted its administration to the Governor of Fez el-Bali. It is a tiny region, which forms a narrow strip, and after one has left the valleys that adjoin the Tghat and the Zalagh the first slopes belong to the tribe of the Ouled-Djamaa.

It is a very pleasant trip to descend through the olive-trees of Lemta and reach, after three hours, the bare slopes which border the course of the Sebou. In this way one arrives at a *douar* of wretched huts, surrounded by a thorn hedge. The spot is called Mersiya, and is a Makhzen *azib*, and its inhabitants are members of the Ouled-Djamaa

tribe. The village is built on a slight rise, not far from the river. On the other bank rises a long hill, of a peculiar greyish tint, which succeeds in standing out against the uniform grey of the landscape. Behind this hill flows the tributary of the river Innaouen. Its rounded summit has gained it the name of Chouachi (the little caps), and it is a distinct landmark for the whole country, indicating the beginning of the valley of the Innaouen. To return from Mersiya to Fez takes a journey of two hours, following up the bed of the Sebou. The river winds between two low banks in a verdant hollow, which cuts across the grey hills. The bottom of the valley is covered with gorse and tamarisks, among which droves of cattle and horses find pasturage. Numbers of *douars* nestle at the foot of the slope, those on the left bank belonging to the Ouled-Djamaa, those on the right to the Ouled el-Hadj. A great block of black rocks on the right bank marks the half-way point of the road to Fez. Then we reach the opening of the valley of the Fez, which hurries down from the city to join the Sebou. Before it reaches the plain the river winds round hills planted with olives. Wherever the canals have carried their beneficent moisture, arise, amid thick vegetation, gardens of orange-trees, lemon-trees, almonds and pomegranates, separated from one another by enclosures of reeds and dry branches. A few palm-trees raise their isolated crests above this mass of sombre foliage, which ends only at the foot of the eastern walls of Fez. The gardens occupy the depths of the valleys, and the slopes above them are given over to vegetable-growing, and covered with fields of beans and tomatoes. The road crosses the ravine of the Fez by a bridge of a single arch, the bridge of Ben Tato, and mounts rapidly to the sole gate on the east side of the city, Bab Sidi Bou Djida, which receives its name from a neighbouring Koubba. The gardens of the river Fez belong to people in the city, and supply the greater portion of the fruit and vegetables consumed by the population. Nearly all the gardeners who cultivate them are Djebala. The systems of canals and cultivation require

an administration and officials of their own. The whole of the garden department is controlled by half-a-dozen special functionaries, elected by the Makhzen, the *Chioukh el-fellaha* (Sheikhs of the cultivators). These officials act as judges in all disputes, and have at their head a Kaïd, who is controller of the garden department. This Kaïd, in his turn, nominates an assistant, the *moul el-oued*—master of the river—whose duty it is to distribute the water among the different allotments, according to the traditional regulations. As a general rule each garden receives the water once a fortnight.

The real eastern route leaves Fez by Bab Fetouh, the south gate. After leaving the city, it follows the walls, descends through the olive-plantations, and, in three-quarters of an hour, reaches the bank of the Sebou, where the principal Shereefian *mahalla* was encamped during the present agitation. After crossing the river by a bridge of eight massive arches, it ascends the long hills that bar the eastern horizon of Fez. It takes two hours to reach the highest point, Mtafi, which dominates the whole region and commands the communications with Eastern Morocco and Algeria. It is the most important strategic point in the vicinity of Fez, and that is why the Makhzen holds it with a little scouting *mahalla* as an advance post. The Mtafi are situated on the boundary between the territory of the Ouled el-Hadj and that of the Hayaina. The view is far from being as attractive as that from the Zalagh or the Tghat. It extends over the succession of bare and monotonous hills which descend towards the Innaouen, and there close in to form the narrow river-bed as far as the pass of Taza. All the same, as Mtafi looks sheer down on the Sebou, it is the best point of observation to enable one to get a comprehensive view of the higher reaches of the river, whose windings ascend through a widening valley, across bean-fields, before entering the narrow gorge, about six hours from Fez, which continues up to the sources of the river.

The gorge of the Sebou is, it would appear, a very pleasant trip, but the times are so bad that it is, at present,

impracticable. The territory in which it is situated belongs, it is true, to the tribe of the Beni-Sadden, and the river takes its rise in the equally submissive tribe of the Beni-Yazgha, but these tribes are on the very borders of the *Blad es-Siba*. The present disturbance and the formidable proximity of the unruly Berber tribes render the spot insecure. The two banks of the Sebou are shared by three tribes—the Ouled el-Hadj, the Beni-Sadden, and the Beni-Yazgha. The Ouled el-Hadj are an Arab *naïba* tribe. They form a clan of the great tribe of the same name, which is settled on the Moulouya, and must have been transplanted to their present territory in the beginning of last century. Their Kaïd is the Governor of Fez el-Bali. The Beni-Sadden and the Beni-Yazgha are Berber *naïba* tribes. They occupy a deep recess in the upper valley of the Sebou, between the two great tribes of the Beni-Ouaraïn and the Aït-Youssi. No doubt they are clans detached from ancient tribes, and each possesses a Kaïd of its own.

At two hours' distance from Fez runs a deep valley on the left bank of the Sebou. Here the Sebou is joined by the Harazem, a little stream that comes from the borders of the Saïs, a few miles farther on. At the point where the valley is narrowest, the Harazem is swollen by a warm sulphurous spring, which issues from a piece of rising ground. The warmth of the waters has fostered the growth of a little oasis of date-palms, quite unique in the vicinity of Fez, which shelters the buildings and the fields of an *azib*. The oasis and its *azib* form the *zaouïa* of Sidi Harazem, and are not accessible to Christians, who must content themselves with admiring the palm-wood from the surrounding heights.

On the south, the walls of Fez look out on the gardens of the river ez-Zitoun, a branch of the Fez, and a succession of valleys, which mount gradually towards the eastern extremity of the plain of the Saïs. The slopes are covered with plantations of olives and vines, enclosed by aloe hedges, and the last mound, which dominates the valley of the Sebou, is crowned by an old fort, the Dar ben Amar.

It takes one five hours, leaving Fez by Bab Fetouh, to reach the little town of Sfrou, which is some nineteen miles to the south of Fez. The short trip is rendered difficult by the proximity of the Berber tribes, and, during the present disturbances, necessitates a regular expedition. The Makhzen, before letting us start on the 17th of February, insisted on sending to Sfrou for two of the Kaïd el-Youssi's horsemen, and a dozen armed peasants to serve as our escort. We were accompanied, besides, by a little detachment of the *tabor* of the Sherarda, to see to the safety of the camp. So many precautions were perhaps unnecessary, for nothing disquieting appeared on the road, which was occupied by a peaceable series of convoys of mules. The road itself is one of the great highways of the country and leads by the high valley of the Moulouya to the Tafilelt.

The track was through dwarf palms and asphodels, with clumps of jujube-trees and gorse, which is just bursting into its yellow blossoms. It cuts across the rising ground which separates the Saïs from the valley of the Sebou, and, on the left, inequalities of ground begin to appear with little streams flowing down to the river. The *douars*, placed at different stages on the highway, belong to the Sherarda tribe, whose members have been transplanted to this region in order to secure the safety of the route. They are thus the neighbours of the Ouled el-Hadj, whose villages extend to the first hills that border the left bank of the Sebou. Gradually the mountainous mass of the Aït-Youssi draws nearer, with the Kandar mountain thrown forward as an advance-guard into the plain. The track ascends its first slope to descend almost immediately into the valley of the river Sfrou, which flows towards the Sebou. At the point where the valley leaves the mountains, the city lies concealed in a vast stretch of irrigated gardens. The pride of the region, the cherry-trees, spring up in great numbers by the side of olives, pomegranates, and oranges.

At the gate of Sfrou, we are met by the only two inhabitants of the city who are under French protection —an Algerian, Si Benaïssa ben Djilali, who is a wealthy

proprietor, and Ichoah Sabah, a Moroccan Jew, who has received French naturalisation. The latter has for several years possessed a jeweller's business in Sainte-Barbe of the Tlelat, in the province of Oran, and has become, like so many others, a naturalised Frenchman.

Our camp is pitched in a large orange-garden near the walls, but inside the city, the property of a Shereef, Moulay Abdesselam ben Driss. The city is a straggling group of white houses, descending the two banks of the river, amid the green of the gardens. Near the nothern gate is a great *fondak*, marking an outwork of the walls. The city is dominated by the minarets of its five mosques, the mass of the Mellah, which is within its centre, and the lofty dwelling of Kaïd el-Youssi, with a terrace that overlooks the whole countryside. The enclosure is hermetically sealed. It has even been thought necessary to secure the river above the city by a fortified bridge. Below, the Sfrou breaks into waterfalls in a deep ravine, so that on that side the defences are natural.

The appearance of Sfrou hardly gives one an impression of security. During the night, even in ordinary times, the gates are guarded by sentinels, and the country people have their arms taken from them before they enter the city. In fact, the city is within a dangerous zone, on the frontiers of numerous tribes, and at the very foot of the Berber mountains. Only a few hundred yards above Sfrou the river issues from a narrow gorge, in which it has traversed the high plateau that precedes the mountain mass of the Aït-Youssi. The ravine, which is very picturesque, is commanded on one side by the Koubba of Sidi bou Serrin, on the other by the fortified walls of a number of granaries (*mers*) belonging to Kaïd el-Youssi. At the very mouth of the gorge is the little fortified village of Qalaa, with its houses attached to one another, and presenting, from the outside, an unbroken and solid front.

Qalaa is reckoned as part of Sfrou, and constitutes one of the five quarters of the city. The population comprises

about six thousand inhabitants, a little less than half of whom are Jews. The people of Sfrou are a hybrid mixture of Berbers from the different tribes, or Moorish merchants in a small way from Fez. The most compact group is formed by the Aït-Youssi, who occupy a special quarter, which centres round the dwelling of their Kaïd. The bazaar of Sfrou is of considerable importance, and contains a great many shops. A good number of the merchants wear the green turban of the Derqaoua, and are connected with that branch of the fraternity which has its headquarters in the *zaouïa* of Mdaghra to the north of the Tafilelt. The staple article of commerce is wool, which is despatched by way of Fez. Local industries include a whole series of mills ranged along the river bank, employed in pressing oil or manufacturing soap. The Berber tribes of the vicinity, and especially the Aït-Youssi, come to get their provisions at Sfrou, and the Jews of the Mellah go as far afield as the Moulouya, to visit the local markets in their capacity of brokers.

The city of Sfrou was dependent, till quite lately, on the Governor of Fez el-Djedid, who was represented in it by a Khalifa, but the Makhzen has just assigned the Governorship of Sfrou to Kaïd Omar el-Youssi, in recompense for the services he rendered in the expedition against Bou Hamara. Omar el-Youssi is now the only Kaïd of his tribe, which used to possess four. He has thus become a very powerful noble, as the chief of one of the greatest Berber tribes, and it was he who, at the head of the Berber contingents, saved the Makhzen this winter. The Aït-Youssi are divided into two principal clans—the Aït-Halli and the Ait-Messaoud-Ouali, whose rivalries have often led to bloodshed. Kaïd el-Hosein el-Hallioui set himself up as the rival of Kaïd Omar. Eighteen months ago he came and established himself at Sfrou, which immediately split up into two hostile camps. For three months a fusillade went on from the top of the minarets and the terraces of the houses, many of which still bear the traces of the battle. Omar el-Youssi emerged

victorious from the brawl. He pursued his rival, destroyed his Kasbah, and from that time has been sole master of the whole tribe. Hossein el-Hallioui has taken refuge in the *zaouïa* of Moulay Edriss at Fez.

The house of Kaïd el-Youssi contains a great *riadh* of recent constitution, where the earthenware fittings and the plantations are just being completed. Si Mohammed ben Omar, one of the sons of the Kaïd, who acts as his Khalifa, received us at lunch. He is still quite a young man, brought up in the country, like most of the Berbers. He is very shy, and keeps somewhat apart, surrounded by the little band of *feqihs* and *tolba*, always in attendance on the great Kaïds. The lunch and the music were purely Arabic, but the carpets on which the table was placed were decorated with fringes in regular lines, of a type peculiar to the Aït-Youssi, and the first course consisted of dates, according to the custom in all this territory of the Atlas. Si Mohammed escorted us with his horsemen far into the Saïs, to a point where the road to Fez is no longer menaced by the *djeïch* (cavalry raids) of the Beni-Ouraïn, the Beni-M'tir, and even the Ouled el-Hadj, who from time to time cut the communications with the capital. On our way back we passed by B'halil, a large village, an hour distant from Sfrou, on the last slopes of the Kandar mountain. Its population of some five to six thousand souls lives in wretched stone houses, or caverns hollowed out in the very friable soil. These primitive dwellings take advantage of the contours of the ground, hiding in the recesses of the rocks, and it is only when one descends towards the Saïs, across the olive plantations, that one gets a comprehensive view of the village, which climbs the two sides of a rocky valley, in the form of an amphitheatre.

The B'halil form a distinct territory by themselves. They are Arabised Berbers, and are the descendants of a clan that was borrowed from the Zerhoun, in order to ensure the security of the territory beyond the route of Sfrou—a security which still leaves so much to be desired. The B'halil are dependent at present on Kaïd el-Youssi,

though they in no way belong to his tribe. It is a short four hours' descent from B'halil to Fez.

Beyond the wall of Fez el-Djedid, which bounds the city towards the west, and bars the whole valley of the Fez, extends the plain of the Saïs, with the sombre mass of the Zerhoun marking its boundary in the distance. The Saïs is a rich plain, fertilised by the widespread water system. It benefits by numbers of springs and the streams that flow down from the hills of the Beni-M'tir, to unite in forming the river Fez. Farther on it is watered by the network of the tributaries of the river Mekkes, which flows through the hills of the Sheraga before joining the Sebou. The Saïs grows corn and barley. Herds find pasture by the banks of the Fez, whose deep stream winds level with the plains, like one of our own rivers. In the parts not under cultivation, the ground is covered with dwarf palms, asphodel plants, jujube-trees, and fennel, where sheep find pasturage. It is the hunting-ground of the Fasis, and contains some red partridge, with plenty of ducks and water-fowl in the marshy spots.

The population of the Saïs is not aboriginal, and does not belong to any special tribe. The *douars* are composed of families from the different quarters of the Empire, taken either from the Makhzen tribes, to secure the highways, or from the Eastern tribes of Morocco, whose migrations an attempt was made to regulate. For this reason the highway to Sfrou is occupied by Sherarda villages, whilst some Sheraga *douars* are scattered throughout the plain. Here one meets little detached clans of the Eastern tribes—the Mahaïa, the Doui-Mania, and even the Ouled-Sidi-Sheikh.

The Makhzen has considered it useless to assign this mosaic of tribes to a single Kaïd. The *douars*, which are occupied by Makhzen clans, are under the jurisdiction of their respective *guich* Pashas, whilst the others are arbitrarily distributed between the Governors of Fez and the Kaïds of the neighbourhood. A good number of them are under the administration of the Governor of Fez el-Bali. Such a confusion is not calculated to make for the security of the

Saïs, since it divides up the responsibility. The result is that the region has a very bad name, and is justly looked upon as unsafe. Travellers who set out from Fez are always very careful to start from the city early enough to enable them to have passed the dangerous zone of the plain before sunset.

Thanks to the irrigations, several olive, orange, and pomegranate gardens, screened by poplars and enclosed in hedges of reeds, have grown up in the environs of Fez. The largest is that of the Dar Debibagh, about two miles to the south-west of the city. One reaches it by crossing the marshes of the Fez by the Kantara Touila (the long bridge) which runs by the walls of the Aguedal. The Dar Debibagh (house of the little tanner) is composed of a rectangular garden, with a Kasbah in the background, where four corners are flanked by massive towers. At the foot of the walls are the *noualas*, inhabited by the *azaïbiya* (agricultural labourers) of the domain which belongs to the Sultan. The Dar Debibagh was created by the Sultan Moulay Abdallah in 1729. This prince had to besiege the capital several times in the course of the prolonged upheavals that succeeded the death of the great Moulay Ismail. He took advantage of the fact to build himself a pleasant residence near the besieged city, and so the Dar Debibagh—like Santa-Fé in front of Granada, and Mansourah at the gates of Tlemcen—owed its existence to a siege of Fez which seemed likely to be indefinitely prolonged.

About seven miles to the west of Fez, the ground forms a sudden hollow, and, from two different points, two large, fully formed streams gush forth, spread through the green valley, and soon unite to form the river Fez. One of these springs is particularly charming. The water leaves a little grotto in the form of a cascade, and falls into a basin overgrown with furze. On the height above the grotto appear the black walls of an abandoned Kasbah, a few trees, and the tents of a *douar*. The spot is called Ras el-Ma (the fountain-head). When the Makhzen is on its way to or from Fez, the Shereefian *mahalla* is in the habit

of pitching its camp at this spot because of the abundance of water.

Leaving Ras el-Ma, and making for the hills of the Beni-M'tir, within an hour one reached another depression of the soil. In a hollow, between two walls of porous rocks, spreads a vast marsh, overgrown with vegetation, and ascending towards the Berber territory. It appears that this is the real reservoir in which the mountain waters collect before spreading over the plain which they fertilise. Some of the waters enter subterranean channels to reappear at Ras el-Ma, whilst the rest flows this way and that, splitting up into numbers of little streams that flow down the slopes in their haste to gain level ground. In the centre of the region of moisture, and a small distance from the marsh, are the ruins of a single minaret within a little *douar*. The minaret has crumbled away to half its height, and storks have built their nest upon it. The people of the Saïs call it Essomaa Elmeguerredja—the ruined minaret. This was the spot on which the Edrissite prince, so it is said, first thought of building his capital, before he decided on the site where Fez now stands.

CHAPTER XVIII

INCIDENTS OF THE DISTURBANCE

Moroccan Anarchy—The Powerlessness of the Makhzen: Progress of Bou Hamara—Political and Religious Literature—A Price set on the Head of the Rogui—Proclamation of a new *Harka*—Disintegration of the *Mahalla*—Among the Mtafi: with Kaïd Omar el-Youssi—The Exactions of the Zemmour—The Drought: Prayers for Rain: the *Baraka* of the People of Tlemcen—Arrival of the Berber Contingents: Their bad Behaviour at Fez—The Operations of the Shereefian *Mahalla* on its March to Taza.

FEZ, 9*th June*, 1903.

FOR more than two months the situation in Northern Morocco has been extraordinarily picturesque. The phase of open war has been succeeded by another form of disturbance, of a more peculiar, and perhaps a more dangerous nature. Bou Hamara is gaining ground step by step, though he no longer employs force, and has ceased to threaten the capital. At the same time the Makhzen is falling to pieces, and its authority is crumbling away. The little order that reigned in the country, is giving place to universal anarchy. Brigands are clearing the mountains and occupying the highways. The Djebala and Berber horsemen are pillaging at the gates of the cities. It is a favourable opportunity for settling old scores between tribes and families. The tribes, instead of letting themselves be divided, as usual, by the policy of the Makhzen, are coming to a tacit agreement among themselves to foil the Government. The strongest tribes are demanding money and rifles, others the removal of an unpopular Kaïd, and some, the abolition of a tax which galls them. They may, indeed, demand anything they like, for the Government is not in a

position to refuse them the slightest request. It is not only too weak to levy the taxes, but must even pay its own Kaïds to keep them quiet. It is a general rising against the central power. The *Blad el-Makhzen* is gradually shrinking to the walled enclosures of the cities, and the *Blad es-siba* is progressively encroaching on the whole country.

Not that this extraordinary state of things results in very great confusion. Communications are sometimes interrupted, caravans pillaged, and fatal brawls become more frequent; but these are ordinary incidents in the life of Morocco. The Bedouin population does not attach much importance to them, and the urban population, which, as more civilised, might be expected to show more disquiet, is inclined to look on the bright side of things, and the hostility of the Fasis is displayed in their jests at the Makhzen's expense. The score of Europeans, at present lost sight of in the interior of Morocco, are so accustomed to these alarms, that they are the first to make fun of them, and are not in the slightest degree exercised about their safety. The disturbing elements, on the other hand, show distinct signs of moderating. Once the agitators have gained the object for which they took the field, they do not indulge in superfluous demands. If it is some concession on the part of the Makhzen, they thank it politely before returning home. If, on the contrary, it is a question of some raid, they are ready to enter into negotiations, according to the customary forms, with a view to making restitution.

If all this disturbance has really some determinate reason at the bottom of it, one cannot credit it with any co-ordinating idea. Each one behaves himself as he pleases, without a thought for his neighbour, and makes the best of these fortunate but intermittent periods, in which every man can follow his own desires, kill and rob at his pleasure, be a lawgiver unto himself, and feel the intoxication of absolute independence. It is the invasion of the *Faustrecht*, known to the German Middle Ages. So the Moroccans are thoroughly enjoying themselves. The tribes

fight each other as readily as the Makhzen, and come and go as they please. Their attitude is determined by their interests or their caprices alone.

This new state of affairs was inaugurated, in the first days of March, by the return of Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi with his *mahalla*. Si el-Mehdi, as has been said, was despatched immediately after the success of the 29th of January, in pursuit of Bou Hamara, who was expected to have been discouraged by his defeat. The agitator was skilful enough to entice the Shereefian *mahalla* into a valley of the Djebel, in the territory of the Senhadja, where it was harassed by the highlanders for five months. In the end the *mahalla*, stripped of provisions, and wearied by the fruitless campaign, had to be led back to Fez, to avoid a general desertion. The necessity of a worthy celebration of the Aïd el-Kebir served as a cloak for the retreat. But the news of this confession of weakness spread from tribe to tribe, and the tribesmen hailed the approach of one of these happy periods, in which they could amuse themselves as they pleased.

Freed from any danger, as far as the Makhzen was concerned, the Rogui celebrated the festival at Taza, and scattered appeals broadcast among the tribes. Everywhere he published an act of the Adoul, purporting to be signed by all the Oulemas of Fez, and legitimising the Sacred War against Moulay Abdelaziz, who had been guilty of betraying the Empire to the English. Legends of Bou Hamara increased in numbers. The people of Fez spoke without a smile of this extraordinary man, who was protected by spirits, and had grown great by the power of Moulay Edriss. The day had come when the sacred founder of the city had judged it right to bring him forward to oppose the iniquities of the Sultan. "Advance," he had said, "and men will follow thee," and that was the starting-point of his wonderful power. According to the popular belief, his countenance changed colour several times during the day. Green in the morning, it was yellow in the afternoon and black at night. His tricks

raised popular enthusiasm to even greater heights. He pretended to receive letters, which he communicated to his followers, and these letters assured him of the support of the most influential Fasis—nay, even of members of the Makhzen itself. The Sultan himself, he asserted, begged him to intervene and rescue him from the tyranny of his European hangers-on.

The adherents of the Rogui never questioned his claim to be Moulay M'hammed, the full brother of the Sultan, and a little Riffian tribe, wishing to be convinced of the contrary, sent to Fez to request an authentic document to be drawn up, and signed by certain Oulemas and merchants of the city. The Makhzen, though it had taken up the attitude of treating the Rogui as a contemptible rascal, could not but recognise the ability with which he had played his part, and involuntarily took the credit to themselves of having produced this man, who, risen from their ranks, had entered so completely into their methods of procedure as to be able to arouse so extensive an agitation against them. In fact, Bou Hamara went on from strength to strength. He made for the East, by way of the Kasbah of Messoun and Ayoun Sidi Mellouk, and drove back on Melilla and Algeria the two Shorfa of the reigning dynasty who had been sent to attack him on the rear. His position thus secured, he established the base of his agitation at the Kasbah of Selouan, between Melilla and Oudjda, and out of the reach of the attacks of the Makhzen.

The Makhzen on its side did its best to make headway against him. Every day, by its command, oxen and sheep were sacrificed in the Koubba of Moulay Edriss, and the coffers of the Edrissite Shorfa, who share in the revenues of the sanctuary, were filled by the troubles of the State. Besides these attempts to propitiate the patron saint of the city, very learned *tolba* were, I am told, requested to try what their spells could effect against Bou Hamara. Not to be outdistanced in cunning by the Rogui, the Government, too, tried the game of forged letters, and distributed a number of them among the disaffected tribes, in the hope

of embroiling them with one another, and shaking their confidence in Bou Hamara.

In Morocco there are no journals published which might be used by the Government to influence the masses; so the members of the Makhzen undertake to spread the favourable reports, and other people the troublesome comments. Only several very cultured people, in residence in the great city, subscribe to the Arabic journals of Tunis and Egypt. Under these conditions, it was thought that poetry might be qualified to influence popular opinion, and a famous poet, El-Hadj Ahmed el-Gherabbli, was called upon to compose a *qacida* for the occasion, which was sung from feast to feast by Sheiks and Sheikhas.

"It is the duty of every man to praise God and the Sultan, the Alaouitic Shereef, the crown of our religion, the well-spring of glory, of bounty and of praise, he who has imparted to us the gifts of heaven, the sword of justice, the queller of revolt. He is heir to the realm of his glorious ancestors, to their famous conquests and their power of benediction. We ought to rejoice in his success, in the defeat of the evil spirit, that has brought disquiet into our country, deceived the people, and practised magic and riotous ways. But what magic can contend against the Sultan, and where is the Rogui that has availed to escape the consequences of his acts?

"O God, pour thy blessings on the days of our lord Abdelaziz, who is the apple of our eyes.

"Pour thy blessings on his life and on his days, and aid him to destroy the impious ones.

"O my God, bring destruction on Bou Hamara, the man who has deceived the people—bring destruction on him, I implore thee by the Prophet. May I see all that he has built straightway destroyed, and himself arrested and exposed to the most terrible punishments. He has come like a braggart to the lions' dwelling, but can the jackal measure himself with a lion? He entered a deep sea, with tossing

waves, and did not fear to drown himself therein. He dreamed that he had in his hands the reality of power, but he awoke and saw nought but wind and smoke. He makes pretence of belonging to a warlike line, and of having at his disposal the King of the Genii. Some persons devoid of sense have followed him, but wise men see the truth.

"O my God . . .

"Speedily our lord prepared a *harka*, composed of the Haouz and all the Arabs of the land.

"The horsemen of the Diara[1] came in great force, with the Haha, the Chtouka and the Chiadma: from the Glaoui, the Mtouga, many a noble horseman: from the Goundafi, and Amsmiz, men that stood their ground against the foe: from the Tadliz, men of the Haouasa, and the Serarna, of the tribe of Demnat, of the Haouz and the Zemran, the Ouled-Delim, the Mesfioua, and the Rahamna: Menahba warriors brave and valiant: the Oudaia, the Yemmour, our mothers' brethren, the Abda, the Ahmar, all united as brothers. There came, moreover, men of the Doukkala with horses of price, and men of the Chaouya, resolved to overthrow the disturber. The Beni-Hasen came, the Zair, on black harnessed horses, the Mejjat, the Zemmour, the Chleuhs and the Gherouan, the Ouled-Aïssa, the Hjaoua, the Zrahna, the men of the Gharb with the Sherarda, their comrades.

. . . . . .

"He has given orders that Berbers and Arabs camp on all the highways.

"The Ouled el-Hadj,[2] the Aït-Youssi, neighbours of our city, the Sheraga, the Ouled-Djamaa, these conquering swords: the Beni-Sadden, the Beni-M'tir, heroes of our age: the Schagia and the Hamian, the Ben-Yazgha, the Aït Halli, who watch at our gate: the R'omari, the Aït-Tser'rouchen, who compel victory: the artillerymen with their cannon, who hit the mark: the *askar*, who are as

[1] Tribes of the northern slopes of the Great Atlas.

[2] An enumeration of the submissive tribes, and even some that are not submissive.

falcons, and strong and well armed one and all, the horsemen mounted on their sturdy steeds. He (the Sultan) has sent a *souga* into the country of Hayaina, for he has not had confidence in them. They, who played a double game, were like to bats, with both wings and teeth. Bou Hamara sought to protect them, but the forces of the Sultan scattered them far and wide. Booty, prisoners, and heads innumerable have come to the city.

. . . . . .

"Good news has come. The Sultan has rejoiced, and all Mohammedans with him.

"The city has decked itself for rejoicing: all Shorfa, widows, orphans, men and women. The *bahja*[1] has decked herself with flags: the *souks* likewise, night and day. The noble ones of Fez have ascended (to the Dar el-Makhzen) with their congratulations. Grief is gone, and sorrow remains no more in their hearts. The victory of the Emir is to-day a matter of common report, and the defeat of our foes is beyond all doubt. Wherever Bou Hamara flees, he shall find misfortune. He shall not escape even if he take flight into the skies. All those who seek to store up merit, must pray without ceasing for the Emir. In loving him lies the wealth of all wealth, for, in the Koran, God has bidden us obey him. He is the best of all sovereigns in the universe. He is Hossainite, Koreichite, Shereef of the house of the Prophet. If one were to compare kings to stars, he is the full moon of the heavens.

. . . . . .

"It is thou that I invoke, O God of mercy, God of power.

"I implore thee by the Prophet, who directs us and intercedes in our favour, by the women and members of his family, by Moulay Edriss, our patron, by the living and by those who have fallen asleep,[2] in all the quarters of the universe. Grant thine aid to our master, and in aiding him aid us; spread thy shield over us, that we be no

[1] "The brilliant one"—the name given by Fasis to their city.

[2] An invocation to the saints, who do not die but fall asleep.

longer molested. Send us rain in token of thy favour, permit us to live in peace, bring the crisis to an end, and restore prosperity to our commerce. I send my *qacida* with a salutation to the Shorfa, my lords, and his high Majesty, the stronghold of safety. I implore my lord to come to my assistance. The gifts of sovereigns ever quench the thirst. Your servant, el-Hadj el-Ahmed Gherabbli, draws near thy gate, beseeching thine approval. Here is the date on which this *qacida* was completed [here follow three Arabic letters denoting 1320]. Men of understanding will comprehend its meaning."

Gherabbli received eight douros for his trouble, and his commonplace verses deserved no more. But, as ill luck would have it, he was not very well on the day of the composition, and his illness was looked upon as the vengeance of Heaven on the supporter of a bad cause.

It has been the custom, in all the crises of Moroccan history, for the Sultan or the pretenders to appeal to the suffrages of the enlightened men of their time, or invoke certain texts of the Koran in respect of their rival pretensions. No disturbance has ever taken place in the Maghreb without giving rise to documents such as these, which have been religiously handed down to posterity by the Arab chroniclers. The insurrection of Bou Hamara was of serious enough import to produce a new contribution to this historical literature. Besides, a reply had to be made to the fiery proclamation of the Rogui. On the 22nd of March the chief Oulemas of Fez were requested by the Makhzen to come to Fez el-Djedid to offer prayer in the mosque of Moulay Abdallah, over the tombs of the Alaouitic Shorfa, for the end of the drought which threatened the crops at the beginning of this spring.

This duty performed, they were conducted into the presence of the Viziers in the Dar el-Makhzen, who, after a discreet allusion to their notorious attitude of opposition, requested their signatures to a document, which, by means of texts from the Koran, the Hadith, and numerous com-

mentators, was to achieve the religious annihilation of Bou Hamara. This masterpiece had been drawn up by the *feqih* Ben el-Maouz, the Grand Vizier's chief secretary. The Oulemas present—the three Kadis of Fez and seven of the professors of Karaouiyin—made no difficulties about signing, and received in recompense a thousand douros to be divided amongst them. The document was reinforced by some other Oulema signatures, perhaps nineteen in all, and was despatched to the cities and tribes, to be communicated to the people by the procedure employed in the case of Shereefian epistles. A short time afterwards a refutation of this document appeared in the Djebel, in which it was affirmed that the texts cited had been wrongly interpreted, and it is believed that this criticism was inspired by several of the signatories of the original document.

This appeal to religious sentiment the Makhzen followed up by setting a price on the head of the troublesome agitator.

"Praise to God only. It is averred by all that the agitator Djilali el-Zerhouni, who gives himself the name of Moulay M'hammed, has troubled the country and stirred the men and women of Islam to revolt. He has shown himself a rebel. But God (whose name be exalted !) has said, 'The punishment for those who declare war against God or his prophets, and sow discord on the earth, is death, crucifixion, the cutting off of hands and feet, or exile.' The Prophet (may the blessing of God rest on his head !) has said, 'Disturbance has ceased; may the curse of God, of his angels, and all his people be on the head of him who shall stir it up once more.' In the Hadith it is written, 'Any man who puts himself forward as a pretender, or acts in the name of a third person, whilst the people possess an Imam, deserveth the curse of God, of his angels and of all the people. He must be put to death.' Again it is written in the Hadith, 'To him who takes another name than that of his father is the gate of Paradise closed.'

"Know then that our Lord, raised to the throne of God,

has ordained that this heretic, if he persist in his evil way, and be taken with arms in his hand, shall be crucified in conformity with the law of the Chraa. If he be captured by the Kabyles and brought alive, our Lord, the Captain of the Believers, will assign them a reward of 50,000 douros; if his severed head be brought, the reward shall be 2000 douros. It has been found necessary to inform all the tribes of Islam and the whole Mussulman people of this decision, that they may bestir themselves to render this service, and fulfil so lofty a mission. Thus shall they render themselves worthy of the divine favour. This document has been distributed on the initiative of one who can guarantee its authenticity, and who is desirous of giving it the necessary publicity, being convinced that he will attract to himself thereby the divine recompense and the pardon of his sins. It has been printed at Fez, in consideration of its general interest, and in order to give information to those who may lay hands on this man.

"Drawn up in the middle of the month Moharrem, 1321."

This proclamation, which had obviously emanated from the Makhzen, bore no signature.

All these attempts to disintegrate the Rogui's following fell within the province of the Grand Vizier. The duty of preparing a new *harka*, to reduce by force these disintegrated adherents, fell to the Minister of War.

The *mahalla* which returned to Fez was composed of three divisions. The first, formed by the Makhzen tribes, remained among the Ouled-Djamaa, at the mouth of the Innaouen, to guard the loop of the Sebou. It was commanded by Ouled Ba Mohammed ech-Chergui, Pasha of the Sheraga.

The main body of the Shereefian troops was stationed at the bridge of the Sebou, but a strong detachment was sent to reconnoitre on the heights of Mtafi, on the other side of the river. It was composed of the Aït-Youssi contingents, along with those of the Mtouga, and the men of Demnat

from the Atlas, and was commanded by Kaïd Omar el-Youssi. The Sultan gave an audience to all the Kaïds who had come to the *harka*, desired them to write to their Khalifas to despatch fresh contingents, and proclaimed a second *harka* for the end of the month of Moharrem, which corresponds to the early days of May. The Kaïds of the Gharb were permitted to return to their tribes, a permission all the more natural that their contingents had deserted unanimously. The Kaïds of the Haouz were alone retained, since their residences were more distant, and their followers had, for the most part, remained faithful to their post—not by preference, but from necessity, for, in their case, the return journey passed by the territory of the disaffected tribes, or beneath the walls of Rabat, and, in both cases, desertion would have been attended by too many risks.

The principal *mahalla*, on the banks of the Sebou, presented a very picturesque appearance. The *askar* of the regular army formed a great mass of tents on the river banks. On the plain, rings of tents, for the most part very small, and separated from each other, contained the *nouaïb* of Haouz, who camped by tribes, and whose encampments were pitched on the first slopes of the hill of Dar ben Amar. All around were the usual accessories of a Moroccan camp, the stalls of the merchants, tripods for the butchers to cut up their meat, the tents of the Moorish coffee-sellers and women of pleasure, and, all around, heaps of carrion rotting in the hot sun.

On the 26th of March, we went to visit the reconnoitring *mahalla* established at Mtafi, and enjoyed the escort of Kaïd el-Youssi, its commander-in-chief. Kaïd Omar is a man who has led the rough life of the Berbers. His father was killed and cut in pieces by the neighbouring tribe of the Aït-Yzdeg. He himself cannot be more than forty, but his whole life has been a long struggle against some enemy or other, and he is considered the great support of the Makhzen in the region of Fez. This warlike chief, whose body is covered with wounds, and whose energy saved the Sultan, after the rout of the 22nd of December,

has become stout, and his full face, framed in its red beard, gives him a very pacific air. Kaïd Omar accompanied us to the camp of Mtafi, mounted on a mule. He returned on a superb cream-coloured horse, with a black mane. His peaked saddle, customary to the country, was covered with a light-coloured cloth, and fastened over a number of felt horse-cloths. The harness, with its tassels hanging over the horse's eyes, and its pads round the neck, was of the same tint as the saddle-cloth. The buckles that fastened it were of enamelled gold, and the large stirrups of solid gold.

We lunched in the tent of Youssi, which was pitched a little above the camp, on the heights from which the *mahalla* controls the upper valley of the Innaouen. We had to defer our departure till Kaïd Omar had completed the prayer of *aser*, and, at the moment of our start, following the custom of the great Kaïds of Morocco, he sent for two of the native horses of his tribe, a bay and a grey, as an offering to his guests. The little Berber horse is not much to look at, but is coveted for the road, since he is fast, and always surefooted in rocky ground.

At the end of March, the Zemmour, who were encamped on the river Fez, and had shown, for two months, a loyalty to the Makhzen very unusual in so unruly a tribe, displayed a desire to return home for a time, and take with them the arms that the Makhzen had confided to them for the duration of the campaign. The Makhzen made a pretence of resisting, and the Zemmour threatened not to return for the next *harka*. In the end, they went off with a little cash and 4000 Gras rifles. At their departure, the news spread like wildfire in all the Berber tribes, that the Makhzen was no longer in a position to refuse either money or arms, and that the time had come to hasten to Fez.

At once, the Beni-Hasen, the neighbours of the Zemmour, and constantly at war with them, made several complaints, and received 1000 rifles in compensation. Once in the vein, the tribes made severe observations on the conduct of Moulay Abdelaziz, and on the unsuitability of his intimacy with Europeans. Without loss of time,

engineers, mechanics, electricians, gardeners, photographers, and grooms were despatched to the coast. Tennis and polo ceased at the palace, and the habitual entertainers of the Shereefian days were requested not to present themselves at the Dar el-Makhzen. In the middle of April, the Afrag was set up at the bridge of the Sebou, in the Taza direction, as a warning and a menace to the disaffected tribes of the river Innaouen.

In the midst of this critical period, a fortunate event took place. The disquieting drought of the past months ceased abruptly, and it began to rain heavily in time to save the crops. Public devotion had done its best to achieve this result by the prayers specially set apart for these sorts of calamities. The children of the *msids*, the religious fraternities, and the merchants of the *souks*, had already made processions, either to the nearest Koubba, or to the Marabout of their choice.

On their way, they raised the customary invocations: "The ears are thirsty, O my God! give them to drink! O thou who art above us and our actions, enter not into reckoning with us for our misdeeds. O God, give us rain till it streams into our chambers. The rain is thine; O my God, send it us in sign of thy mercy. The stalks of wheat are dried up; bring them succour, O thou who hast created them! O our Lord, O thou that hearest the prayers of thy creatures, send us the help of heaven. O thou, on whom our safety depends, O my God, come to our aid and judge us not according to our actions!" For long weeks these prayers resounded, and the roads were full of country-people reciting them in chorus. At the hours of prayer, in the mosques, the Imam made a special invocation for rain.

When all these urgent supplications have had no result, and the situation is becoming particularly grave, it is the custom to convoke the Oulemas and proceed to the *Salat el-Istisqa*. It is the supreme ceremony which unites the whole city in front of the *msalla* of the Governor of Fez el-Bali. Men, women, and children flock to it, their

garments dishevelled, in sign of penitence, and the Khateb preaches a sermon composed for the occasion, and exhorts them to make worthy amends, and never again draw down on themselves the anger of Heaven by such heinous sins.

This year it was not necessary to have recourse to such extreme measures, for the *baraka* of the men of Tlemcen was sufficient to bring the rain. The Tlemcen community, which migrated to Fez, is well known throughout the city to possess an effectual means of dispelling drought. The proceeding consists in getting together 70,000 little pebbles, and arranging them in seventy sacks. When the evening comes, the Tlemcani go in a body to the Koubba of Sidi Ali ben Harazem, outside Bab Fetouh. There they pass the night, eat *couscous*, and, from time to time, recite over each of the pebbles, which are drawn from the open sacks, the following verse of the Koran: "It is he, even God, that sends succour when hope is lost. It is he who shows his mercy, he who is the benefactor who claims our praises."

When this invocation has been repeated 70,000 times, the sacks are sewn up, carried to the side of the Sebou, and thrown into the stream. But, as it is a beneficent rain that is sought, and not a deluge, the sacks are held by cords, which are attached to the banks, so that they can be drawn up again when the parched earth has received sufficient moisture. The present drought led the Fasis to have recourse once more to the intervention of the men of Tlemcen. In response to the general request, they performed their operation, and one need scarcely say that next day the rain began. Only, the situation seemed so desperate that the Tlemcani neglected to attach the sacks, and the pebbles were scattered in the bed of the Sebou.

This opportune rain, that saved the country from agricultural disaster, was the only consolation of the Makhzen. The worst of news arrived from all the quarters of the Gharb. Anarchy, let loose, was razing the walls of cities, and establishing itself on the highways. The Zemmour, who had an old score, on the question of some murder, to settle with the inhabitants of Salay, went and sacked their

market, whilst the Zaïr, their neighbours, were carrying off caravans at the very gates of Rabat. At Mekinez, an Alaouitic Shereef, Moulay Abdessalam el Mrani, sent to proclaim the *harka*, attempted to fulfil his task at the *moussem* of a local Marabout. The affair displeased the Berbers of the neighbourhood, who provoked a panic in the city, and ransacked the *souks*. From that time, convoys have been regularly robbed on the road from Fez to Mekinez, and it is impossible to travel on it without a *zettat*. The plain of the Saïs has become *Blad es-Siba*. A caravan for Tafilelt was carried off on the territory of the Aït-Youssi. Kaïd Omar immediately returned to his tribe to keep his people in order, and made use of the opportunity to give the Makhzen the slip by not returning. Further towards the north, the great tribe of the Khlot, who had had too much of their Kaïd, besieged him in his Kasbah, and sent a deputation to Fez, which took sanctuary in Moulay Edriss, and demanded a new Governor from the Sultan. The Khlot obtained instant satisfaction, for the Makhzen assigned them two Kaïds instead of one, and the disgraced official merely retains the government of Larache.

Between el-Ksar and Tangier, a notorious brigand, the Shereef Erraïsouli, judged it a favourable moment to descend from the Djebel and carry on operations in the flat country. He cut the communication between Tangier and the interior, held the city of Arzila to ransom, and pillaged the *azibs* of proprietors who earned his displeasure. Finally, the Djebalian tribes in the neighbourhood of Tetouan made a descent on the cities, and insisted on the suppression of the gate-dues, which were imposed on their commodities when they entered the city.

All these demonstrations were, in a sense, directed against the Makhzen. The Berber tribes, on the other hand, found it a simpler plan to descend from their mountains, and exploit the armed weakness of the central power within the capital itself. It was no longer worth while to wage a useless warfare under the banner of Bou Hamara,

when the Makhzen had opened Fez to the enthusiastic Berber tribes, and handed out to them of its own free will, in exchange for the pretence of adherence, as much money and arms as the most lucrative pillaging expedition could have supplied. At the beginning of April, the Riata, who had been the first to support the Rogui, sent out a little mission to sound the feelings of the Makhzen. It showed itself of a sufficiently generous disposition, and lost no time in proclaiming the submission of this important tribe.

The Riata, attracted by the results attained, came in greater numbers, and at last all the highlands were in motion. There was a sudden invasion of the Beni-Ouaraïn, the Ait-Tser'rouchen, the Beni-Mguild, the Beni-M'tir, the Zemmour, and the Gherouan, who are spread over the immense arc which stretches from the Zerhoun to the Pass of Taza. Their contingents arrived in long lines of horsemen, armed with flintlocks, clad in dirty *burnouses*, with ragged headgear that had once been white. Their Kaïd rode on a mule at their head, and at his side a Shereef, generally of Ouazzan, who was to back with his authority and wisdom the negotiations to be entered on, to assure the tribe a sufficient share in the liberality of the Government.

As soon as they reached the city, Kaïds and Shorfa presented themselves before the Makhzen, and, in exchange for a vague promise of assistance against Bou Hamara, received from the Oumana a certain sum of money to be distributed among their following. Then they went on to the arms manufactory, to receive the number of rifles agreed upon. This manufactory, built and carefully directed by Italian officers, serves at the same time as an arsenal. In ordinary times, when it is not employed for various purposes, according to the Shereefian caprices, it can produce five rifles a day. But, of course, the present disturbances make extraordinary demands, and in the last months it has been necessary to order 40,000 muskets abroad. To meet these extraordinary expenses, the Makhzen has had to raise loans —two small ones of £300,000 pounds have already been

concluded at Paris and London, and a third, of the same amount, is being negotiated at Madrid.

The Berbers had no reason to regret their move. They obtained ample spoils from the treasury and the arsenal. Nay more, from their encampments all round the city they treated Fez as a captured city, ransacked the gardens, pastured their horses in the fields, and stripped of their goods both convoys and passers-by. The Makhzen had to beg Europeans not to risk themselves outside the city. In fact, it was not a question of the ordinary insecurity of the country. Fighting was going on at the very gates of Fez. Soon the Riata took to fighting among themselves about the division of the booty. Sometimes a clumsy and obstinate defender of his property had a nasty trick played him. No more than his subjects did the Sultan escape the activity of the Berbers, who nearly made an assault on the Dar Debibagh, and killed half-a-dozen negroes of the Palace. When these tribesmen entered the city, with their new rifles and ragged clothes, they showed a very flattering interest in any European they met, for their mountains are as yet unexplored, and they have never seen this type of humanity. They looked in amazement, pointed their finger at the *roumi*, and some, it would appear, expressed hostile sentiments—"Kill the Christians, sons of dogs!" "God's curse on thy father!" and so on.

The tide of Berbers flowed every day towards the *souks*, to spend in various purchases the money got out of the Makhzen. In their custom, the Fasis merchants found no despicable compensation for the mortifications of the first month of the year. The disturbance had paralysed commerce and rendered the economic condition of the city a deplorable one. All the eastern part of the country was cut off from Fez, and was unable to get its provisions there. Communications with the coast had been frequently interrupted, and this fact had increased the price of sugar and lights. Comestibles had become exceedingly dear. Barley and straw were so dear that the *moudd* of barley cost 12 pes. 50 (10s.) instead of 2 pes. (1s. 6d.)

the normal price. Bread had become two-thirds as dear again.

None the less, if the Berbers were good customers they were occasionally rather awkward ones. Sometimes they arrived in a band with the fixed idea of pillaging some shops. In a moment the *souks* were in a panic, merchants shut their shops, and made haste to quit the bazaar, leaving the tradesman who was attacked to settle matters with his assailants by himself. The news of the incident would soon reach the Mellah, whose entrances were, as a precautionary measure, guarded by a detachment of *askar*. Without the slightest motive a panic would break out in the Mellah, and might last for several hours. Women wept and wrung their hands, men ran madly in every direction, offering the melancholy spectacle of a population to whom fear has become a habit.

The Berbers had good reason to be pleased with themselves, for the Makhzen dared not address them the slightest reproach. Nay more, the guardians of the gardens and fields were requested not to fire on the Sultan's guests, if they should take it into their heads to steal the fruit and the fodder. Merchants who had been pillaged, muleteers who had been robbed, proprietors whose ground had been laid waste, all were requested to keep quiet and to reserve their claims for a later date. An individual who had been unfortunate enough to arrest a Berber thief whom he had caught red-handed, was thrown into prison. The Fasis, ever grumblers, charged the Makhzen with giving them over to the Berbers, as a punishment for their opposition. It was even worse when the Zemmour, in their turn, arrived once more from the depths of the Saïs, and camped on the banks of the Fez. On their return, they broke up the cattle-market, which is held every Thursday outside Bab Fetouh, carrying off cattle, sheep, clothes, and money. It is said that Moulay Abdelaziz, standing on the terrace of the Dar el-Makhzen, watched through opera-glasses these unexpected effects of his policy. Next Thursday, the Beni M'tir, unwilling to be outdone by their neighbours the

Zemmour, pillaged, in their turn, the Souk el-Khemis. From that time, in order to ensure the safety of the market, it was necessary to guard it, on the evening before and the day itself, with ten horsemen and fifty *askar*, under the leadership of the *feqih* of the Governor of Fez el-Bali.

About the middle of May the Makhzen resolved to give orders for the approaching departure of the *mahalla* in the direction of Taza, and they proceeded to hold, on the bridge of the Sebou, the *tesrat*, the review of the effective forces, which customarily precedes the start. But the Zemmour preferred returning home, with rifles and money, to going off to fight in the Djebel. One fine morning they struck their tents, and made a feint of entering the city to pillage some shops there. Being driven back from the gates, which the warders shut in their faces, they scattered over the Saïs, and, as they went, pillaged the convoys that were on their way to Fez that day. The Makhzen was thrown into consternation by this event. It was the defection of a very important tribe—the tribe, in fact, that had brought about the general adherence of the Berbers. Already it saw all the others following the same example, and shuddered to think of the quantity of money and rifles which would thus reach the rebellious Highlands, and serve no purpose save that of returning some day to assault the central power. Happily, the Zemmour, on their departure, had left behind at Fez their Shereef, Moulay el-Tayeb el-Ouazzani, with whom the Makhzen associated a Shereef Kettani, well thought of by the tribe, and sent them both off on the tracks of the fugitives. Further, to prevent such troublesome ideas of departure from ripening among the other tribes, and to protect the Fasis from their depredations, it was resolved to despatch the *mahalla* immediately, without awaiting the coming of the new contingents of the submissive tribes, who as yet were represented by the Beni-Hasen alone.

When the two Shorfa caught up the Zemmour, they found them at loggerheads with a large band of Beni-M'tir.

The latter, who were hastening to exploit the Makhzen in their turn, found it only natural to lighten their neighbours, who were returning from Fez laden with booty. In the brawl the Zemmour lost thirty men, twenty horses, and seventy rifles, after which the majority resumed its route, and definitely abandoned the Makhzen. Some of them, however, allowed themselves to be prevailed upon by the Shorfa, and consented to return to Fez, where their first care was to lodge a complaint against the aggression of the Beni-M'tir. Now the Zemmour are a much more powerful tribe than the Beni-M'tir, so the latter found themselves overwhelmed with reproaches, and condemned to pay 500 douros to the relations of the dead as the price of blood, and restore the horses and the rifles they had won.

Too wise to resist the Makhzen's orders, the Beni-M'tir acquiesced in the decision given against them; but for several days there was a veritable reign of terror in the country, and up to the gates of Fez. It was the Beni-M'tir horsemen, who were anxious to extract from the Fasis the indemnity owed by them to the Zemmour. Less than ever could one dare to leave the walls without returning stripped of everything. However, the chief profits of the Beni-M'tir arose from the seizure of *doulas*. These are the herds of milch kine that supply the city with milk. At Fez there are fifteen of them in all, belonging either to dairymen or private individuals. These *doulas* pass the night in *zeribas* (thorn enclosures) situated within the gates, and go out every morning, led by a herdsman, to graze in the country. In this way two or three *doulas* pass through each gate daily. For a good week the Beni-M'tir carried off the different *doulas* of Fez in succession—one day at Bab el-Djedid, and the next at Bab Fetouh or Bab el-Guissa. Even the Sultan's cows, which go out by Bab es-Segma, were not spared. But the Berbers speedily entered into negotiations with the owners, which resulted in the restitution of the *doulas* carried off, in return for the payment of the *bechara* (good news), which usually amounts to the half or quarter of the stolen goods. When they had got together the sum desired, the

Beni-M'tir ceased to disturb the *doulas* and rejoined the *mahalla*. The other laggards had done the same, and one no longer met a Berber in the city. Fez has now resumed its ordinary appearance, but the environs continue to be infested by horsemen and stragglers, and it is still unwise to stray far from the walls.

The *mahalla*, which is to carry to Taza a display of the Shereefian power, has been already three weeks *en route*. It went up the course of the Sebou, then busied itself in the vicinity of the Ouargha river, to obtain the submission of the Beni-Zeroual and the Beni-Mezguilda. It has made several prisoners, and sent back heads which have been affixed to the battlements of Bab el-Mahrouq; has negotiated the delivery of mules, which, perhaps, will never be brought; and the payment of fines, which will never be discharged. The column is now encamped on the territory of the Senhadja, and is advancing pāinfully in an easterly direction. The Riata deserted it almost at the start. The Beni-Ouarain did the same a few days later, and all that remained of the Zemmour has just been sent about its business, for the tribe's inveterate habit of pillaging rendered them more trouble than they were worth. In this way the dearly-bought support of the Berbers is gradually melting away.

Bad weather has made the advance of the *mahalla* very troublesome. If it did not rain enough this winter, it is raining too much now, and the excess of moisture is disquieting the Makhzen. The Grand Vizier summoned, the other day, the chief of the Tlemcani community, and requested him to raise, with all haste, the sacks of pebbles that had been thrown into the Sebou. Si Feddoul Ghamit learned with despair that the precaution of fastening them to the bank had been neglected, and this negligence was looked upon by the Makhzen almost in the light of a national calamity. Happily, *askar* sent to dredge the bottom of the river were able to rake together a good proportion of the pebbles, and the weather has become fine once more.

CHAPTER XIX

THE MAKHZEN ON CAMPAIGN

The Celebration of the Mouloud—The *Moussem* of the Aïssaoua and the Hamadcha—Sidi ben Aïssa: his Descendants, and the Exploitation of his Koubba—The Organisation of the Aïssaoua at Fez—The Festival of the Ansra—Entrance of the Makhzen into Taza—The Sultan leaves the Capital—The Encampment of the Makhzen: the Moroccan Government under Canvas.

FEZ, 29*th July*, 1903.

THIS year the festival was held on the 9th of June. It takes place on the twelfth day of the month of Rebia 1st, and is designed to commemorate the birth of the Prophet. It is not, properly speaking, a religious festival in the same sense as the two Aïds, but a period of rejoicing, in commemoration of the greatest event in Mussulman history. In this, the extreme west of Islam, where the pettiest Marabout is the object of special worship, it is natural that extreme importance should be attached to the *moussem* of Mohammed. According to the *Roudh el-Qartas*, it was the Merinid Emir, Yacoub ben Abdelhaq (God have mercy upon him for the innovation that is due to him!) who decreed the solemn celebration, throughout all his States, of the Mouloud, and, since then, this festival has assumed the important place in the life of Morocco which it occupies to-day. The Oulemas set about, beforehand, to make worthy preparations for it. Two months before, there begins, in the mosque of Karaouiyin, in virtue of a special Habous, and in the different mosques of Fez, the commentary of the Hamzia, which is a classic poem in honour of the Prophet, written by Sheikh el-Bousiri. On the eve of the festival, the Borda, a poem by the same

author, is read in all the great *zaouïas*. During the whole night, the mosques are open and lighted. Singers chant edifying verses, and tea and the *couscous* are partaken of in them. The Sultan gathers his Viziers and his Court round him, in the mosque of Lalla Mina. Private houses are lighted and perfumed. Women and children apply the henna, which is reserved for great days, and it is a night of wakefulness in all the households. At dawn, the hour when the Prophet was born, the men discharge their rifles, the women utter cries of ecstasy, and the prayers of the night are succeeded by a day of rejoicing. The Mouloud is the occasion of great banquets, at which two traditional dishes must figure—the *asida*, composed of semolina and millet, and the *sellou*, a dish prepared with flour, almonds, cinnamon, and sugar.

In the morning, the Sultan attends the *msalla*, as in the case of the two Aïds, but there is no religious service. The ceremony is a short one, and confined to the presentation of the tribes. This year it was particularly dismal, for there were few troops in Fez. The *mahalla* was continuing its painful march towards Taza, and several tiny contingents had to be detached from it, to bring the homage of their respective tribes to his Shereefian Majesty.

The festival continues during the week that follows the Mouloud. During the three first days, the Sultan receives the *hediya* in the new *mechouar*, and, towards the end of the day, the *mchaouris* betake themselves to the Lab el-Baroud, in front of the gate of Bab es-Segma. The Makhzen horsemen start off in a definite order, in a line of twelve abreast. At first they advance gently, then the gallop becomes fiercer, the rifles whirl round their heads, and the whole performance ends with a general discharge of muskets underneath the walls, and a rapid about face to regain the starting-point. It is the fantastic "powder game," and there is always a large crowd of onlookers to admire the furious and disorderly charge, which might typify Moroccan warfare.

The whole week, which is strictly kept as a holiday, is

given over to religious duties. It is looked upon as a fortunate period for the circumcision of children. On the seventh day, the Sebaa Mouloud, the *zaouïas* are thronged by their members, who have met to celebrate the conclusion of the festival, and at sunset the women, in their prettiest costumes, adorn the terraces of the city. This time, on the eve of the eighth day of Mouloud, the Makhzen thought it wise to revive an old custom, and betake themselves, in all their pomp, to the mosque of Moulay Edriss. The Sultan sent an offering of a chandelier to the Koubba of the saint, and, some days later, eight bulls, sent by the Sovereign, were conducted with all solemnity to sacrifice at the mosque, escorted by soldiers and musicians. This was the way in which his Shereefian Majesty showed the need which he felt of the support of Moulay Edriss, and of reassuring the disquieted Fasis on the orthodoxy of his beliefs.

The period of the Mouloud is also that of the *moussem*, which two of the most illustrious religious fraternities of Morocco, the Aïssaoua and the Hamadcha, celebrate at the tombs of their founders. The Koubba of Sidi M'hammed ben Aïssa is situated at Mekinez, that of Sidi Ali ben Hamdouch in the Zerhoun, and so at a comparatively short distance from Fez. So their Fasis worshippers flock, in great numbers, to the yearly pilgrimage established in honour of the two Marabouts—the first, on the actual day of the Mouloud; the second, on the eighth day of the festival. The cult of these saints has given rise to two of those unpleasant fraternities, under which are united almost all the low classes of Morocco—*taïfas*—madmen and neurotic persons, who work themselves into a frenzy by a succession of songs, dances, and religious cries,[1] ending in a paroxysm of mystic ardour, which enables the Aïssaoua to eat all sorts of horrible things, the Hamadcha to receive the heaviest weights on their heads, and the Droughiyin to slash their skulls with hatchets. As is well known, the Aïssaoua are

[1] Such a meeting of the members of a religious fraternity is called Hadhra.

most numerous among this crowd of vulgar ecstatics, and have even spread beyond Morocco, and over the whole of North-West Africa.

In justice to their founder, it must be allowed that his doctrine does not appear to direct his disciples into the path of their present extravagances. Sidi Ben Aïssa was an excellent man, an Edrissite Shereef, of the tribe of the Seffians in the Gharb, who had received the *baraka* from renowned masters, and founded a *zaouïa* at Mekinez, at the beginning of the sixteenth century. His habits were peaceful and pious. He read the Koran unceasingly, prayed much, and mortified himself to the extent of letting a long lock of hair grow from the top of his head, by which he used to tie himself to the wall to avoid going to sleep in the middle of his nocturnal lucubrations; and, in his memory, the Aïssaoua still wear their hair in the same way. Sidi Ben Aïssa preached benevolence, courtesy, charity, the love of God and one's neighbour, and public veneration gave him the name of Sheikh el-Kamel (the perfect Sheikh). His miracles and his "liberalities" bear witness to the infinite goodness of his character. Tradition has it, that a woman in the neighbourhood of Tangier—then in the possession of the Portuguese—came one day to the Marabout to ask him to deliver her son, who had just been carried off by the Christians. The Sheikh did his best to console her, and bade her good-bye, telling her that she would find the young man at the house; and, in fact, when she returned, her son flung himself into her arms, and told her of his miraculous liberation, which was due to an unknown, who had penetrated into the prison and loosed his chains. The mother and her child lost not a moment in going to Mekinez to thank the Marabout, in whom the son recognised his liberator. No need to say that, from that day, the infant fraternity counted two members more, and this favoured mother was also, it would appear, the first woman introduced among the Aïssaoua. On another occasion, a company of people from Fez was going on a pilgrimage to the *zaouïa*. On the road, a Jew

joined them, in order to make the journey to Mekinez with greater security, who, when they arrived, was left at the gate to look after the animals. Sidi ben Aïssa inquired the reason for which his worshippers had not let their companion enter, and, though they answered that he was a Jew, he gave the order for him to be brought in. Hardly had the Israelite entered the presence of the Marabout, than he pronounced, under the influence of sudden impulsion, the confession of the Mussulman faith, and became a new Aïssaoui. From the very first, the fraternity seems to have taken an immense hold. The *ziaras* became so rich, and adherents so numerous, that the Sultan of the time resolved to expel Sidi ben Aïssa from Mekinez, for the population of the city had acquired the bad habit of living in religious idleness at the expense of the pilgrims. It needed a new miracle to preserve the Marabout, who was making ready to quit his *zaouïa* before the imperial wrath. A renowned miracle-worker of the city, Sidi Said bou Othman, anxious to aid his comrade, brought him a leather flask and asked him to breathe into it. The inflation of the bottle was accompanied by a formidable swelling of the Sovereign's stomach. No more was needed to bring the Sultan to his senses, and this miracle enabled Sidi ben Aïssa to continue to dwell at Mekinez.

That these degenerate disciples have debased the doctrine of the master, matters little enough to the present descendants of Sidi ben Aïssa. They form one of those privileged families to be found in such numbers in the Maghreb, where popular credulity permits unworthy scions of Shorfa and Marabouts to exploit recklessly the *baraka* of their founder, and to live in idleness on the alms brought by the poor to the Koubba of their ancestor. The mother-*zaouïa* and the tomb of the master are at Mekinez, which is, in consequence, the centre of operations of the Ouled-Sheikh. Its administration is entrusted to a Grand Moqaddem, who used to be chosen from the descendants of the Marabout, but is now no more than a simple *feqih*, nominated by the members of the *zaouïa*. The present

Grand Moqaddem is called Sidi-el-Abbes ben el-Hadj el-Aïssaoui, and his father before him filled the position of steward of the religious funds on behalf of the family. His duties consist in administering the funds bequeathed to the *zaouïa*, and assuring the religious service of the Koubba, which is visited every Friday by the *taïfas* of Aïssaoua, instituted at Mekinez, and a dozen in number, who come to go through their contortions there.

Since Sidi ben Aïssa was a Shereef, his descendants have received the same organisation as the other group of Shorfa —that is to say, they are united round a Mezouar, chosen among them, and approved by the Makhzen. The Mezouar is naturally the president of the administrative council of the *zaouïa*, and his authority extends over all the members of the family. The majority of them live at Mekinez, but there are two at Fez, two at Rabat and Tangier, eight at Arzila, and one in the Sus.

Only the Ouled-Sheikh at Mekinez and Fez participate in the benefits of the order. Those who dwell elsewhere have no share in the division of the revenues of the trunk of the Koubba, the key of which is kept by the Mezouar. This chest (*rbia*) is opened every month, and its contents divided into as many parts as there are recipients—say forty-seven, one part going to the Grand Moqaddem. But the trunk supplies a very small part of the family's receipts. The monthly share is but a few douros, and it is only at the exceptional period of the *moussem* that it rises to forty or fifty douros. Their principal revenue arises from the money collected by different *taïfas* in all North-West Africa, who each choose the Sheikh that they prefer among the descendants of the Marabout, work in his interest, and send their *ziaras* to him direct; so that certain members of the family, more popular than the others, owe a very considerable income to the memory of their ancestor.

At the period of the Mouloud, the Aïssaoua hasten to Mekinez from all quarters of the country, and even from beyond the frontiers of the Empire, to take part in the *moussem* of Sidi ben Aïssa. New members come to receive

initiation, which is given them by some Ouled-Sheikh, or the *moqaddem* of the Aïssaoua for the Mokhtar clan of the Beni-Hasen. The members of this clan had been devoted servants of the master in his lifetime. Forty of them declared themselves ready to allow themselves to be sacrificed, in place of sheep, for the Aïd el-Kebir, one day when Sidi ben Aïssa had made the demand, in order to prove his disciples. From that time they have been considered the favourite depositories of the *baraka* of the Sheikh. Initiation is not a very agreeable ceremony to the novice who is undergoing it. The venerable person who is performing it first spits in his mouth, and then, in certain cases, dubs him with the name of an animal to which he considers him to possess a resemblance. The lions, tigers, panthers, and jackals will have to demonstrate the ability of the Aïssaoua to eat raw sheep. The camels must absorb barley and the prickly leaves of Barbary fig-trees. The others will be content to be modest *gzouliyin*, whose contortions and howlings are performed to the accompaniment of tambourines, big drums, and bagpipes, or better still, simple *hartiyin*, who are at the very foot of the scale of the fraternity, and whose pretensions do not soar higher than very measured gestures.

The Aïssaoua have only a single *zaouïa* at Fez, which is occupied by the Ouled-Sheikh who are passing through the capital. It is directed by a *moqaddem el-moqaddemim*, which the family is careful to choose from the ranks of distinguished Aïssaoua. The present official is Sidi Ahmed el-Alami, a Shereef of a very well-known branch. The *zaouïa* is the centre for some twenty *taïfas*, each of about fifty members, who possess their own *moqaddem*, whose nomination is made by the *fokhra* or members, and is confirmed by the descendant of Sidi ben Aïssa on whom the body depends. It is the *moqaddem* who keeps his men working, and collects the money on his employer's behalf. The bands of Aïssaoua are often summoned to private houses. Whether it is a burial, some favour to demand of Heaven, or a prayer that has been granted, application is made to the *moqaddem*

of the nearest body, who gets his little company together by the aid of one of their members, called the *raqqas* of the *taïfa*. The company enters the house at the hour fixed, throws itself into its contortions, repeating the while the *hazeb* of the fraternity, "Sobhana Eddaim!" (Glory to the Eternal!) till the more ardent spirits work themselves into a frenzy of religious zeal, and fall exhausted or burst out into random prophecies. The fee is divided between the *moqaddem* and the Sheikh who is patron of the company, with a little portion set apart for the *raqqas*.

When the festival of the Mouloud comes round, and, with it, the period of the double pilgrimage of the Aïssaoua and the Hamadcha, their *taïfas* throng the roads, raise a public disturbance, and solicit the alms of the crowd. It is a moment of religious abandonment. The general departure of the Aïssaoua for Fez takes place three days before the Mouloud. All the companies of the city follow one another up the Talaa to gain the plain of the Saïs. They pass by in a slow procession, one behind the other. It is a favourite yearly spectacle for the Fasis, who crowd the streets through which the *fokhra* pass, whilst the women line the terraces. The approach of each *taïfa* is heralded by shouts and the sound of music. Then the standards of the company appear, the *moqaddem moqadmim* rides by on horseback, muffled in a *haïk*, and the worshipping crowd kiss his knee and his stirrup. Some of the members carry a cloth, on to which fall pieces of money from the houses; others are told off to collect the great tapers of brown wax which are to be laid in the Koubba of the Marabouts. Some carry, on wooden frames, the stuff *haïtis*,[1] which are sent as an offering, on the occasion of the *moussem*, to decorate the tomb of Sidi ben Aissa. The collectors are followed by the main body of the Aïssaoua, who halt from time to time and perform their strange tricks and contortions. In the first rank are the ferocious members of the *taïfa*, those who received the names of animals at their initiation, and who abandon them-

[1] *Haithi*, piece of cloth used for mural decoration.

selves to all the excesses of their calling. It is disgusting to see them devour a raw sheep thrown them—its throat cut the moment before—from a neighbouring house. In a moment they rush on the gasping animal, fiercely tear up its flesh, disembowel it, and the pack of human hounds divides the strips of meat, beneath the blows of the *moqaddem's* stick. These madmen precede the bulk of the *fokhra*, who form a circle, howling and dancing. Their musicians accompany them and stir them with the sound of their rude instruments. Another of the company bears a brazier on which benzoin is burning, and the procession is brought to a close by the miserable little band of dishevelled women. It ends at the gate of Bab es-Segma, where the general meeting takes place. The standards are lined up by the walls of the city, and the *taïfas* await one another, till all have passed through Fez. Then, in the late evening, when the whole band has assembled, the pilgrims set out together across the plain. The standards are folded up and carried on the shoulder; the whole company marches on foot, except the women and the old men, who are mounted on mules; and the band of fanatics passes the night beneath the stars on the fair plain of the Saïs. They cannot reach Mekinez before the day following their departure, for they have to traverse close on forty miles of road.

This year, there were doubts as to the possibility of the pilgrimage up to the very last moment. The Saïs was not secure, infested as it was by Berber horsemen, and for many a long week communications had been interrupted between the captital and Mekinez. The intervention of the Grand Moqaddem removed all scruples. He did not wish to deprive the Ouled-Sheikh of the revenues of the *moussem*, and had a favourable dream, in which Sidi-ben-Aïssa himself appeared to encourage his servants, and reassure them on the upshot of the journey. As a matter of fact, everything went off as well as possible, and the Berbers paid no attention to this contemptible band, which wended its way to Mekinez, under the protection of the Perfect Sheikh.

The Hamadcha were not so bold. They certainly made their yearly procession across the city, but ended at the Dar el-Makhzen, where the Government had requested them to perform their strange evolutions; and so the Koubba of their founder had to dispense with their homage and their *ziaras*. To enable me to see the processions, which are among the most picturesque spectacles in Fez, the Makhzen was good enough to give me a place in a little house above the Talaa. From it I saw the successive *taïfas* file past, and, in the midst of one of them, I caught sight of my own servant, indulging in savage contortions. Ahmed is, all the same, a gentle and quiet youth, brought up in an atmosphere of cosmopolitan scepticism at Tangier, but I learned from the event that he was Aïssaoui, and had even been initiated as a jackal. He returned to the house very late, quite worn out by his exertions, and his *rezza*, which was covered with spots of blood, bore witness to the raw sheep of which he had eaten.

The festival of the Ansra fell on the 7th of July. It does not commemorate any religious event, it is not kept as a holiday, but it is the custom to celebrate it in Moroccan families by many sprinklings of water. Water is thrown from one house to another, and from the terraces down on the passers-by. The children in the street are all armed with little tin squirts, to direct a jet on careless strollers. Formerly this interchange of watery missiles was legalised. From dawn to noon, one could squirt water as one pleased, and the Governor of Fez el-Bali never failed to promenade the streets, and receive an annual shower-bath from his subjects. To-day, however, the regulations are more severe, the amusements of the Ansra are simply tolerated, and the Fasis must not throw water on their neighbour, unless he shows himself disposed to take the joke in good part. It appears that the Ansra is neither a Mohammedan nor an Arab institution: it must have been introduced into Morocco by Christians or Jews. Actually, it is the summer festival, and corresponds to the French Saint-Jean,

but it is probably derived from the Hebrew Pentecost, which falls in the month of May, and during which these sprinklings of water are also customary in the Mellahs, in commemoration of the gift of the Law, which the Bible compares to a spring of living water.

Whilst the Fasis were keeping holiday in conformity with their ancient traditions, the *mahalla* of Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, despatched in the direction of Taza, was pursuing its march across the Djebel. During the journey, its composition was continually changing. Some had departed, like the Berbers, almost all of whom had left, and its original forces had been weakened by desertion, which is a habit ingrained in all Moroccan troops. Others, however, had arrived, notably successive contingents from the Haouz, and Kaïd el-Youssi had decided to descend once more from his mountains and rejoin the Makhzen camp. In this way, the *mahalla* was some twelve thousand strong —a sufficient force to pass through the Djebalian tribes who persisted in their resistance. As soon as the imperial army entered the territory of any tribe, the tribesmen appeared in arms on its flanks, engaged in a sharp tussle, and inflicted some loss; then, in accordance with the invariable custom, the Djebala would have recourse to the *taarguiba*, and visit the *mahalla* to hamstring some unfortunate sheep, in order to indicate their willingness to enter into negotiations. Their Shorfa had an interview with the members of the Makhzen, who bought their passage after a discussion about the price; and the *mahalla* resumed its march, continually harassed, and advancing by virtue of its sheer mass alone, menaced each instant by some surprise, compelled to allow the rebellion to form once more behind it, and succeeding in establishing the authority of the Makhzen only on the ground on which its camp was pitched. No disturbance, within the memory of Moroccans, had ever been so obstinate, and this very obstinacy was a sufficient indication of the extent to which the feeling of reprobation for the heterodox behaviour of the crowned Shereef had taken root in the mobile minds of the tribes.

In this way, during the first fortnight of July, the Makhzen, after two months spent in the field, succeeded in advancing some sixty miles towards the East and entering Taza. It was not very exciting work after all; only a few harmless rifle shots were fired at long range. The troops took advantage of their entrance into the city to pillage and ravish to their hearts' content; women were sold as booty; a dozen Jews perished in the confusion, and the Shereefian army established itself within the walls of Taza, which were immediately attacked by the persistently hostile tribes, who raised the price of provisions, cut off the water-supplies, and intercepted, to the best of their ability, all communications with Fez.

The Makhzen's success was celebrated without great enthusiasm in the capital. Some discharges of cannon, hasty congratulations, and a week of restrained *nzaha*, constituted the programme of official rejoicings. The Fasis are too captious by nature to take spontaneous pleasure in the Makhzen's successes, and the Makhzen itself no longer displays any great anxiety to celebrate the precarious victories which hardly serve to raise its prestige; for they are won, not by force, but by gold, and each of them furnishes a fresh proof of the persistence of the disturbance, which is based, not on the personality of the Rogui, but on a unanimous movement of reprobation against the errors of the Sovereign. However, as the presence of the *mahalla* at Taza permitted of the safe passage of an adequate force by the valley of the Innaouen, it was resolved to make a final attempt to reduce the rebellious peoples of the East, and the decision was speedily made to transfer the imperial Court. On the establishment of the Sultan and his Makhzen at Taza rested the last chance of shaking the resistance of the Berber Highlanders, by displaying to them the majesty of the Shereefian throne, the grandeur of its Mohammedan traditions, and its complete independence of any foreign influences.

By a spasmodic effort all the preparations were completed in a few days. The *tesrat*, drawn up upon the esplanade

of the *mechouar*, constituted an effective force of 6500 men for the start, made up, for the most part, by the staff of the Court. On the morrow, the Sultan went down in pomp to Fez el-Bali, to take leave of the Koubba of Moulay Edriss. Finally, on the 21st of July, the Makhzen left Fez, and camped at the bridge of the Sebou. It was its first movement in the direction of the East, where it was going to attempt to re-establish, by its presence, its sadly damaged prestige. One need not say that the little band of European amusers, who were still clinging to the Dar el-Makhzen, anxiously awaiting a change in the Sovereign's attitude and an opportunity of exploiting once more the Shereefian caprices, were requested to remain at Fez, and not compromise, by their presence, the success of the expedition. In this way, for the first time for two years, Moulay Abdelaziz found himself cut off from the society of the adventurers who had lived on his inexperience, and provoked, by their imprudence, the crisis of the moment.

The camp constitutes one of the normal aspects of the life of the Makhzen. It is well known that the Government of Morocco is essentially nomadic—that it shifts regularly from north to south between Fez and Marrakech, following a determinate route, and making use of the two stages of Mekinez and Rabat. The Shereefian caprice, or rather the necessity of confirming the authority of the State by the presence of the Sovereign, determines the Sultan's changes of residence. If any serious event takes place in any corner of the Empire, if the periodical agitation of the tribes assumes an exceptionally grave form, the Makhzen finds itself obliged to deviate from the ordinary route, and make a display of its existence at the threatened point. Moroccan history has never known a stay-at-home Sultan. All of them have had to visit the four imperial cities in succession, whatever special taste they may have had for one or other of them, to take the field against pretenders who have arisen from the reigning family, or pursue impostors who use as weapons against the established

régime the extraordinary credulity of the masses, and their leaning towards the supernatural. The greatest sovereigns of Morocco have been the greatest travellers.

Moulay Ismail, whose reign coincided with the second half of that of Louis XIV., lived for twenty-four consecutive years under canvas, and succeeded, by these means, in establishing a real authority from Oudjda to the river Noun. This was the most glorious epoch of the dynasty of the Alaouitic Shorfa, and none of his successors could boast of so extensive a sphere of authority. The last Sultan, Moulay el-Hassan, in his way one of the best rulers Morocco has ever known, was careful to appear in person in all the four quarters of his Empire, and it was at Tadla, in the centre of the *Blad es-Siba*, that death overtook him. Thus it was in the camp that Moulay Abdelaziz was proclaimed, and his name suggested for the adherence of the tribes and the cities.

The abandonment of one of the Dars el-Makhzen for life under canvas is a common enough event in the workings of the Moroccan Government to be the object of a very strict *qaïda*, and traditions that are scrupulously followed—so much so that the departure and the journey of this nomadic power are attended by that real orderliness which, under the appearance of prodigious anarchy, characterises all the movements of the Moroccan State. On the 21st of July, the day fixed for the start, the city was full of life. From the early morning, mules laden with baggage and camp material descended the sloping streets of Fez el-Bali, on their way to the Bab Fetouh gate. The doors of the dwellings of Viziers, Court officials, and secretaries who are to take part in the expedition, are thronged by muleteers lading their beasts, and callers jostling one another in the eagerness to say farewell to the travellers. These latter have to be at the Dar el-Makhzen at an early hour—the spot fixed for the general rendezvous and the formation of the Shereefian cortège. At eleven o'clock precisely the start is made, and Moulay Abdelaziz quits Fez with his Makhzen, leaving behind a Khalifa,

his uncle Moulay Afra, with a small staff of Court and State officials.

In accordance with custom, a deputation from the Jewish community awaited the Sultan in the *mechouar*. On the arrival or departure of the Sovereign, on the occasion of a festival in the reigning family, or a Makhzen success, the Mellah never fails to send its delegates to the palace, to convey the homage of the community. The Jews are always the first to appear before the crowned Shereef, ready to show their joy in any good fortune, however trivial, that befalls him, and ever eager to give proof of an unbounded loyalty. Their deputation consists of several members of the Council of the community, followed by a crowd of loiterers from the Mellah. They march to the accompaniment of music. Some lusty youths wave improvised standards of gilt belts and silk kerchiefs from the end of long poles. The whole crowd is barefooted, for it is only thus that Jews are allowed to enter the Dar el-Makhzen. The enclosure reached, the musicians redouble their ardour, the standards wave to and fro, and the deputation bursts out into enthusiastic cheering in honour of the Prince, after which the Jews are usually received and dismissed by a Vizier. On this occasion the Sultan took the trouble to welcome them in person. He deigned to address them, without a word, a gesture of thanks, and sent a douceur of thirty douros to the band of the Mellah. The Mussulman people were less enthusiastic. The imperial cortège wended its way through silent, empty streets, and left Fez el-Djedid by the Bab es-Segma Gate, to wind round the walls of the Aguedal, and descend once more by the valley of the ez-Zitoun, in the direction of the bridge of the Sebou.

I had stationed myself among the olive trees, at the foot of the south bastion, to watch the Makhzen pass by. From where I stood, the view embraced a mass of verdure that clothed the bottom and slopes of the valley. Behind appeared the walls and the dwellings of the two Fez. On every side flowed the water in its irrigation channels, and

the somewhat narrow road, soon to be the scene of Shereefian pomp, mounted and descended beneath its canopy of pomegranates and olives, between the cactus-hedges. Since the morning, the highway had been thronged by the Makhzen muleteers, with their laden animals, hurrying on their way to the encampment, to join the main body there. Suddenly a large body of men appeared on the summit of the Dar el-Maharez, descended, at a rapid pace, into the hollow of the ez-Zitoun, marched to the very foot of the hill where I stood, and, skirting the walls of Fez el-Bali, disappeared towards the East. It was the Makhzen starting for the campaign, and performing the first short stage of its journey.

At its head rode a line of horsemen, bearing the standards, then a mounted fanfare, with the musicians vigorously performing on their brass instruments. Then followed a confused medley of *msakhrin*, who form the Imperial Guard, and mountain guns mounted on mules, with the gunners running behind. A certain amount of order was observed in the vicinity of the Sultan. The Kaïd el-Mechouar preceded the body of the officers of the Crown, each of whom was carrying the insignia of his office in a travelling-case. The parasol, which protects the royal person from the sun, was rolled up in its covering, and the lances, which form its setting, were wrapped in cloth, whilst the arms, which are carried behind the Sultan, were protected by a case. Next, and at a very rapid trot, came Moulay Abdelaziz, completely enveloped in a long garment of cream-coloured cloth, and mounted on a white horse with green trappings. Near him were the negro fly-chasers, making from time to time swift movements with their pieces of muslin. Five horses, led by hand, were plunging and rearing in front of the Sovereign, and close at hand was a great litter, borne by two mules, to receive the wearied Prince, should he so desire. Behind the Sultan poured a disorderly and eager rout, only kept in check by the necessity of refraining from hustling the personal following of the Sovereign. Viziers and

Makhzen secretaries mounted on mules, gunners on foot, and cavalry on horseback, all pressed on, amid a cloud of dust, towards the place of encampment. Sometimes a band would rush out in a sudden wild movement, brandishing their weapons, then halt for a few moments, to gain a little ground for this, their favourite amusement. It was a universal stampede, with the crowned Shereef as its rallying point, and it appears that this disorderly aspect has been assumed, from all time, by the expeditions of the Sultans of Morocco.

From the 21st to the 26th of July, the Makhzen camped at the bridge of the Sebou. It takes several days to collect and arrange the forces before so mighty a mass of men, animals, and baggage can get under way. The camp spread over the plain, on the left bank of the Sebou, at a short distance from the bed of the stream. It assumed the form, peculiar to imperial camps, of a rectangle with rounded angles. As care had been taken to refuse access to Europeans, one had to be content with observing, from a neighbouring hill, this city of tents, in which the Government of the Empire was to be carried on for an indefinite length of time, during the course of its march towards the East.

The camp-enclosure is formed by a line of tents, occupied by the *msakhrin*—the Imperial Guard, who watch over the Sultan's safety, and form a living wall around him. They furnish sentinels for the night watches, who relieve each other in turn, with constant calls to one another. These horsemen are recruited from the four great Makhzen tribes, and the five quasi-Makhzen tribes of the Haouz. The contingent of each of these tribes has its traditional position in the camp, and the tents of their Kaïds are pitched in the centre of the foremost tents. The south-west corner is occupied by the Abda and the Ahmar, the west side by the Oudaïa and the Sherarda, the Bouakhar and the Sherarda face the north, on the east are the Rahamna, the Menahba, and the Harbit, and last of all, the artillery with their line of guns occupy the south-east

corner. Such is the rampart that, in the camp as in the State, is destined to serve as the defence and the support of the Shereefian power.

In the midst of the large space enclosed by these troops the Afrag is planted. It is a piece of canvas, some six and a half feet in height, fastened on poles. Within this enclosure rise the tents which form the dwelling of the Sovereign, and which, therefore, are closed to all save the eunuchs and the women chosen for the journey. A square cloth erection in the vicinity of the Afrag serves as a place of reception and audience. Opposite this spot, which is set apart for the Prince in his communications with the outside world, rises the tent of the Kaïd el-Mechouar, the Grand Master of the Court. A little further off stands a line of three tents (*khima*) which are reserved for the business of the Viziers, and the principal of which is used as a mosque for prayer. Such is the formation of the Dar el-Makhzen when the Government is on its travels. Round the Afrag cluster the tents occupied by the Viziers and the secretaries, the sites set apart for the kitchens, then the baggage, mules and horses, hobbled in long lines, and guarded by the grooms of the imperial stables, and the muleteers of the Makhzen. The whole appearance of the camp is exceedingly picturesque. Groups of men and animals meet and mingle in the centre of this city of tents, where the wind swells the canvas. The great personages live, not in the little round tents occupied by ordinary people, but in long tents covered with blue cloth, and crowned by a metal ball (*jamor*) of varying size, and gilt or silvered, according to the rank of the occupant.

On the morning of the 26th of July it was definitely decided to start. Si el-Mehdi el-Menehbi, who was riding to meet his Sovereign with a battalion of cavalry, was signalled, at a short distance off, in the valley of the Innaouen. The Makhzen was now sufficiently strong to force a passage through the territory of recalcitrant tribes, and the hour had come for departure. During the hour of prayer the tambourines sounded, and the little fanfare of

Bouakhar, which plays the bagpipes under the direction of its conductor, who is a descendant of the Marabout Sidi Ali el-Goumi and a hereditary official, announced the start by the shrill music of the *ghaïtas*. Soon tents were struck, animals laden, and the *gouad*, or little body of horsemen who form the advance-guard, set off to clear the road and fix the direction and the length of the stage. Usually the stage is a three hours' one, and the rule is for every one to be encamped for the day by ten o'clock in the morning. Behind the *gouad* come men and animals in any order they please, some in little groups and others without any formation at all, pushing and hustling each other in order to reach their destination as soon as possible and encamp there. They are able to detect the spot beforehand by means of the imperial tent, whose central pole, crowned with a golden ball, is planted in the ground to indicate that the chosen halting-place has been reached. The Sultan and his immediate following are the last to start, for, when the end of the stage is reached, the Sultan must find the camp pitched and ready to receive him. So he lets his disorderly *mahalla* flow past. When it is his turn to start, the band begins to play, and continues playing throughout the whole journey. The troops that surround the Sovereign alone maintain any semblance of order in the course of the march. In addition to the Vizier and the officers of the Crown, two squadrons of *msakhrin*, drawn from the four Makhzen tribes, march one before, and one behind, his Shereefian Majesty. The tradition is for the Sheraga and the Oudaïa to furnish the vanguard, the Sherarda and the Bouakhar the rearguard. The latter are accompanied on campaign by a bay horse with a black mane, which is led by hand. Its duty consists in carrying a copy of the pious work of Sidi el-Bokhari, which is the palladium of the tribe.

As soon as the stage is completed and the camp formed in the usual way, the Makhzen resumes its normal existence. The Viziers betake themselves to the tents of the Dar el-Makhzen ; the secretaries work at the archives, which they

have taken care to bring with them; and the Sultan gives audience in the *Siouan*.[1] The rules observed on campaign are those which obtain in the imperial cities, and the staff of the Government is the same. Nothing has changed in the working of the Makhzen, save that the religious obligations are less strict. The prayer is officially shortened because of the march, and the service of Friday abolished. During Ramadan the fast is not observed, and the only public prayer is that of the evening, for which all meet in the tents of the Dar el-Makhzen. Cannon take the place of the voice of the muezzin in announcing the hours of the dawn, the *maghreb*, and the *acha*.

So the Shereefian *mahalla* set out on the morning of the 26th of July. Its disorderly bands crossed the Sebou and climbed the heights of the Onq el-Djamal on the right bank of the river. The Sultan, in his turn, took his departure, and, a few hours later, one could see the tents of the imperial camp lining the crest of Mtafi, some six or seven miles further towards the East.

[1] *Siouan* (protection): tent raised just outside the Afrag of the Sultan.

CHAPTER XX

OUAZZAN

Departure from Fez—From Fez to Ouazzan—Across the Ouled-Djamaa and the Gharb—Agriculture—The *Azib* of Mazariya—Ouazzan—Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef and the "House of the Promise"—His Successors: Moulay et-Touhami and Moulay et-Tayeb; the Expansion of the Fraternity of the Touhama (Taibiyin)—The Character of the *Zaouïa* of Ouazzan, and its Relations with the Makhzen—Power of the Shorfa of Ouazzan: Organisation of the Fraternity, and Pilgrimages—The Administration of the City and the *Zaouïa*: Shereef el-Baraka, Mezouar, and Makhzen Authorities—Moulay el-Arbi—Practical Autonomy of the Theocratic State of Ouazzan—The Jewish Community: the tomb of the Jewish Saint, Rabbi Amran Bendiouan—The Bou Helal Mountain—The Masmouda Tribe—From Ouazzan to el-Ksar and Tangier.

TANGIER, *August* 1903.

WE have spent six months at Fez—a very long stay indeed. After a time, the life there becomes a little trying for a European, especially during the times through which Morocco is passing at present. The disturbance, of which Bou Hamara is the nominal head, is one of those movements of a religious nature, so common in the Maghreb, in which the whole country is rising against the innovating tendencies of the Sovereign, who has made himself the object of universal reprobation.

As in the sixteenth century, at the time of the appearance of the Saadian Shorfa, this movement is tending to shut close the door of Morocco, hardly open before, and drive back the Christians to the coast. The Fasis, it is true, are peaceable enough, and one does not feel oneself the object of any particular ill-will, as far as they are concerned; but

the sentiments at present prevalent in Morocco make one feel, more acutely than at ordinary times, to how great an extent the European, who risks himself in the interior of this country, becomes a prisoner there, and meets with but a bare tolerance from this fiercely independent nation, whose ideas and beliefs are so alien to our own. To be just, the Makhzen is full of consideration for its guests, but it makes them feel, at every moment, the restrictions imposed on them by the trying nature of the times. It requests them to refrain from frequenting certain spots, desires them not to leave the walls for several weeks, or even to confine themselves to the garden quarter. It exercises, at its will, its authority over all their existence, and detains or dismisses them at its convenience. So, after a time, one ends by feeling slightly uncomfortable and ill at ease, surrounded as one is by a civilisation which still resists any contact with our own, and at the mercy of a Government which owes its existence to the lack of cohesion among other forces, and has shown itself skilful enough to escape until now any appreciable European influence. Moreover, it is always rather a formidable undertaking to approach the Makhzen, and the few people who have been fortunate enough to make the experiment successfully have owed this favourable issue to diplomacy and patience alone.

It was fated that the Makhzen's wishes should follow us even after our departure from Fez, and affect the whole of our return journey. We wished, naturally enough, after leaving the capital, to visit Mekinez and cross Zerhoun, before returning to Tangier. Unhappily we were met, at this point, by an express prohibition. The Berber tribes—Gherouan and Zemmour—who infest the neighbourhood of Mekinez, continued to be on bad terms with the Makhzen, which considered them capable of doing anything in their power to injure the Government. Moreover, as the correspondent of the *Times* had just allowed himself to be carried off by the Djebala, a tribe in the neighbourhood of Tangier, the Makhzen feared that the Berbers might, in a spirit of imitation, take it into their heads to capture some Euro-

peans. That is the reason it refused to authorise us to visit a city, which had been a centre of disturbance for a year.

On the afternoon of the 26th of July we left the capital. The Sultan had sent us, the evening before, the presents which he is accustomed to give to the guests of the Makhzen—a splendid black horse, with an ornamental saddle and trappings in green and gold, Rabat carpets, poniards, and pieces of cloth for our men. Our caravan was a small one—some twenty mules, and five *mokhaznis*—but the presence of a Kaïd es-raha, belonging to the *guich* of the Sherarda, and an Amin to see to the provision of the *mouna*, gave it a very important air on the road. The opportunity had tempted a whole Mussulman family, who made the journey with us, closely veiled, as well as two negresses left destitute at Fez, who were on their way to rejoin their master at Tangier.

Fez to Ouazzan is a journey of a little over sixty miles, taking some twenty hours. After leaving the city by the Bab es-Segma gate, we ascend the slopes of the Tghat, to take one of the three roads to Tangier—the one that is called the high road, which leads most directly to Tangier along the foot of the Djebel, but is only practicable in the dry season, because of the number of fords it involves.

We have now reached a season of the year when journeys in Morocco begin to become trying. Not that the heat is extremely great. The thermometer at Fez just exceeded 100 degrees on several days. None the less, it is impossible to march in the middle of the day. One must strike tents at dawn, interrupt the day's march by a long halt in some shady spot, and complete the stage in the evening. The landscape has lost most of its charm. The flowers, which form the beauty of the country, and cover it from the first rains of autumn to the end of spring, have completely disappeared. The fields have been reaped, and the harvest stored: the stubble grows yellow in the fields: the waste land is overgrown with thistles: the country is bare and dismal: only, numbers of grazing herds—horses, mules, cattle, sheep, and goats—lend some little animation

to the landscape. The only note of green is struck by the patches where maize and millet have been planted. It is the most active season for the farmers. Within the enclosures of cochineal trees and thorny branches that surround the villages lie heaps of straw, which is to be chopped up fine for the cattle, and wheat, which is threshed and then put on little asses to be taken to the neighbouring granaries. In the Gharb, unlike the rest of Morocco, the present harvest has been a good one, especially the wheat harvest, for barley was a little injured by the dryness of the winter.

The farmers of the Gharb sow their wheat and barley at two different seasons of the year. They distinguish between the *bekri* and *mazzouzi*. The first is sown at the end of October, the second at the *hagouz*—the 1st to the 14th of January—that is to say, in the first days of the Julian year, which is adopted in Morocco in agreement with the Mussulman calendar. The harvest begins in the month of June. Maize has been planted in March, millet in May. Agricultural preoccupations are too serious matters to fail to have an effect on Moroccan anarchy. By a tacit agreement among the tribes, the time of harvest is kept as a sacred truce, and the Makhzen knows beforehand that, till all the crops have been got in, it has no serious disturbance to fear.

It takes eight hours to reach the Sebou from Fez, cutting across the bend of the river, through the territory of the Ouled-Djamaa. It is a very undulating country: hills succeed hills monotonously, uncovered by any trees save a few clumps of olives and fig trees, or hedges of aloes, with their great crested shoots, that have grown and expanded during the past two months. The country is well cultivated. It has been carefully cleared, and one can hardly see a single dwarf palm or jujube tree. The stock is fine, the villages numerous, and the brick houses are thatched with straw, and enclosed with thorn hedges. As one advances into the Gharb, houses become rarer, and give place to tents, while the hedges of cochineal trees increase in numbers. Barbary figs begin to appear, ripening on

their large oval leaves. The yellow blossom has fallen ere now, and they are assuming a copper tint. The peasants are beginning to gather the ripe fruit, by means of a long reed with a tiny basket at the end. Sometimes we pass a great clay enclosure. It is an *azib*, surrounded by groups of *khammays* and *azaibiya*, and its proprietor lives in Fez. Of this type is the *azib* of Ben Itto, three hours distant from Fez, where we camped on the first evening of our journey. A little before, the road passed through some reddish, undulating country, at the spot called Mghirat el-Homar—the little red caves. In the dried-up bed of the stream, there still existed a salt-store, where the salt—which is used at Fez—is collected in tanks, in which the water evaporates.

As we descend towards the Sebou, the plain widens, and we reach the territory of the Oudaïa, which lies by the river, and extends as far as the river Mekkes. The view becomes very extensive—on the left, the line of the Zerhoun; on the right, the Djebel; and opposite, the peak of the Sherarda. We cross the Sebou by the Sbayit ford, which owes its name to a little Saturday market. At this point the river is some fifty-five yards across, and its banks are by no means steep. The water is very low, and hardly reaches our horses' breasts. The banks are covered with *douars* and orchards of fig and olive trees and close to the stream are machines for pumping up water for the melons, gourds, pumpkins, and water-melons, which ripen just at this season of the year.

From the Sbayit ford, it takes us two hours to reach the *azib* of Mazariya. We are now in the territory of the Hejjaoua, who occupy a long, narrow strip of land by the river-bed. It is a tiny Arab and *naïba* tribe, attached, along with the Seffian and Beni-Malek, to the Gharb, properly so called. Up till last year, the Makhzen had assigned it the Pasha of the Sheraga as its Kaïd, but it is now under the authority of el-Gueddari, the Kaïd of the Beni-Hasen.

The *azib* of Mazariya is a long building in sun-dried clay, backed by the line of hills which dominate the bank

of the Sebou. On both sides of the dwelling are the huts or tents of the labourers, and corn and straw are stacked on the slope that runs down towards the river. The *azib* belongs to the Shorfa of Ouazzan. It is an important property, which maintains some hundred cultivators and twenty-five ploughs. One of the Shorfa is at present in residence at Mazariya. Moulay Ahmed is a young man, rather short, and already an exceedingly important personage. He is the well-informed member of the house of Ouazzan, and their real man of business. Since the produce of the *azib* constitutes the most valuable of the revenues of the *zaouīa*, the Shorfa make a point of visiting their different properties throughout the country, to superintend agricultural operations. So Moulay Ahmed has left his family in town, and come to reside at Mazariya, with only a couple of slaves to distract him. Of course, on his way, this religious chief, with his powerful *baraka*, is overwhelmed with marks of respect by the peasants. But the Shereef does not assume the majestic pomp of these visits of *ziara*. When he comes to our camp to welcome us, he is clad in a common black *djellaba*, and appears simply as the largest landed proprietor of the district, who has come to superintend his *moqaddem* in the performance of his duties. At the hour of *maghreb*, he leads us into the court of the *azib*, where his men are collecting for the evening meal. The baggage animals stand in lines, hobbled up for the night, and the last loads of corn are just disappearing into the enormous gaping granary.

From Mazariya to Ouazzan the *azibs* of the Shorfa are so numerous that, for two days, the midday and the evening halt is always made on their domains. No sooner has the caravan come to a standstill than a band of *azaibiya* appears, bearing the customary *mouna*—eggs, butter, chickens, sugar, lights, and plates of *couscous*. We have abandoned the Makhzen highway, and, through the length of the Djebel, have been travelling under the protection of the Shorfa. Moulay Ahmed has given us an escort of a little band of Djebala, in the service of the Shereefian family, clad in a

short brown *djellaba*, carrying old muskets, with wooden powder-horns with gilt nails, slung over their shoulders.

After leaving Mazariya and the plain of the Sebou, the road runs, for four hours, across an undulating and thinly-populated table-land—the plateau of Bou Djemmana—then descends once more into the valley of the river Ouargha, which is almost as large as the stream into which it flows, a little further down. Everywhere are the same clumps of trees on the banks, the same groups of *douars*, the same water-machines, the same fields of melons and water-melons. The river Ouargha cuts a great gash in the Djebel, where it flows in a deep gorge. One catches glimpses of the lofty mountains which seem to withdraw into the distance, and, in the foreground, the lonely hill on which the *zaouïa* of Moulay bou Cheta stands. Another four hours across the plateau of Bougdour, and we reach our camping ground in the *douar* of Aouf, on the left bank of another tributary of the Sebou, the river Redat, whose bed we shall have to follow up to Ouazzan. Our tents are pitched by the side of the great dwelling of an ancient Kaïd of the Seffian tribe, on whose territory we have been travelling since we left the Ouargha. Si el-Hosein ould el-Aaoufiya comes to meet us, with his chief's staff in his hand. He gives us the greeting of a rich proprietor who has retired from political life, and his hospitality takes the form of the *mouna* customary in Morocco.

For the five hours' journey between Aouf and Ouazzan, the road follows the river Redat almost all the way. The country becomes more attractive: the valley narrows, and the river flows in a deep gorge, overgrown with oleanders. On the east, the last spurs of the Djebel are disappearing. The country is bare and little cultivated, the ground covered with jujube trees, whins, and dwarf palms, with a few green orchards, planted with oranges, pomegranates, figs, olives, and karoubs. As we advance, the Djebel bou Helal, the mountain which looks down on Ouazzan, and whose long crest has been visible in the distance since our departure from Mazariya, approaches, and its outlines define

themselves more clearly. The very position of the upper valley of the Redat renders its security precarious. It no longer belongs to any determinate tribe: some of its *douars* are in the hands of the Seffian, others in those of the Beni-Malek, and the majority of the *azibs* are the property of the Shorfa. This distribution of authority renders responsibility hard to bring home, and, for that reason, the region is constantly exposed to the raids of the Beni-Mestara, whose territory borders the valley, and who are the most inveterate robbers in the Djebel.

Before reaching Ouazzan, the road runs through the little lateral valley of the river Beyt, then winds round the mountain between aloe hedges, and in the midst of a luxuriant vegetation of olives, figs, and lentisks. It commands a magnificent view of the extent of the Djebel, till suddenly, the last crest climbed, a long line of houses appears, and, in a very short time, we enter the city by the Bab Fatha gate.

For several years, the Shereef of Ouazzan has been seriously ill and confined to his house. Under these circumstances, the true heads of the *zaouïa* are his son, Moulay et-Tayeb, and his two nephews, Moulay Ali and Moulay Ahmed. These three Shorfa are, at this moment, absent from the city. Moulay et-Tayeb is in Algeria on a *ziara* tour, whilst Moulay Ali and Moulay Ahmed are in their *azibs*, superintending the harvest. That was how we met Moulay Ahmed at Mazariya. As for Moulay Ali, he is likewise fulfilling his duties as proprietor on the Ouargha. In their absence, we are welcomed by the *feqih* of the *zaouïa*, Si Abdesselam ben Hammo, an Ouazzani, who studied at Fez, acquired the more refined manners of the Moors there, and became the steward of the *zaouïa*. He installed us in the lower part of the city, in the Arsat es-Sultan (the Sultan's garden), where visitors at Ouazzan are always lodged. It is a vast enclosure—a veritable Aguedal—with plots of flowers and square patches of vegetables. The dwelling is a square building, reached by an alley covered with vine-trellising. At the side is a pond, on which a

vast pavilion opens. These buildings are separated from the gardens by a low wall, above which rises a superb rhododendron in full bloom. For three days we were the guests of the Shorfa. Our camping utensils were set up in the rooms, and, each hour of the day, from dawn to *acha*, was marked by the appearance of negroes bringing the most varied dishes, in wooden receptacles, with the traditional wickerwork cover. At the first hour came the *chaariya*—a soup of vermicelli, made with milk or with butter; then, continual sponge-cakes, made of semolina or flour, with butter, honey, or oil, which are termed *baghrirs* or *rghaïfs;* and at meal hours, stews of chicken or mutton.

The view from the terrace of Arsat es-Sultan embraces Ouazzan, with its environs round about. Qute near, and separated from us by the esplanade of the *souk*, stretches a band of houses of more than one storey, half-way up among the verdant growth of the Bou Helal, whose contours are followed by the buildings of the city, which descend now into the ravines, now climb the crests of the hill-side. Above the mass of dwellings, in which the low thatched buildings habitual in the Berber mountains mingle with the cubes of masonry characteristic of Moroccan cities, rise the minaret and the arches of the *zaouïa* of Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef, which is the principal sanctuary of the city, and the residence of the Shereef-baraka of the Ouazzani family. This *zaouïa* is the family's glory, and Ouazzan's main attraction. It surrounds it with a halo of sanctity, similar to that lent by the tomb of Moulay Edriss to Fez. A little beyond stands the isolated octagonal minaret of the mosque of Moulay el-Arbi. Further still, on the Djebel-Boumeleh, which is occupied by a suburb of the city, with the large village of Qachriyin nestling behind, are scattered the famous tombs where, in white Koubbas, or under green-tiled roofs, repose the dynasty of saints, who have transmitted the ancestral benediction. Beneath, the city is succeeded by gardens, and beyond them by the hollow of the valley of the river Zas, which flows into the er-Raha, on its way to join the Loukkos. In

the distance rises the Djebel, and, far beyond, its numerous spurs, which fade away in the plain of the Gharb.

Ouazzan is an important town, containing some 20,000 inhabitants. Its population is composed of people of the Gharb, but, mainly of Djebala from the neighbouring tribes —Masmouda, Ghzaoua, Rehouna and Beni-Mestara, who have united to form the Ouazzanis. Besides, there are a few members of more distant tribes—more notably the Lakhmas and the Beni-Gorfat, even several Riffians, with a small number of Jews engaged in business. By a phenomenon peculiar to the Maghreb, the renown of a famous Marabout, and the prestige of his tomb, have been sufficient to create and maintain so large a city as Ouazzan upon the slopes of Bou Helal, and the fact is the more remarkable, that cities of such dimensions are extremely rare in the interior of Morocco.

The founder of the house of Ouazzan, Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef, was born in 1596. He was an Edrissite Shereef, of the most lofty lineage. He was a direct lineal descendant of Moulay Abdesselam ben Mchich, who, in the thirteenth century, spread the mystic doctrines of the Chadalian school, and whose teaching is still the dominant influence in the majority of the fraternities of Morocco. His *zaouïa* at Tezrout, in the northern Djebel, still sanctifies the whole of the region, whose most venerated patron he is. According to the traditions of Ouazzan, Moulay Abdesselam had a daughter, whom he wished to marry to his nephew, Moulay Mohammed, son of Moulay Yemleh. The girl, who was very proud, refused to marry her cousin till she had received a guarantee that the children to be born of the marriage should furnish the Shereef-baraka for the future—the Shereef, that is, to whom the ancestral benediction would descend, and, who would, therefore, reap the temporal benefits which accrued. She further demanded that their pre-eminence over all the other Shorfa of Morocco should be acknowledged in advance. Her father had to promise, but the girl was not content with the simple paternal promise, and the Prophet, willing to

oblige one of his descendants, appeared in person, and guaranteed her the spiritual heritage she sought to secure for her offspring. Thereafter the marriage was concluded. The relationship of Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef connects him with this far-sighted ancestress, and in this way the house of Ouazzan obtained the title, by which it is always known, of *Dar ed-demana*—the house of the promise.

Moulay Abdallah, the son of Moulay Brahim, was born and grew up at Tazrout, among the Shorfa who lived on the Koubba of Moulay Abdesselam, and whose tombs were to enrich the family patrimony in their turn. When he was at an age to leave the family fastness, he followed the sect of the Sheikh Sidi Ali ben Ahmed, the patron of the Djebel Sarsar, above el-Ksar, and became his servant till he had obtained the *baraka* from him. Finally, he determined to set up as Marabout on his own account, and established his *khaloua* on the eastern slope of Bou Helal, in a *daychra* named Mitkal. Unfortunately the inhabitants of the village did not get on well with the hermit, and, one fine day the Djebala ended by killing his cow. In his fury, Moulay Abdallah resolved to do something startling. A few prayers were, of course, sufficient to resuscitate the animal; then he left Mitkal, with a curse for its inhabitants, and the declaration that the milk of their cows should henceforward produce no butter. Then the Marabout marched northwards, passed round the mountain, and halted a little further on in the territory of the Masmouda, at the spot which became Ouazzan. He married a woman of the tribe, and while his parting curse was bringing about the gradual disappearance of Mitkal, the unquestionable *baraka* of the Marabout was collecting a growing band of disciples around him. New villages rose out of the ground, around his hermitage. People flocked to it from all quarters of the Djebel, and in this way the city of Ouazzan rapidly grew into being.

Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef lived to a very old age, and died in 1679. His sanctity had laid the foundations of the future greatness of his house; but he himself

was a pious man, who was content to live in an atmosphere of ecstasies, miracles, dreams, and prophecies, who occupied himself but little with the things of this world, and was incapable of a systematic exploitation of his own virtues. His influence, at his death, was purely local. He had made no journeys to attract other disciples, and his growing fraternity comprised no more than five hundred "full" members—members, that is, who had reached the degree of wisdom and virtue which it is the aim of every Mussulman to attain when he joins a brotherhood. Moulay Abdallah had two sons, the elder of whom, Sidi Mohammed by name, succeeded him in the administration of the *zaouïa* up till the year 1709. He had eight sons, the two eldest of whom successively possessed the dignity of Shereef-baraka. These two Shorfa, the second of whom died in 1768, brought about the expansion of the house of Ouazzan, and, scouring the whole of North-West Africa in order to propagate the teaching of their grand-parent, gave to the fraternity its present development. The two apostles divided between each other the countries marked out for conquest. Moulay et-Touhami travelled through the Djebel and the whole of Morocco, penetrated into the Sahara, and reached the Touab. To Moulay et-Tayet fell the East—that is to say, Algeria and Tunis. Wherever they went, members flocked to the brotherhood, whose mother *zaouïa* was at Ouazzan, and these members of this unique fraternity are still distinguished by the name of Touhama in Morocco, and of Taibiyin in Algeria, following the names of the one of the two brothers who initiated them. From that time, it has been one of the traditions of the Shorfa of Ouazzan, that they should be travelling Shorfa. And so, whilst they do not neglect the supernatural side of their duties, which is manifested in dreams and prophecies, they are careful to pay periodical visits throughout the whole of their spiritual domain, in order to collect *ziaras*, and maintain the enthusiasm of their worshippers.

Moulay et-Touhami was considered the favourite grandson of Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef, and that is the reason

why his tomb is still the object of peculiar veneration at Ouazzan. It is told how the child manifested a particular devotion for his grandfather. Every morning he would accompany him to the mosque, for the morning prayer, and in the evening escort him home, after the devotions of *acha*. One day when Moulay Abdallah had forgotten to dismiss Moulay et-Touhami on his return, the latter spent the night by the door of his grandfather, who, when he found him next morning at dawn, called down the blessing of Heaven upon him, in the words, "O God, bless my grandchild Touhami with my *baraka*, as thou hast blest the earth with thy rain." In spite of this signal transmission, the *baraka* of the house of Ouazzani did not remain in the family of Moulay et-Touhami. His brother, Moulay et-Tayeb, who succeeded him, exploited it for fifty years, after which it passed to Moulay Ahmed, the eldest son of Moulay et-Tayeb, and then to his grandson, Moulay Ali, who died in 1811. The present occupant of the *zaouïa* is a great-grandson of this Moulay Ali.

Moulay et-Touhami had eighteen sons, and all these Shorfa were relegated to the second rank by the accession of the younger branch. As it happened, the tribes of the Riff and the Djebel, as well as several Berber tribes of the Middle Atlas, showed a desire to settle Ouazzanis Shorfa on their territory, in the hope that their presence would bring them some portion of the *baraka* of Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef.

This was the beginning of the dispersion of the descendants of Moulay et-Touhami, who to-day are represented by influential Shorfa throughout the whole of the Riff, in several tribes of the Djebel, such as the Beni-Mestara, the Ghzaoua, the Tsoul, and the Branes, and finally, among the Riata, the Haouara, the Beni-Ouaraïn, the Beni-M'tir, the Gherouan, and the Zemmour. About the middle of the nineteenth century, the fifteen sons of Moulay Ali found, in their turn, that there was little scope for them in Ouazzan, and a regular band, named after their founder, the Ouled Moulay Abdeldjelil, decided to emigrate and

take up their abode among the Hayaïna and the tribes in the neighbourhood of Fez.

And thus, the birth of the Shereefian family, the sanctity of the Marabout who founded it, the expansion of its fraternity, the dispersion of Ouazzanis Shorfa throughout almost all the tribes of the North of the Empire—all these influences have conspired to render Ouazzan the most important *zaouïa* in the land, and the only one which maintains a real autonomy, and forms a veritable religious State in the very centre of Morocco.

Not that Ouazzan has never known a rival *zaouïa*. It is well known that the political anarchy which followed the disintegration of the Merinid Empire at the end of the fifteenth century gave rise, in the Maghreb, to a mighty movement of Mohammedan renascence, under the form which has remained peculiar to this country up to the present day. Marabouts arose on every side: the religious fraternities from the East spread their doctrines, whilst new brotherhoods sprang into existence on this propitious soil. And so in every corner of the land sprang up *zaouïas*, some of which attained to considerable authority, and gradually became the centre of a moral influence which substituted itself for the precarious power of the dying dynasties. On the accession of the Shereefian families to the throne, their triumph was complete. These families, in their turn, consolidated into dynasties, showed but little gratitude towards the influences which had raised them to power, and the modern history of Morocco is full of the struggles of the Saadians and the Alaouites against any element which succeeded in emerging from Moroccan chaos, and notably against the *zaouïas*. Some of them had a career of astounding grandeur, followed by a no less astounding collapse. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century, the famous *zaouïa* of Dila was strong enough to form the Empire of a day. Fez, Mekinez, the Tadla, and the valley of Moulouya acknowledged its authority, and its troops gained a complete victory over the Saadian Sultan. The Shorfa of the Tafilelt had first to negotiate, then to struggle, with the

people of Dila in order to make their way to the throne, and it was on their ruins that the Alaouitic dynasty was raised to power. The *zaouïa* was destroyed by Moulay er-Rechid in 1668. Its inhabitants were dispersed and the Maraboutic family was expelled. A century later there arose, at a short distance from Marrakech, the Zaouïa ech-Sherradi. For more than sixty-five years the *zaouïa* extended its influence over the Haouz, and successfully defied the Sultans, who sent expedition after expedition against it, but all in vain. It was Moulay Abderrahman who succeeded in reducing it: the *zaouïa* was destroyed, the Marabout fled to the Sahara, and the Sherarda were transported to the valley of the Sebou, where they formed the last of the Makhzen tribes. The remnants of the *zaouïas* which still exist throughout the whole of Morocco make no such arrogant pretensions. In most cases their resources are small, their influence local, and it is the house of Ouazzan alone which, by its power and the extent of its influence, still recalls the glory of the historic *zaouïa*, which once exercised so powerful an influence on the destinies of the Maghreb.

It is curious that the Shorfa of Ouazzan have, during two centuries, enjoyed an uninterrupted extension of power without bringing upon themselves the thunderbolts of a Government which has waged constant war against the power of the *zaouïas*. This rare good fortune they owe to a combination of circumstances and to their able diplomacy. The very situation of Ouazzan was particularly fortunate. Its territory, which on the south communicates with the Gharb by a narrow valley alone, forms an enclosure in the centre of the unsubdued Djebalian tribes. The inevitable sequel, then, to the disappearance of the *zaouïa* would be an increase in the *Blad es-siba*, and it is wiser for the Makhzen to lend its support, at this spot, to an institution whose autonomy would, in all other portions of the Empire, be considered as inconvenient. And further, the policy of the house of Ouazzan has always been wise enough to avoid with care anything that might disquiet the Makhzen.

The *zaouïa* took its rise almost at the same time as the Alaouitic dynasty, and developed by its side. Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef was the contemporary of Moulay er-Rechid, and witnessed the early years of the reign of the great Moulay Ismaïl. It would appear that the foremost Shereef of Ouazzan became the voluntary supporter of Moulay er-Rechid in the Gharb, and did his best to obtain the recognition of the authority of the Alaouites in that region. A well-authenticated tradition has it that Sidi Ali ben Ahmed, the Marabout of the Djebel Sarsar, called both Sultan and saint into his presence one day, and said to Moulay er-Rechid, "To you I give the stirrup," and to Moulay Abdallah, "To you I give the staff." In this way he indicated that he wished to divide the power between the two principal families of Morocco, by attributing to the Alaouites the temporal, to the Ouazzanis the spiritual, authority. Certainly the behaviour of Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef gave no reason for disquiet. He was a mystic, who lived in an atmosphere of dreams, and who never thought of preaching to his disciples a life of activity, or the pursuit of the goods of this world. On such dreamers authority cannot but look with a kindly eye.

However, when the *zaouïa* began to expand under the influence of Moulay et-Touhami, the Sultan Moulay Ismaïl, who did not love the rivalry of Shorfa and the *zaouïas*, took umbrage at the rapid development of the Touhama, and forbade his subjects to become members of this fraternity, for the future. This was the occasion of a somewhat bitter correspondence between the *zaouïa* and the Makhzen, and finally Moulay et-Touhami was summoned to appear at Mekinez.

The Sultan ordered his Vizier and Kaïd et-Mechouar to examine him, and censure severely the new tendencies of his house. The legends of Ouazzan recount with pride how, before these unjust recriminations, the belly of Moulay et-Touhami swelled with wrath, and threatened to fill the whole chamber. The two great officials, thunderstruck by

this prodigious *baraka*, fled to the Sultan, and implored him to abandon all action against a Shereef so highly favoured by Heaven. Moulay Ismaïl was himself greatly impressed by the miracle, and lost no time in paying a visit to Moulay et-Touhami. As soon as he perceived the Marabout, as he left his house to meet his Sovereign, the latter made haste to dismount from his horse, but Moulay et-Touhami besought him to mount once more, and held his stirrup. "It is only from this moment," Moulay Ismaïl is said to have cried, "that I am a true Sultan." Thence arose the custom for the Shereef of Ouazzan to consecrate, as it were, each Sovereign by once holding his stirrup. At the beginning of each reign the new Sovereign never fails, on his arrival in the Gharb, to summon to his side the head of the house of Ouazzan, who holds the stirrup whilst the Prince mounts his horse with all due solemnity. This traditional office was filled by Moulay el-Arbi at the accession of Moulay Abdel-aziz. The ceremony must take place near the Koubba of Sidi Kassem, in the centre of the plain of the Beni-Hasen, since this famous Marabout is looked upon as the true author of the custom of the stirrup, which he is said to have held for the first Sultans of the reigning dynasty.

In other respects the relations of the Shorfa of Ouazzan with the Alaouitic Shorfa have always remained very close. From time to time the Shereefas of Ouazzan have entered the imperial harem as legitimate wives. The Sultan, Moulay Sliman, espoused a daughter of Moulay et-Tayeb, and the occasion gave rise, according to the chronicle of Ouazzan, to yet another manifestation of the supernatural virtues which are the birthright of the family. When the Sultan entered the nuptial chamber, he found the young Shereefa transformed into a savage lioness, and he found it wiser to load her with the richest of presents and send her back incontinently to her relations. He gave his word that the territory surrounding each camping-place at which she stopped should become the property of this recalcitrant damsel, and that the *zaouïa* should have the right of sanctuary over the whole course of her last day's journey. In

this way, say the *feqihs* of Ouazzan, the *baraka* of the Ouazzanis showed itself superior to that of the Alaouites. In token of the intimacy of their relations with the house of Ouazzan, and in recognition of its services, successive Sultans bestowed upon it a yearly pension. This pension, however, was gradually replaced, in virtue of a series of Shereefian *dahirs*, by the concession of *azibs*, which were administered by the Ouazzani Shorfa, and on which they were authorised to impose the Koranic taxes for their own profit.

After the French conquest, the Shorfa, who possessed important interests in Algeria, naturally found themselves in touch with us. Sidi el-Hadj Abdesselam, who was head of the *zaouïa* from 1851 to 1892, began to have visions of French destinies in the Maghreb, and to spread broadcast prophecies favourable to us. These heavenly inspirations led him, twenty years ago, to solicit the protection of the French, which has since then been extended to the heads of the family of Ouazzan.

The centre of the present domains of the *zaouïa* of Ouazzan is the city of that name. The *horm*—that is, the ground over which the right of sanctuary extends—no longer retains the dimensions won for it by the rebellious wife of Moulay Sliman, and is limited to the city enclosure. The Shorfa control, besides, numbers of *azibs*, which have been granted them by Shereefian *dahirs*. These *azibs* are scattered between Fez and Tangier, the majority lying in the valleys of the Sebou and the Ouargha, among the Sherarda and Beni-Hasen, in the Zerhoun and the Gharb, whilst some are situated in the Khlot and in the Gharbiya. In this way the family of Ouazzan are the greatest proprietors in Northern Morocco. In the Haouz, the Great Atlas range, and as far as the Sus, exist certain funds bequeathed to the *zaouïa*. These the Shorfa do not control, but they collect the revenues through their agents, the *moqaddems*. The Ouazzani Shorfa, who are scattered throughout the Riff among the Djebala and the Berber, jealously maintain their connection with the glorious cradle of their family, by keeping in touch with their powerful cousins, who thus

find themselves in possession of natural agents and allies in a number of the tribes of the *Blad es-Siba*.

Finally, the Shereef of Ouazzan controls a body of dependants, which is composed of all the members of his fraternity—Touhama in Morocco and Taïbiyin elsewhere. These members form groups around numbers of local *zaouïas*, whose *moqaddems* they elect, subject to the approval of the head of the order. The *zaouïas* dependent on the house of Ouazzan are to be found in great numbers throughout the whole of Morocco, and spread into the Sahara towards the Sus, the river Noun, and the Draa. They exist in the Tafilelt and in the Touat, in Algeria, in Tunis, and even in Tripoli, and a *zaouïa* of the Taïbiyin is to be found at Mecca itself. The Touhama possess many members at Fez. Their mystical doctrines are too refined for the common people, who prefer the extravagances of the Aïssaoua and the Hamadcha. On the other hand, their philosophy is too simple to satisfy very cultured people, who prefer to join the order of the Tidjaniya ; and so the servants of the house of Ouazzan are recruited from the middle class. They are divided into four *taïfas*, or bodies, corresponding to the origin of their members from Fez, from Tlemcen, from the Tafilelt and the Touat, who possess three distinct *zaouïas* for their devotions. The Fasis group themselves round the Koubba of an ancient *moqaddem*, Sidi Kassem ben Rahmoun, who died in the odour of sanctity, and transformed his house into a *zaouïa*. The Filalis and the Touatis enjoy a similar gold mine in the tomb of Sidi el-Kiat, whilst the Tlemcanis dwell apart in the *zaouïa* of Sidi bou Medien, which has taken the name of the illustrious patron of their city. When one of the great heads of the fraternity arrives at Fez from Ouazzan, *moqaddems* unite the four bodies, who issue from the city walls with banners and music, so that the Ouazzani Shorfa, with their guard of armed Djebala and the escort formed by their dependants, present themselves at the seat of the Makhzen in the guise of powerful feudal lords.

In the autumn after the harvest the members make an

annual pilgrimage to the Koubbas of Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef and his descendants. None of the Moroccan corporations of Touhama ever fails thus to bring its *ziara* to Ouazzan, but the foreign bodies are less punctilious. Owing to the shortness of the distance, the Touhama of Fez are among those most fortunately placed for the easy accomplishment of this religious duty. Each of the four corporations of the city performs this pilgrimage separately and at successive periods, and it is the custom for the *taïfa* of the Touatis to be the last to make the journey. When the pilgrims arrive at Ouazzan they are lodged in the *zaouïa*, and present their *ziaras*, which are in specie or in kind, and whose composition is determined by ancient traditions. The Fazis bring a certain sum of money, *babouches*, wax lights, aloe wood, cakes, and prepared dishes; besides a pair of *babouches* for each Shereef and women's *babouches* for the Shereefas, the Tlemcanis must furnish a sum of money which never exceeds 50 douros (£9 to £10); the people of the Tafilelt and the Touat bring, in addition to a small sum of money, semolina and brooms; moreover, the Touatis, who perform the duties of porters at Fez, are wont, during their sojourn at Ouazzan, to undertake the cleaning of the city. Some *taïfas* are not content with the visit to Ouazzan, but continue their pilgrimage as far as the mountain of Moulay Abdesselam, and return by Tetouan and Tangier. These pilgrimages, which do much to maintain the influence of the house of Ouazzan and the prosperity of the fraternity, are not, it would appear, as lucrative as one might suppose. The cost of the hospitality shown absorbs almost all the proceeds of the *ziaras*, and so the large revenues of the Shorfa are mainly drawn from the return of their lands, and the profits of their tours throughout the whole of the Maghreb.

In this way Ouazzan is, at one and the same time, one of the great cities of Morocco, the mother *zaouïa* of an important fraternity, the seat of an illustrious Shereefian family, and the centre of the exploitation of its tombs of saints. Undoubtedly, it forms part of the *Blad el-Makhzen*,

but it is none the less the capital of a theocratic State, which enjoys an almost absolute autonomy. Its administration is thus a very curious thing, whose complications are well worth the trouble of studying.

Ouazzan lives mainly on the *baraka* of its Shereefian family. The Koubbas of its Shorfa are its riches and its pride, and in the great mosque, which belongs to the mother *zaouïa* of the order of the Touhama or Taïbiyin, worship is paid to the tomb of the founder, Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef, along with that of his second son, Moulay Ibrahim, who is interred at his side. Below the city, on the slopes of the Djebel Boumeleh, repose in separate Koubbas the principal Shorfa who succeeded each other as heads of the house of Ouazzan: Sidi Mohammed ben Abdallah, his two sons, Moulay et-Tayeb, then Moulay Ahmed ben Tayeb, and more recent Shorfa. Most venerated of all is the Koubba of Moulay et-Touhama, who was the apostle of the Maghreb. The worshippers, in fulfilment of their vows, still visit the mosque to sacrifice oxen and sheep, which are the perquisite of the descendants of the Marabout alone, and there, every Friday, the *dikr* peculiar to the fraternity takes place. Ouazzani Shorfa swarm in the city, where they live on the worship paid to their ancestors. Despite their dispersion throughout the tribes, the majority have clung to the cradle of the family, and one can imagine their numbers if one reflects that Sidi Mohammed, who lived at the beginning of the eighteenth century, had eight male children; his son, Moulay et-Touhami, eighteen; and his great-grandson, Moulay Ali, fifteen.

The Shorfa naturally constitute the aristocracy of the city. Every one has to make way for them on the pavement, and they indulge in all sorts of exactions. What little water comes from the mountains finds its way to their houses, and ordinary mortals, who have no connection with Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef or with the Prophet, must content themselves with the water from the wells. Needless to say, the people of Ouazzan are necessarily Touhama,

and other fraternities count scarce a member among them : one finds, however, a few Derqaoua, and even one or two scattered Qadriya. The lower classes there, as elsewhere, are unable to resist the seductions of the Aïssaoua and the Hamadcha, but these madmen possess no *zaouïa*, for the home-grown Shorfa will have no competition, and they must go through their weird performances in the open air. Ouazzan is too steeped in devotion to take much interest in commerce. None the less, it possesses a *kaïsariya* and a *souk*, divided by corporations. The merchandise reaches the traders of the city by muleteers from Tangier and from Fez ; these merchants are, in most cases, people of Fez or Jews. They re-sell the goods to the Djebala of the neighbourhood, who meet twice a week, on Wednesday and Thursday, on the great market-esplanade in front of the city, whither they bring the products of the mountain, cattle, wood, and fruit. There are also several industries in existence. Ouazzan manufactures *haïks* and coarse white *djellabas*, which are sold as cheap goods throughout the whole of Northern Morocco. It also competes with Chechaouen in the manufacture of the brown *djellabas*, trimmed with coloured silk, affected by the Djebel tribes, and of the *mkebbs*, which are wickerwork dish-covers.

The Makhzen maintains the same officials in Ouazzan as in any other city—a Governor to administer it, a Kadi to render justice, and a Mohtaseb to control commercial transactions. But, since the government of Ouazzan is assigned to the Governor of el-Ksar, the latter is represented by a simple Khalifa. Their authority is supported at ordinary times by a little garrison of *askar*, which is at this moment absent on its way to the North, whither it has been sent to meet the necessities of the present disturbance. Further, the family of Ouazzan is subject to the same organisation as all the other Shereefian families of the Empire. It centres round a Mezouar, approved by the Makhzen, who represents it and administers its interests. On this Mezouar all the Shorfa of the city are dependent. Those of the tribes are subject to no such control, and live on the *ziaras* which are

furnished them by their respective servants. It is a Mezouar who nominates the Grand Moqaddem of the *zaouïa* and the *moqaddems* of the different Koubbas. It is he also who collects the revenues of the Habous funds, the Moorish baths and the shops of the *souk*, and who, once a month, opens the chest and collects the offerings and the tapers. The proceeds, which are too small to pay an appreciable dividend to the numerous participants, are employed by him to meet the expenses of maintenance arising from the upkeep of a number of poor clients and dependants, and the support of needy Shorfa.

In theory, then, the administration of the city belongs to the Makhzen, that of the *zaouïa* to the Mezouar. All the same, the whole real authority escapes them, and centres, in effect, in the hands of the Shereef el-baraka, who is the spiritual head of the Ouazzani Shorfa: so true is it that no force in Morocco is strong enough to prevail against the supernatural unction which is termed the *baraka*, especially when this *baraka* is handed down by a whole line of Marabouts who enjoy universal renown. The power of the house of Ouazzan is due to the fact that its *baraka* is looked upon as of a superior quality, seeing that it has descended from the time of the Prophet through such distinguished people as Moulay Abdesselam, Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef, and Moulay et-Touhami. The Shereef el-baraka who in each generation is invested, by the choice of his predecessor, with the celestial benediction which is the property of the family, is not a religious chief in the proper sense of the word. He is simply a man, raised above the others by divine favour, and commissioned to pour out upon them the benediction of which he is, during his life, the depository. To this is added, in the case of the Shereef of Ouazzan, the respect owed by the members of his fraternity to the direct heir of the pious divine whose method of prayer and rules of life are to lead them to Mussulman perfection. Imagine St. Francis of Assisi, born again into a country of primitive beliefs, exposed to the adoration of his order, and the impor-

tunities of a people who hope to gain, by contact with him, a portion of the divine pardon; add to that Shereefian birth, which makes him the descendant of the Prophet—of the man, that is, who came into closest contact with the Deity; and you will have a pretty exact idea of the position occupied by Shereef-baraka in a family as illustrious as that of Ouazzan. He is a saint whom all recognise, who passes through this life, forms for the time the incarnation of the sanctity of his ancestors, only that it may be reincarnated in turn in his successor.

In the Maghreb, where the whole people loves to steep itself in the supernatural, such a personage cannot fail to represent a force of great influence and power—an influence which no doubt diminishes with distance, but which is locally irresistible. As it is better worth while to pay one's attentions to the living than to the dead, it is to his person, and not to the Koubbas, that almost all the *ziaras* brought by the pilgrims are offered; as it is his particular *baraka* that it is of importance to conciliate, it is to him that the fat pensions and concessions of the Makhzen find their way. The result is that the halo of sanctity which surrounds the Shereef el-baraka is well calculated to provide him with a plenitude of the goods of this world. To the Shorfa belong the majority of the houses of Ouazzan, the gardens and olive-groves which surround it, and the inviolable *azibs*, which form, in the centre of the tribes, an extension of that theocratic State whose capital is Ouazzan. This capital itself is a place of asylum, and the majesty of the *zaouïa* protects against all pursuit those who come to seek sanctuary there.

Faced by this power, the Governmental authorities shrink into the background. The Khalifa of the city, el-Hadj Ali el-Areichi, the Kadi and the Mohtaseb, are always there, slumbering in their peaceful sinecures. The Mezouar, Moulay et-Tayeb ben et-Touhami, confines himself to his modest administrative functions, and is chiefly concerned with the exploitation of his little *baraka*, which

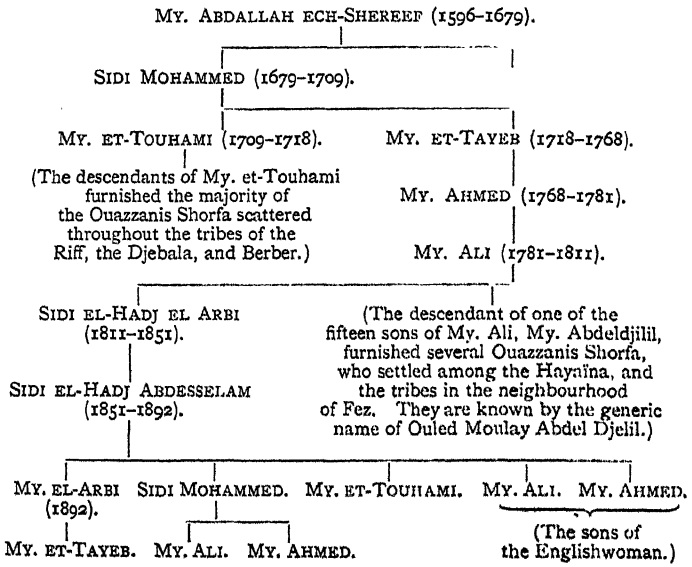
several clans of the Zemmour are good enough to recognise. In reality the Shereef of Ouazzan entrusts the administration of his city to a *moqaddem*, an ancient negro slave of the family named Abdelhadi, and this man is the true Governor.

He controls all the urban, the three Khotba mosques and the *souks*, and the two Moorish baths. He superintends the Moqaddems el-homa who form the police of the thirteen quarters of the city as well as its suburb Qachriyin; and finally, he administers justice in cases which do not come before the Shereef himself. With public education he has little to do; for Ouazzan possesses only some ordinary Koranic schools and a few *feqihs*, who give somewhat more advanced instruction in the mosques.

The very complicated administration of the city of Ouazzan was reorganised by Sidi Mohammed, the brother of the present Shereef-baraka, and to him is due the system which secures the protection of the city against the surrounding Djebalian tribes. The town is situated on the frontier of four more or less unruly tribes—Masmouda, Ghzaoua, Rehouna, and Beni-Mestara. The three first are not particularly aggressive, but all their bad characters have got into the habit of frequenting Ouazzan, and settling their disputes there on the market days. As a result of negotiations with these Highlanders, they have been prevailed upon to let themselves be disarmed when entering the city, or at least to unscrew the hammers of their guns. As to the Beni-Mestara, they are incorrigible robbers, and a constant menace to Ouazzan. They are on good terms with the Shorfa, whom they welcome on their territory when they come collecting, and sometimes even go as far as to sacrifice sheep at the tomb of the Marabouts. Then suddenly their raiding instincts get the better of them again, and they descend *en masse* on Ouazzan. So far the city has always succeeded in repulsing them. Not that its means of defence are by any means formidable, for it has no walls; its gates of access are simply stone arcades. But its inhabitants can

put 4000 rifles in the field, and have been organised as militia, who can be called out by the Shorfa at the first appeal. Over and above this, the Shorfa have recruited from the Ouazzanis a small permanent guard of armed men, who certainly do not possess a very military aspect, but whose flint-locks suffice to maintain local order, and to support Shereefian prestige.

Since 1892 the dignity of Shereef el-baraka has belonged to Moulay el-Arbi, who is only the eighth successor of Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef, and the fact shows that the *baraka* of the house of Ouazzan has been a guarantee of longevity for the majority of those who have possessed it.



The preceding Shereef el-baraka, Sidi Hadj Abdesselam, had five sons: the eldest, Moulay el-Arbi, succeeded him in his spiritual functions; the second, Sidi Mohammed,

the administrator, who introduced a little order into the theocratic State of Ouazzan, is dead; the third lives at Marseilles in a private asylum; whilst the two last, Moulay Ali and Moulay Ahmed, the children of an Englishwoman whom their father had married at Tangier, reside in the city a little apart from the *zaouïa*.

Moulay el-Arbi is about forty-five years of age; he suffers from a cerebral disease, which, whilst it has added to his renown as a saint, has rendered him incapable of any active work. For almost two years he has remained shut up in his house, hardly seen by any one, and admitting but a few rare visitors. He received me in a *douiriya* enclosed in the centre of the buildings of the *zaouïa*. I was led by aged negresses into a diminutive court, upon which tiny apartments opened. I found myself in the presence of a man of very distinguished appearance, of meagre form and emaciated features, with a prominent nose and a beard that is beginning to grow white. He was lying on a mattress supported by piles of cushions; his hands and his feet, which appeared from his white floating draperies, were bare, and very delicately formed. He made no gesture, and his illness lent him a very hieratic appearance. The Algerians who accompanied me prostrated themselves before the saintly Marabout, and kissed his two hands in succession. To my compliments and my expressions of gratitude for his hospitality he gave no reply, and his wandering glance barely rested an instant on his visitor. Si Abdesselam, the *feqih* of the *zaouïa*, who squatted at his master's feet, interpreted his thought, saying to me, when first I entered, "He bids you welcome," then added, a few moments later, "He gives you his blessing." Thereafter we took leave of Moulay el-Arbi, whom a lengthy visit would have greatly fatigued.

The precarious state of the health of Moulay el-Arbi has caused the real control of the *zaouïa* to pass into the hands of his only son, Moulay et-Tayeb, and his two nephews, Moulay Ali and Moulay Ahmed, the sons of Sidi Mohammed. On these three young men, the eldest of

whom is not yet thirty, falls the responsibility of the complicated affairs of the house of Ouazzan. Moulay et-Tayeb, the youngest of them all, is the son of a negress, and of a distinctly swarthy complexion; he is an attractive and gentlemanly youth, and is preparing himself for the day when he will assume the dignity of his father. Of his two cousins, Moulay Ali has the ardour of an apostle, Moulay Ahmed the good sense of an administrator. It is to be hoped that this trinity remains united in the maintenance of the prosperity of the house of Ouazzan and the prestige of its *baraka*. They are, moreover, the three Shorfa who are destined to remain the sole participants in the heritage of Sidi el-Hadj Abdesselam. The succession to the temporal advantages attached to a *baraka* is determined like that of an ordinary inheritance. When accounts were squared the two Shorfa resident at Tangier renounced of their own accord their share in the proceeds of the *ziaras*, and were thus relieved of the very heavy expenses incident to the hospitality shown by the *zaouïa*. In this way both the revenues and the expenses which arise in connection with the exploitation of the *baraka* are now divided equally between the family of Moulay el-Arbi and that of his two nephews.

There exists at Ouazzan a Jewish community comprising 150 families, say some 1000 or 1200 individuals. These people live above the market-esplanade, in several *fondaks* belonging to the Shorfa, which their lessees have painted blue after the fashion of Moroccan Jews. The Jews of Ouazzan have come from Tetouan, from Larache, from el-Ksar, and from Mekinez; others have migrated from a city, now in ruins, which existed on the Djebel Asjen, two hours to the north of Ouazzan; they are already beginning to escape the influence of the Spanish language, and speak Arabic. Their settlement dates from the time of the Shereef Moulay Ali, who summoned them to the city with a view to developing its commerce. As a matter of fact, of the ten business houses which exist in Ouazzan, seven are in the hands of Jews, who make their purchases through

agents at Fez and at Mekinez, and are in most cases connected with the firms at Tangier. It is they who export the products of the region—hides, which go to Tangier; beans, wool, and canary grass, that take the road to Larache. The Shorfa subject the Jews under their authority to the same patriarchal *régime* as the rest of the city. They have not organised them as a community, but the more important among them act, at the *zaouïa*, as the representatives of the interests of all. Four little Talmudic schools give rudimentary instruction to the children, and the least ignorant among the Rabbis does duty as judge; if, however, any important suit should arise, it is submitted to the tribunal of Rabbis at Fez or at Mekinez.

The Jews of Ouazzan do not appear to have any ground of complaint against the Shorfa. The only unpleasant restriction to which they are still subjected is the obligation to inter their dead in the Djebel Asjen, in the Jewish cemetery of the ancient city, which is too far away, and is constantly exposed to the raids of the Djebala. It must be recognised that powerful reasons have hindered concession of a Jewish cemetery on the territory of Ouazzan. A request for it was made to Moulay Ali, the same Shereef who invited the Jews to settle in his city, and presented by the Feqih er-Rehouni, who enjoyed a great reputation for wisdom in the region. The *feqih* made three successive attempts without obtaining a reply; when he still insisted Moulay Ali cried out, "Would you have the Jews, then, enter Paradise despite of all?" Then, as his interlocutor did not appear to understand the sense of his words, he added, "Do you not know, then, that every one buried in the enclosure of Ouazzan is secured against hell?" Before this irresistible argument the *feqih* gave way. The Jews continued to carry their dead to the Djebel Asjen, and the Ouazzani understood the inestimable advantage that the neighbourhood of the *zaouïa* would procure for them in the other life.

To be buried in the Djebel Asjen is rather a compliment to the dead, for it is one of the most famous Jewish

cemeteries in Morocco, made sacred as it is by the tomb of the saintly Rabbi Amran Bendiouan, who occupies a no less lofty position in Moroccan Judaism than Moulay Abdallah ech-Shereef in the eyes of the Mussulmans. Rabbi Bendiouan was one of those *chalihim* who pay periodical visits to the Maghreb, to collect money from the Jews on behalf of the communities of Palestine. He was travelling with his son when the latter fell dangerously ill, and the Rabbi prayed God to accept the sacrifice of his own life to save that of his child. The boy recovered, and the father died. He was buried in the Djebel Asjen, and the circumstances of his death were sufficient to surround his tomb with a halo of sanctity. From that time the memory of Rabbi Bendiouan has been revered in all the Mellahs of Morocco, and everywhere a chest has been established in his name. At the time of the *lagh-laomer* pilgrims flock to his tomb from the four corners of the land, bringing their *ziaras* to offer there as the Mussulmans at their Koubbas. Sick people, especially the lame, come seeking a miraculous cure, and it is affirmed that last year a girl from Tangier returned home completely healed. The tomb is exploited by the community in Jerusalem, which has appointed a *moqaddem*, a Jewish merchant of Ouazzan, named Amran Azoulay, whose father filled the same position before him. Every three years *chalihim* sent from Palestine to collect *ziaras* appropriate the proceeds of the chest, for which the *moqaddem* is accountable.

It takes less than an hour to reach the ridge which stretches above Ouazzan, and whose two extreme points are called the big and the little Bou Helal. I ascended it escorted by a picket of the Shereefian guard under the command of a *moqaddem*. At first one climbs the slopes between hedges of brambles, eglantine, hawthorn, and lentisks, by paths that wind among the orchards of fig trees and pomegranate trees. Then the track leaves the olive plantation which covers the whole mountain, and comes out on the summit, which is clothed with a very thick, low

undergrowth of dwarf palms, lentisks, arbutus, and juniper. This is the favourite hunting ground of the Shorfa of Ouazzan, for it teems with wild boar and partridges. The view is admirable; it embraces the whole line of the Djebal, which runs straight and stiff to the north and to the east, sloping down gradually on the west towards the coast. On the south, beyond the Sebou, rise the mountains of Gherouan and the peak of Sherarda.

The most direct route from Ouazzan to el-Ksar cuts through the territory of ehl-Esserif, as far as the valley of the river Loukkos; but, if one takes it, one must pass through strange peoples, who assume the attitude of *Blad es-Siba*, and are not always very friendly towards travellers. Although these tribes are at present on good terms with the Shorfa, the latter prefer that we should take the ordinary route, which passes the mountain of the Masmouda, and winds round the Djebel Sarsar—twenty-five good miles and eight hours' journey. We leave Ouazzan by the village of Qachriyin; the olive plantations of Bou Helal continue to cover the slopes for a considerable time, and shelter the vines, which produce *camet*, a sweet wine, which the Djebala drink in spite of the prohibition of the Prophet; lower down the slope lie fields of corn and barley intersected by dwarf palms; then we reach the mountain of Masmouda. In this favoured country everything is green; the path cuts upwards through the lentisks; in the hollows nestle plantations of olive and orange trees; the heights are crowned with villages, and we descend once more by a narrow valley planted with ancient olive trees, in whose depths flows the stream of Tcharchiera.

The Masmouda, like all the other tribes of the Djebel in the neighbourhood of Ouazzan, are a Berber race who speak Arabic, and they remain practically independent of the Makhzen. They must, however, always exercise a certain amount of diplomacy in their dealings with the central power, for their tribe is not so strong as the Beni-Mestara, still less is it of equal force with the Ghzaoua, who can take the field with 5000 rifles; besides, they are more

exposed to attack, owing to their position on the borders of the plain. As a matter of fact, they are always ready to submit on the approach of a Shereefian *mahalla*, and acquiesce in the nomination of a Kaïd ; but once the *mahalla* is gone, the Kaïd disappears, and authority centres in the hands of the *djemmaa*, which is composed of delegates from the villages, in whom all powers are vested, who rule the people and administer justice in accordance with the customs of the tribe.

After Tcharchiera, the road runs across the flat country of the Gharb, along the river Mda—which loses itself lower down in the plain of the Beni Hasen—then mounts the slopes of the Djebel Sarsar. Everywhere are fields under cultivation, the property of several great *azibs ;* the live-stock is exceedingly fine, but trees are rare—only a few orange-gardens—before we reach the ford of the river Loukkos, and find ourselves at el-Ksar.

We return in two days and a half from el-Ksar to Tangier, by a road which ascends the whole of the valley of the river el-Makhzen, which is in very close proximity to the Djebel ; the track passes the *douar* of Kherrouba, where we camp, then runs through the defile of Ghodjed to join the ordinary Makhzen route at Berreyan. It is exactly seven months since we left Tangier, and with it the civilisation of Europe.

GLOSSARY OF ARABIC AND OTHER TERMS USED

Abid, slave soldiers; afterwards *Abid el-Bokhari* or *Bouakhar*, servants of the book of Bokhari
Acha, time of prayer after dark
Achat el-fal, dinner of fate
Achoura, ancient fast day
Adoua, bank or shore
Afrag, separation, enclosure
Agadir, fortress
Aknif, long brown burnouse
Ala, serious music
Alem, lawyer
Allef, payer
Amin ech-Chkara, amin of the expenditure
Amin ed-Dekhel, amin of income
Amin el-Hsab, amin of the accounts
Ammara, muleteers
Aouamm, swimmer, ferryman
Aoud, horse
Aquedal, the preserve
Arifas, experienced negresses attached to harem
Arvish, evening prayer (Jewish)
Aser, time of prayer between 3 and 4
Aska, infantry
Assassa, guards

Bab el-Mahrouq, gate of the burning
Babouches, slippers
Bahja, brilliant one
Baraka, the power of benediction
Bechara, good news
Beniqa, office-court
Birkat ha-mazon, prayer of thanksgiving (Jewish)
Blad el-Makhzen, submissive tribes
Blad es-Siba, unsubmissive tribes

Chahrith, morning prayer (Jewish)
Chechiya, red skull-cap
Chemoura, unleavened loaves (Jewish)
Chioukh el-fellaha, Sheikhs of the cultivators
Chkara, money-bag
Chohetim, official sacrificers
Choursdet, pages (servants)
Couscous, food made from semolina, &c.

Dar, stone; hut used permanently
Dar Debibagh, house of the little tanner
Dar ed-demana, house of the promise
Dar edh-ahia, guests' chamber
Dar el-Makhzen, Government buildings
Dayyanim, rabbis
Delal, auctioneer
Demma, under protection of Sultan
Degqaq, one who knocks
Derb, street
Dholl, mountain of shadows
Djedida, the new city
Djeïch, cavalry raids
Dohr, time of prayer at 1.30
Douiriya, small house
Doulas, herds of milch kine

Ech, the, of the
Ed, the, of the
El, the, of the
Emir el-Mourmenin, lord of the believers
Es, the, of the

Faliha, the gesture of blessing
Fasis, inhabitants of Fez
Fdouli, el-, the intruder
Fedjr, time of prayer at dawn
Ferqa, a tribal subdivision
Festalas, straw sacks to sit on
Fetoua, legal decision
Fondaks, courts ; passages
Fraiguï, bodyguard
Fraiguïa, men of the tent

Gabbals, small brokers
Gharb, the west
Ghassoul, fuller's-earth
Gheyyat, bagpipes
Gisbar, head of community (Jewish)
Griha, light music
Guerraba, water-sellers
Guich Pasha, military governor

Habous Fund, fund (charitable)
Hadhariya, refined life of *hadhari*
Hadhari, inhabitants of large town as opposed to *Aroubi*, the Arabs, and *Oudi*, the Bedouins
Haggada, stories relating to the Exodus (Jewish)
Hagib, chamberlain
Hantas, court officials
Hantouz, kerchief in form of tiara
Haram, forbidden (whence harem)
Harka, tax in money and troops
Harosseth, balls made of dates, &c. (Jewish)
Haska, chandeliers
Hekhal, chest (Jewish)
Horm, prohibition
Hounch, serpent

Kacher, tax on meat
Kantara Touila, the long bridge
Karia, chief's unfortified village
Kasbah, fortress
Kebir, great fortress
Khalia, preserved meat
Khalifa, a lieutenant
Khamma, peasant proprietor
Khatib, preacher
Khima, tents for viziers
Khomis, Thursday
Khotba, sermon
Kiddouch, blessing] of the win (Jewish)
Koubba, shrine, tomb

Leth Memouna, night of rejoicing (Jewish)

Maamad, council (Jewish)
Maghreb, time of prayer at sunset
Mahalla, expeditionary column
Mahia, a strong spirit
Marabout, holy man, saint
Mazaoug, refuge
Mchaouri, guardsman
Medersa, boarding-school
Meida, small tables
Meks, non-Koranic taxation
Mellah, Jewish quarter
Merdja, marshes
Mesriyas, small loom
Metkal, about fourpence
Mezouza, roll of parchment (Jewish)
Mimzah, summer-house
Minha, 3 o'clock prayer (Jewish)
Mkebb, cover of palm fibre
Mohtaseb, official economic powers
Mokhaznis, soldiers
Moristan, hospital ; asylum
Moualin el-frach, men of the bed
Moualin el-frada, men of the pistols
Moualin el-ma, men of the water
Moualin el-mahaffa, men of the litter
Moualin el-makhala, men of the gun
Moualin el-mekhala, men of the rifle
Moualin el-oudhou, women of the bath
Moualin-erroua, men of the stable
Moualin-essejada, men of the mat
Moualin-essekin, men of the sabre
Mouel e-Moed, master of the river
Moulay, master
Moul-el-Meddall, Sultan's parasol-carrier
Moulet-el-benada, women of the goblet

Moulet-el-Makla, women of the dishes
Moulet-essaboun, women of the soap
Moulet-ettaï, women of the tea
Moulet-ezzif, women of the towel
Moulin-ettas, women of the river
Mouloud, anniversary of the birth of the Prophet
Mouna, supplies
Moussem, general pilgrimage, festival
Msakhrin, Imperial Guard
Msids, district schools

Naïba, tax in token of allegiance
Nasrani, Christian
Neffar, trumpet
Nezala, camping-places on highways
Nouba, orchestral part

Oud, guitar
Ouled el-Hadj, enumeration of tribes
Oulema, lawyers
Ouli, a little after midday
Ouzir el-Bah, Minister of the Sea

Pizmonim, humorous songs

Ras el-Ma, fountain-head
Rbia, chest
Rezza, strips of white muslin forming turban
Riadh, court
Rogui, pretender, agitator

Sahhar, dawn
Schema, articles of faith (Jewish)
Sechina, first meal on Sabbath day (Jewish)
Seghir, little fortress
Selhams, tippets
Sellahs, small schools
Semecha, a diploma
Serifa, saddle
Sherg, east
Sherif, noble
Shorfa, nobles
Sidi, lord
Siesa, grooms
Siouan, tent of audience
Sofferim, notaries
Souk, market

Tarr, tambourine
Techouch, panic
Tekhris, valuations
Tertib, ordinance
Tleta (Tuesday), market-day
Toubibat, lady doctors
Ttir el-bquer, cattle-bird

Wadi, river

Ya Sidis, my lord

Zaouïa, mosque; hospice
Ziara, pilgrimages
Ziaras, gifts of pilgrims

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